DEADPOOL CLASSIC

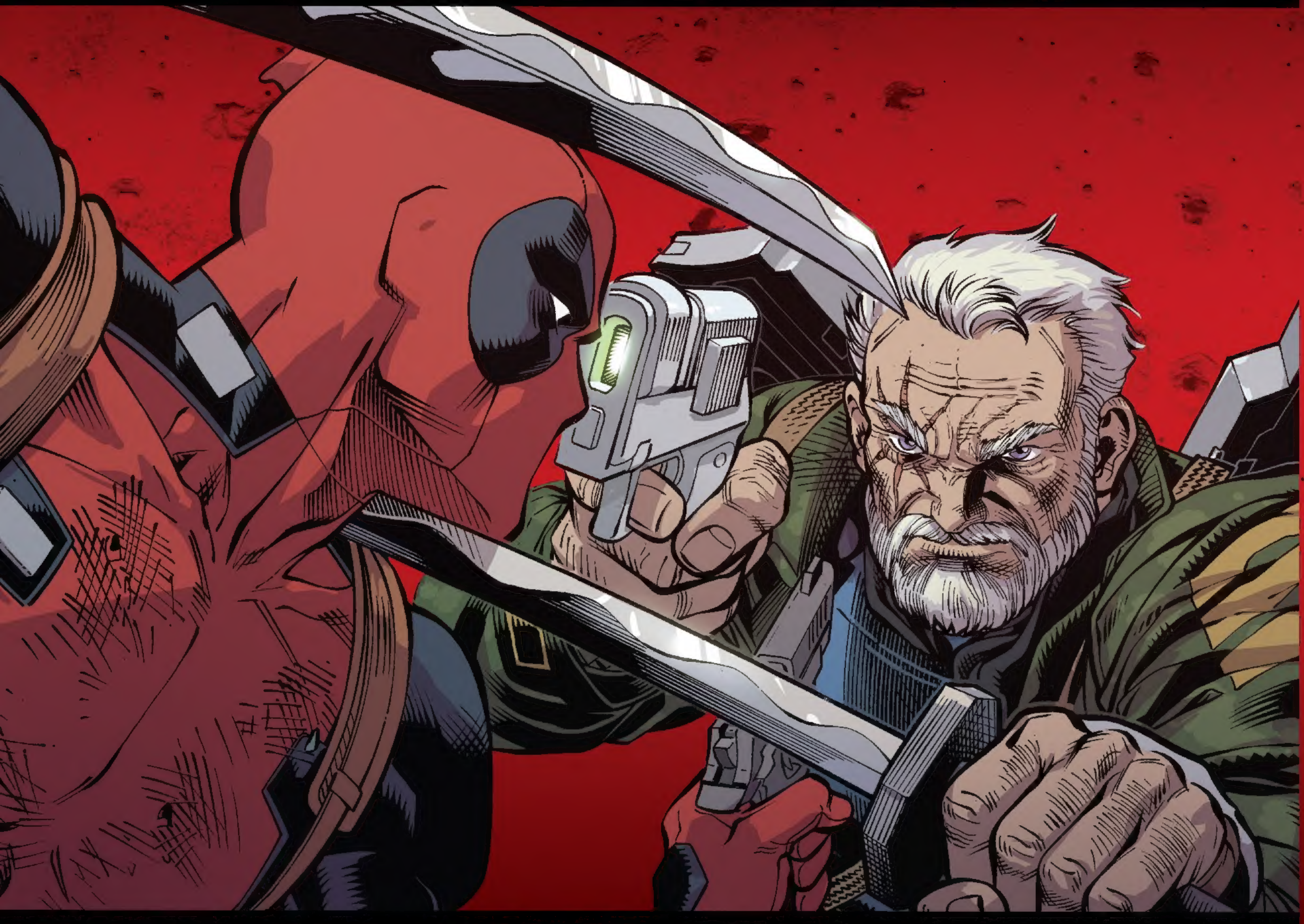
D v X
Reilly Brown 2015
JC
MARVEL

DEADPOOL
CLASSIC

D v X

DEADPOOL CLASSIC

D V X



Deadpool created by **Rob Liefeld** & **Fabian Nicieza**

COLLECTION EDITOR: **Mark D. Beazley**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **Caitlin O'Connell**
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR: **Kateri Woody**
ASSOCIATE MANAGER, DIGITAL ASSETS: **Joe Hochstein**
SENIOR EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: **Jennifer Grünwald**

VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS: **Jeff Youngquist**
RESEARCH & LAYOUT: **Jeph York**
PRODUCTION: **Salena Mahina**
BOOK DESIGNER: **Adam Del Re**
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING: **David Gabriel**
DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: **Tim Smith 3**
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: **Kou Chen & Rachel Young**

EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. Cebulski**
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: **Joe Quesada**
PRESIDENT: **Dan Buckley**
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: **Alan Fine**

© 2018 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.WWW.MARVEL.COM

GWENPOOL HOLIDAY SPECIAL 2015 #1

WRITER: **Gerry Duggan**
ARTIST: **Danilo S. Beyruth**
COLORIST: **Cris Peter**
LETTERER: **VC's Clayton Cowles**
COVER ART: **Kris Anka**

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND

CO-PLOTTER & SCRIPTER: **Fabian Nicieza**
CO-PLOTTER & PENCILER: **Reilly Brown**
INKERS: **Jay Leisten** (#1-3) & **Jeremy Freeman** (#2-3)
with **Reilly Brown** (#1)
COLORIST: **Jim Charalampidis**
LETTERER: **VC's Joe Sabino**
COVER ART: **Reilly Brown** & **Jim Charalampidis**

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT: THE "V" IS FOR "VS."

WRITERS: **Ben Acker** & **Ben Blacker**
ARTIST: **Danilo S. Beyruth**
COLORIST: **Cris Peter**
LETTERER: **VC's Joe Sabino**
COVER ART: **Kevin Wada**
Special Thanks to **John Hodgman for cartographic consultation**

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON?

WRITER: **Joshua Corin**
ARTIST: **Todd Nauck**
COLORIST: **Jim Charalampidis** (#1-2)
& **Andy Troy** (#3-4)
LAYOUT ARTIST: **Reilly Brown**
LETTERER: **VC's Joe Sabino**
COVER ART: **Pepe Larraz** & **David Curiel**
Special Thanks to **Joel Wong & Chris Isla**

GWENPOOL HOLIDAY SPECIAL 2016: MERRY MIX-UP #1

WRITER & ARTIST: **Chynna Clugston Flores**
COLORIST: **Guy Major**
LETTERER: **VC's Clayton Cowles**
COVER ART: **Salva Espin**
Special Thanks to **Richard Neal & Ian Shaughnessy**

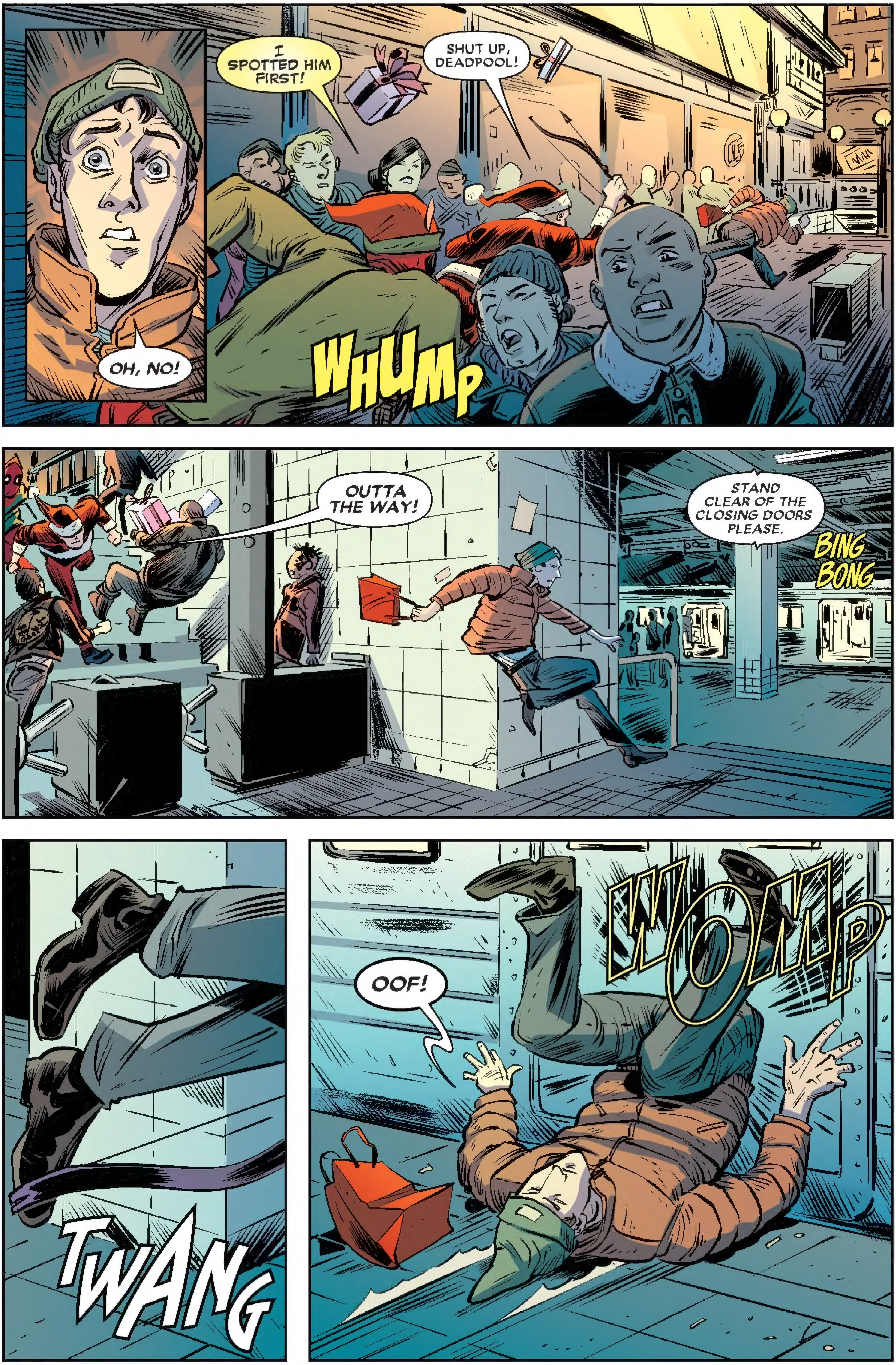
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **Heather Antos**

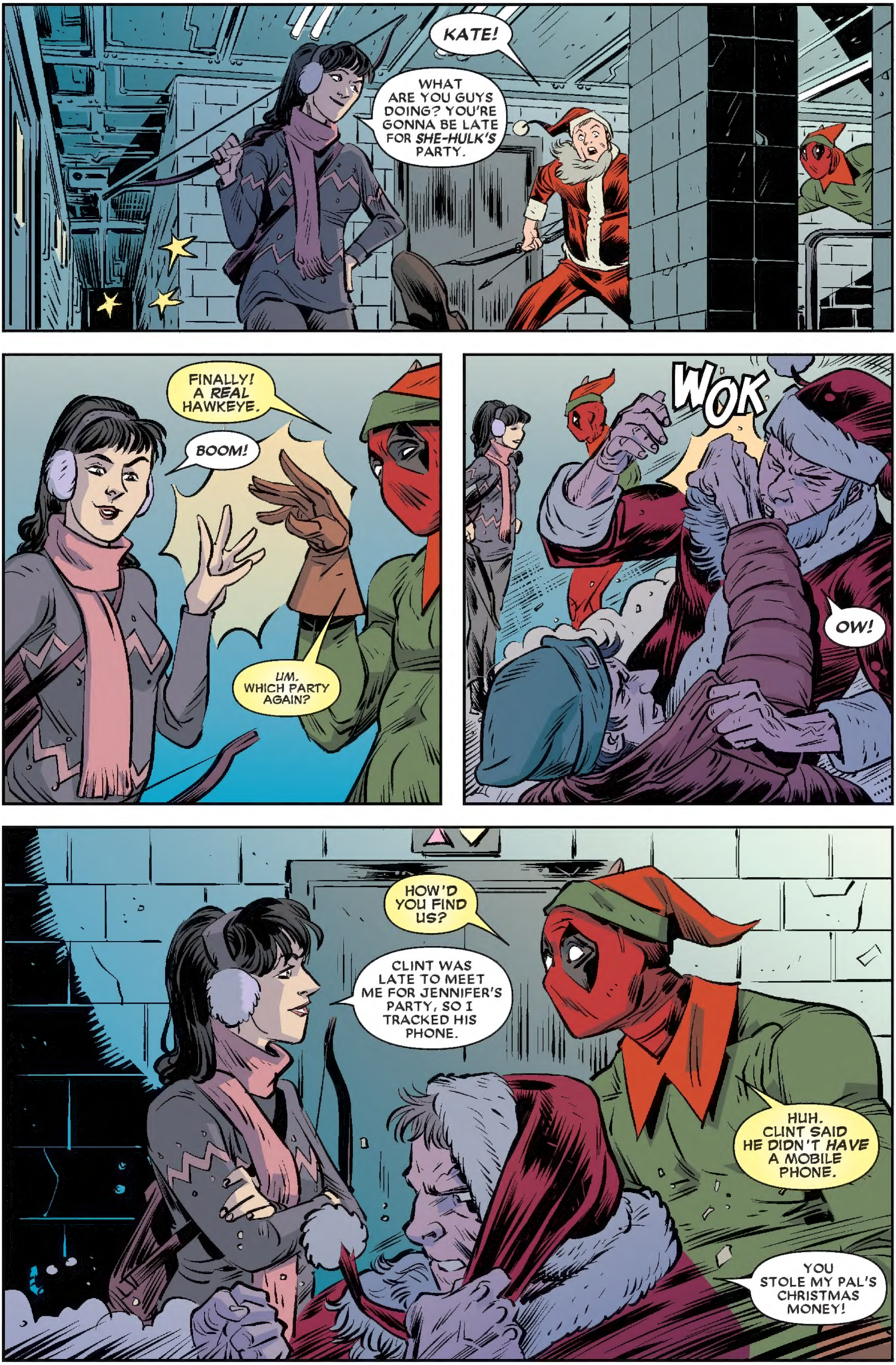
EDITOR: **Jordan D. White**

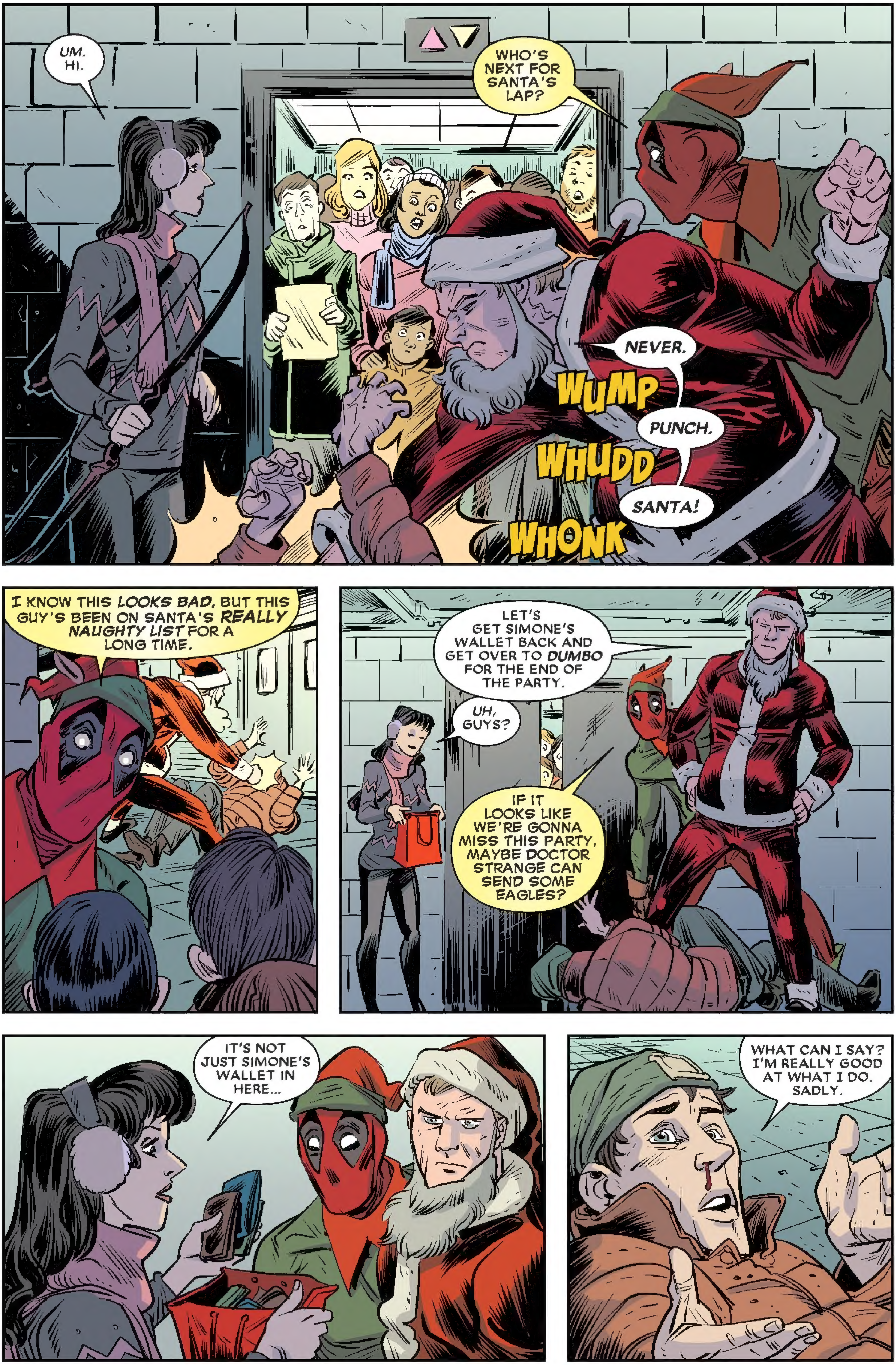
~~MARVEL~~ GWENPOOL
Holiday Special
STARRING:
~~SHE-HULK~~
GWENPOOL
~~DEADPOOL & HAWKEYE(S)~~
GWENPOOL
~~MS. MARVEL~~
GWENPOOL
AND ~~GWENPOOL~~!
GWENPOOL!

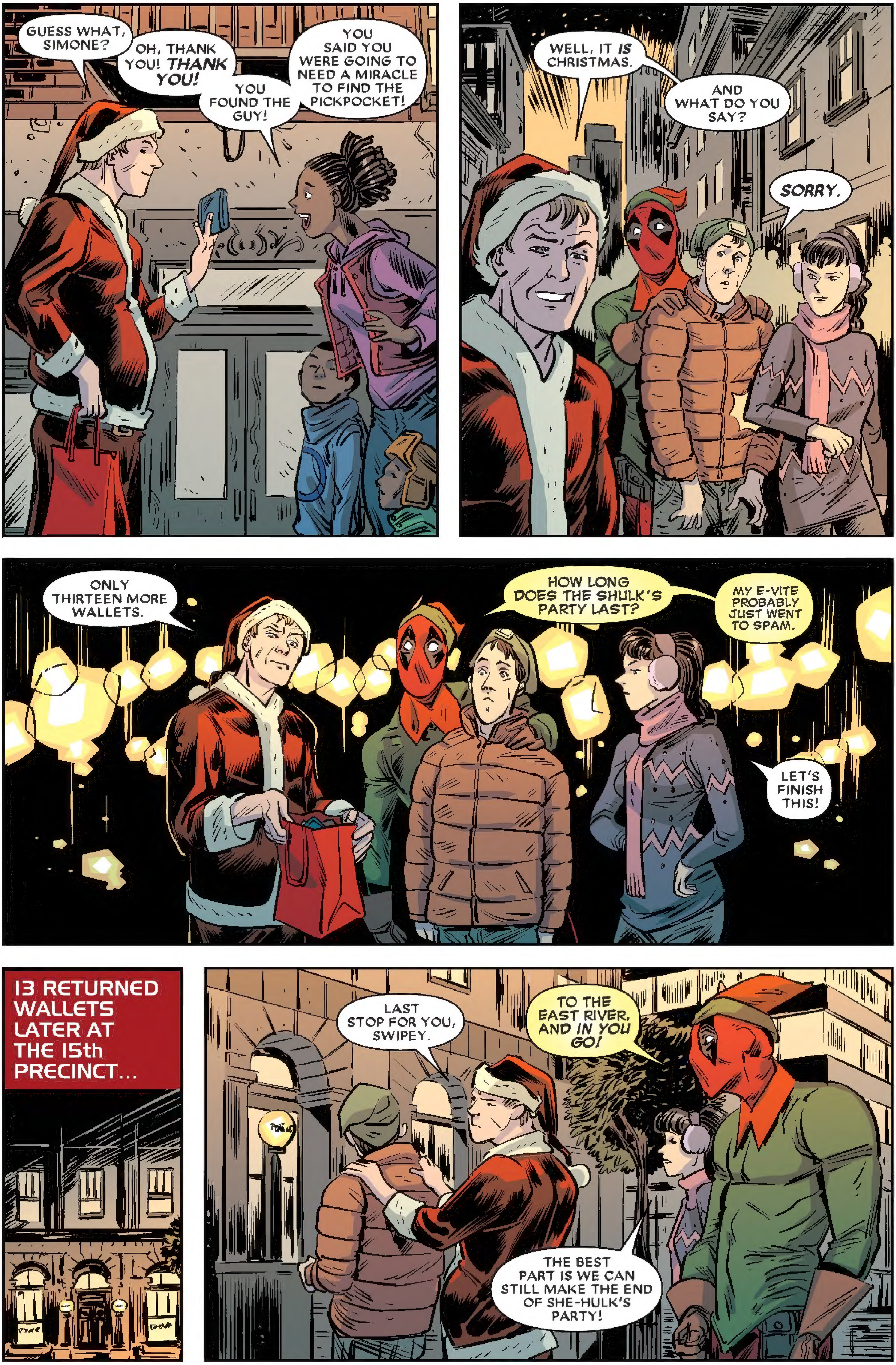
MEANWHILE, AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER...
BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO--
--DO IT RIGHT, OR DON'T DO IT AT ALL, DEADPOOL!
DING-A-LING
SORRY, HAWKGUY.
I'M SUPPOSED TO SING IT, RIGHT?
THIS IS POINTLESS.
BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!
DING-A-LING
SANTA BE WITH YOU!
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS PICKPOCKET LOOKS LIKE.
PSST.
THE GUY IN THE ORANGE COAT. 3 O'CLOCK.
I SPOTTED HIM. ORANGE COAT AT 3 O'CLOCK.
KEEP UP, DEADPOOL!
I KNOW YOU'RE PRACTICALLY DEAF-- BUT DID YOU REALLY NOT HEAR ME SAY THAT FIRST?
CLINT? CAN YOU HEAR ME, BUDDY? OR ARE YOU IGNORING ME?
HAWKEYE VS DEADPOOL VS THE HOLIDAYS

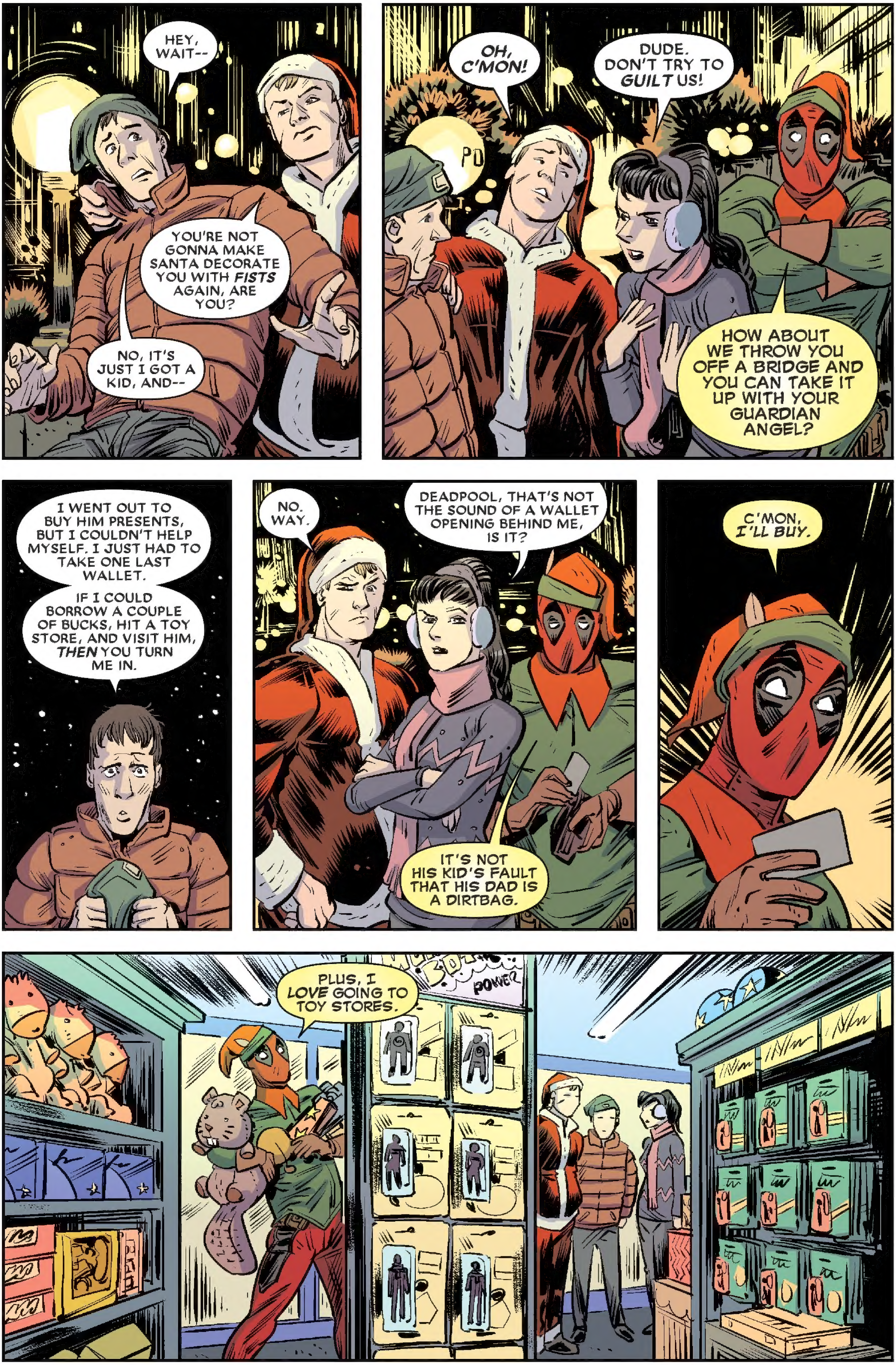
GERRY DUGGAN: WRITER **DANILO S. BEYRUTH:** ARTIST **CRIS PETER:** COLOR ARTIST
CLAYTON COWLES: LETTERER **HEATHER ANTOS:** ASSISTANT EDITOR **JORDAN D. WHITE:** EDITOR

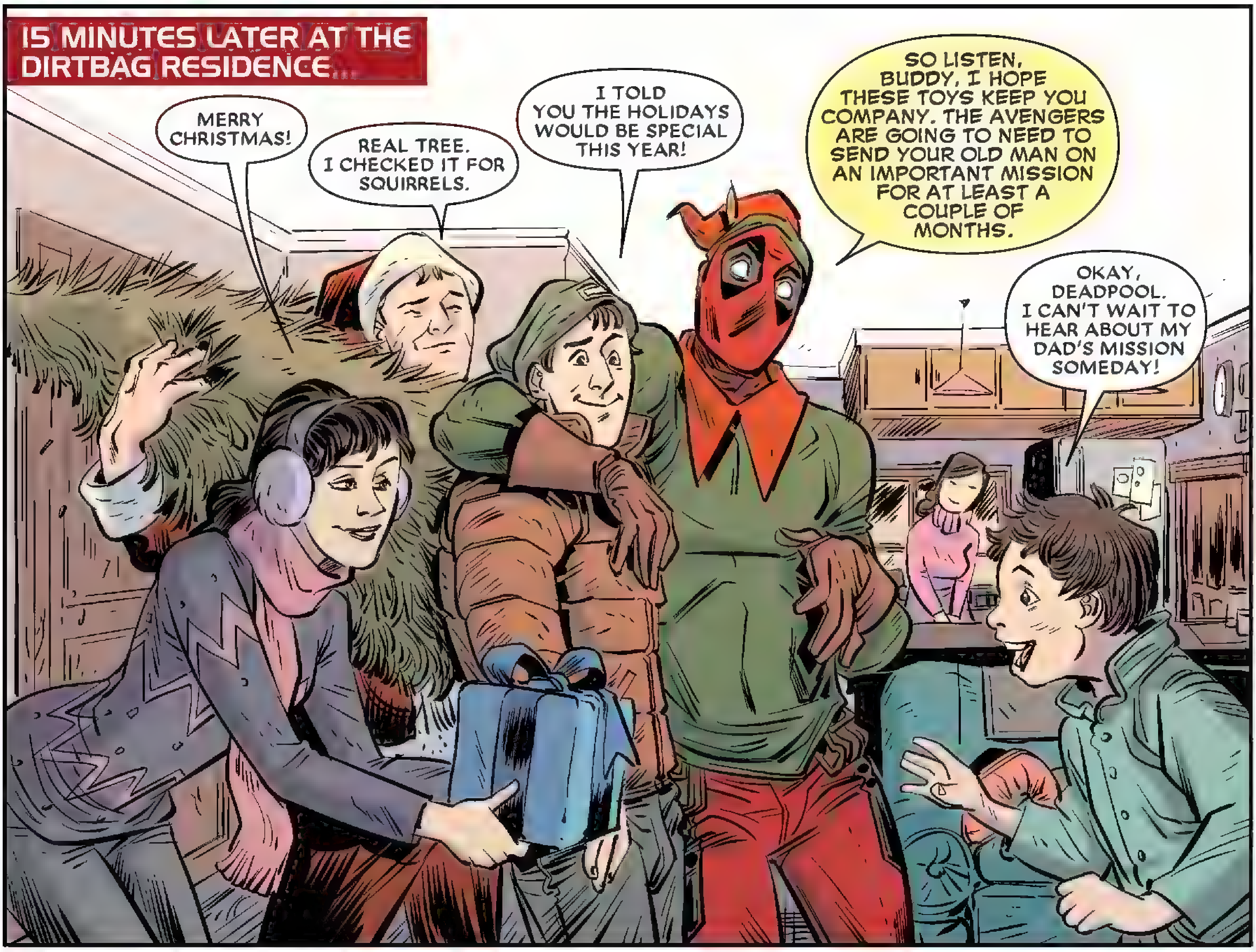

OH, NO!
I SPOTTED HIM FIRST!
SHUT UP, DEADPOOL!
WHUMP
OUTTA THE WAY!
STAND CLEAR OF THE CLOSING DOORS PLEASE.
BING BONG
TWANG
OOF!
WOMP

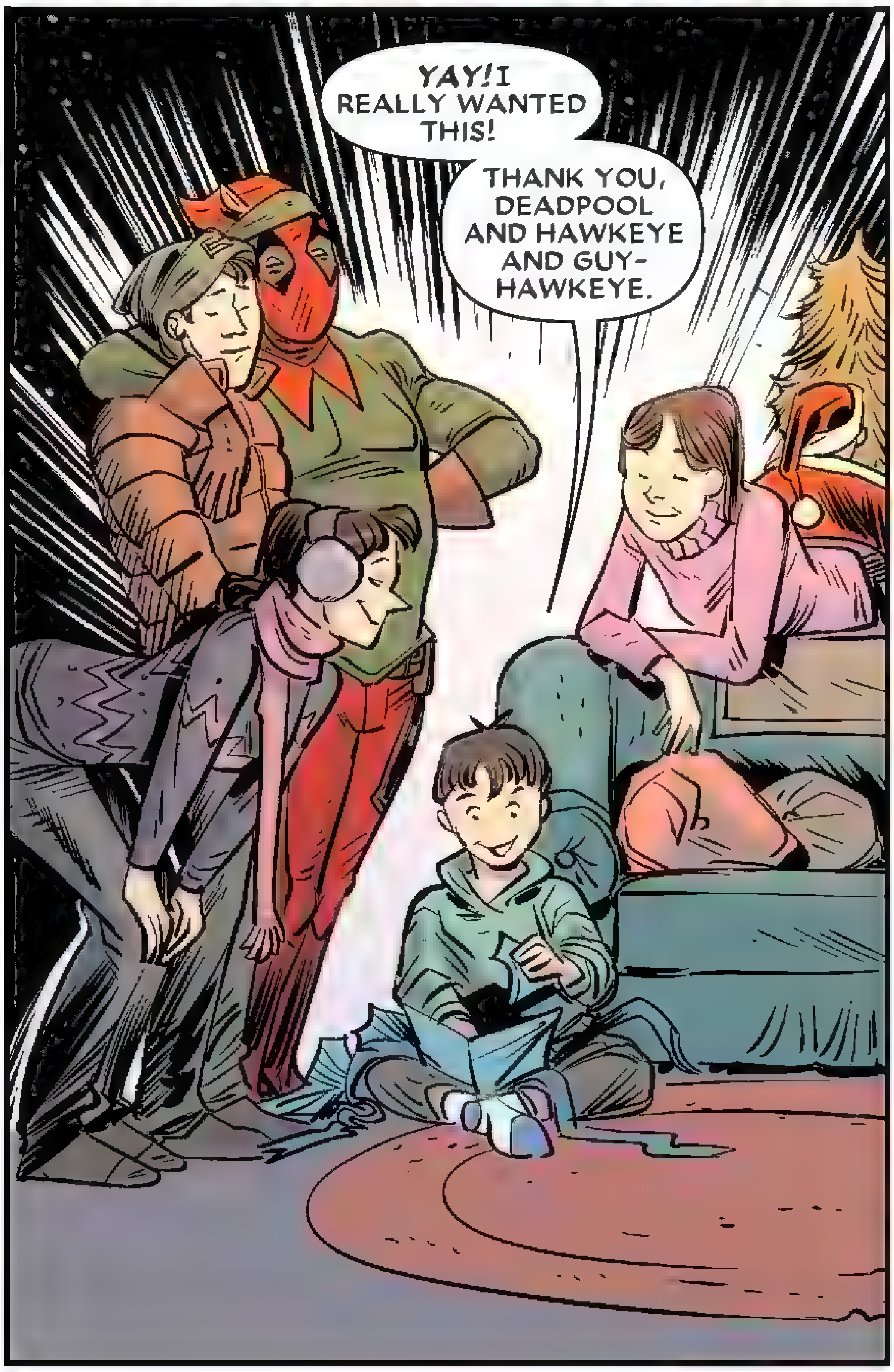

KATE!
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING? YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE FOR *SHE-HULK'S* PARTY.
FINALLY! A *REAL* HAWKEYE.
BOOM!
UM. WHICH PARTY AGAIN?
WOK
OW!
HOW'D YOU FIND US?
CLINT WAS LATE TO MEET ME FOR JENNIFER'S PARTY, SO I TRACKED HIS PHONE.
HUH. CLINT SAID HE DIDN'T *HAVE* A MOBILE PHONE.
YOU STOLE MY PAL'S CHRISTMAS MONEY!

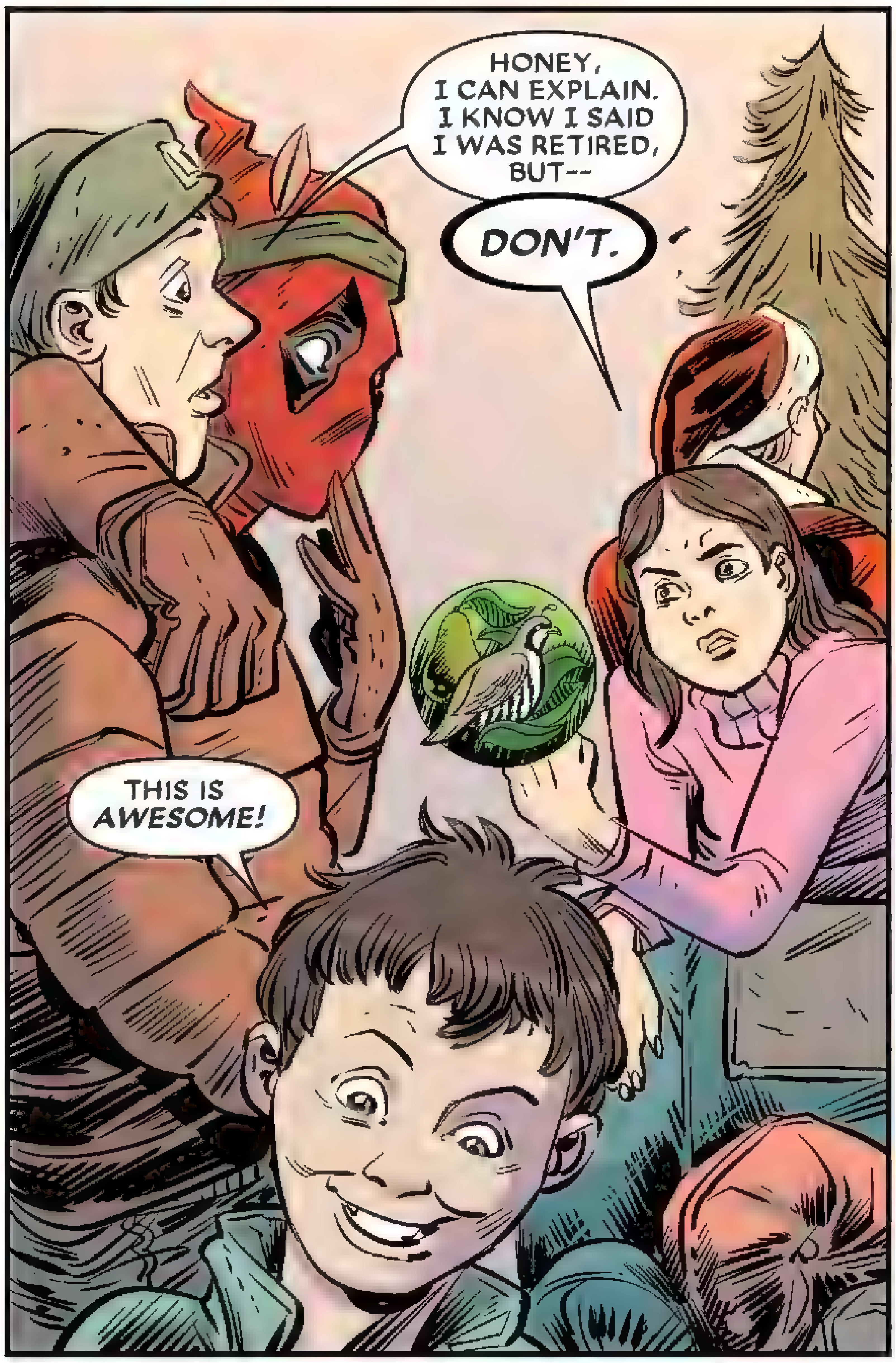

UM. HI.
WHO'S NEXT FOR SANTA'S LAP?
NEVER.
WUMP
PUNCH.
WHUDD
SANTA!
WHONK
I KNOW THIS LOOKS BAD, BUT THIS GUY'S BEEN ON SANTA'S REALLY NAUGHTY LIST FOR A LONG TIME.
LET'S GET SIMONE'S WALLET BACK AND GET OVER TO DUMBO FOR THE END OF THE PARTY.
UH, GUYS?
IF IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA MISS THIS PARTY, MAYBE DOCTOR STRANGE CAN SEND SOME EAGLES?
IT'S NOT JUST SIMONE'S WALLET IN HERE...
WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M REALLY GOOD AT WHAT I DO. SADLY.

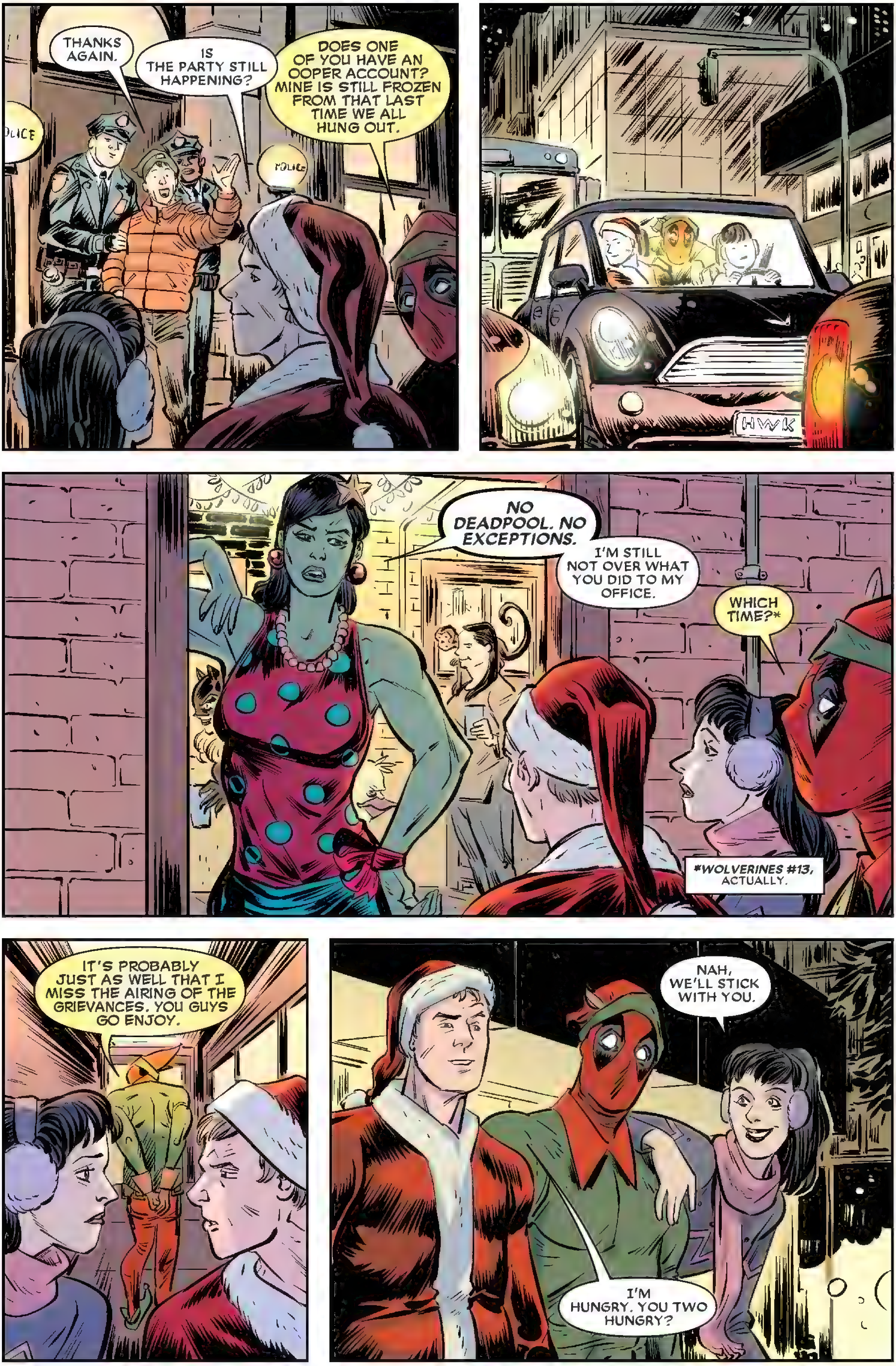

GUESS WHAT, SIMONE?
OH, THANK YOU! *THANK YOU!*
YOU FOUND THE GUY!
YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO NEED A MIRACLE TO FIND THE PICKPOCKET!
WELL, IT *IS* CHRISTMAS.
AND WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SORRY.
ONLY THIRTEEN MORE WALLETS.
HOW LONG DOES THE SHULK'S PARTY LAST?
MY E-VITE PROBABLY JUST WENT TO SPAM.
LET'S FINISH THIS!
13 RETURNED WALLETS LATER AT THE 15th PRECINCT...
LAST STOP FOR YOU, SWIPEY.
TO THE EAST RIVER, AND *IN YOU GO!*
THE BEST PART IS WE CAN STILL MAKE THE END OF SHE-HULK'S PARTY!


HEY, WAIT--
YOU'RE NOT GONNA MAKE SANTA DECORATE YOU WITH *FISTS* AGAIN, ARE YOU?
NO, IT'S JUST I GOT A KID, AND--
OH, C'MON!
DUDE. DON'T TRY TO *GUILT* US!
HOW ABOUT WE THROW YOU OFF A BRIDGE AND YOU CAN TAKE IT UP WITH YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL?
I WENT OUT TO BUY HIM PRESENTS, BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I JUST HAD TO TAKE ONE LAST WALLET.
IF I COULD BORROW A COUPLE OF BUCKS, HIT A TOY STORE, AND VISIT HIM, *THEN* YOU TURN ME IN.
NO. WAY.
DEADPOOL, THAT'S NOT THE SOUND OF A WALLET OPENING BEHIND ME, IS IT?
IT'S NOT HIS KID'S FAULT THAT HIS DAD IS A DIRTBAG.
C'MON, *I'LL BUY.*
PLUS, I *LOVE* GOING TO TOY STORES.
POWER


15 MINUTES LATER AT THE DIRTBAG RESIDENCE...
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
REAL TREE. I CHECKED IT FOR SQUIRRELS.
I TOLD YOU THE HOLIDAYS WOULD BE SPECIAL THIS YEAR!
SO LISTEN, BUDDY, I HOPE THESE TOYS KEEP YOU COMPANY. THE AVENGERS ARE GOING TO NEED TO SEND YOUR OLD MAN ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF MONTHS.
OKAY, DEADPOOL. I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR ABOUT MY DAD'S MISSION SOMEDAY!


YAY! I REALLY WANTED THIS!
THANK YOU, DEADPOOL AND HAWKEYE AND GUY-HAWKEYE.


HONEY, I CAN EXPLAIN. I KNOW I SAID I WAS RETIRED, BUT--
DON'T.
THIS IS AWESOME!


OLICE
POLICE
THANKS AGAIN.
IS THE PARTY STILL HAPPENING?
DOES ONE OF YOU HAVE AN OOPER ACCOUNT? MINE IS STILL FROZEN FROM THAT LAST TIME WE ALL HUNG OUT.
HWK
NO DEADPOOL. NO EXCEPTIONS.
I'M STILL NOT OVER WHAT YOU DID TO MY OFFICE.
WHICH TIME?*
*WOLVERINES #13, ACTUALLY.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST AS WELL THAT I MISS THE AIRING OF THE GRIEVANCES. YOU GUYS GO ENJOY.
NAH, WE'LL STICK WITH YOU.
I'M HUNGRY. YOU TWO HUNGRY?

DINER
I SPOTTED THE PICKPOCKET FIRST, YOU KNOW THAT RIGHT?
REALLY? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?
I DID! YOU'RE NOT TROLLING ME, ARE YOU, BARTON?
IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER BECAUSE NEITHER OF YOU WOULD HAVE CAUGHT HIM WITHOUT ME ANYWAY.
WANT TO HEAR WHAT I'M GONNA PUT DOWN SHE-HULK'S CHIMNEY LATER TONIGHT?
HO-HO-NO.

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #1

REILLY BROWN 2015

JANUS RESEARCH.
LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL MY *BADONKADONK*...
...IT'S MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN ALL OF YOU *LOSERS* PUT TOGETHER!
AGENT EMILY PRESTON WOULD NEVER ADMIT IT...
...BUT I'VE RUBBED OFF ON HER.
S.H.I.E.L.D. TAC TEAM, CONVERGE TO THE RIGHT!

DEADPOOL & CABLE

SPLIT SECOND

CHAPTER ONE: NOT APOLLO CREED

FOLLOW THE PATH HE'S CLEARING!
OH, GOD...
IS BOB HERE...? *BAAAAHHHBBB?*
I SURE HOPE THAT LAST ONE WASN'T BOB.
HARD TO TELL, ALL YOU HYDRA DUNG LOOK ALIKE.

BOB? WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M BOBBMMFF--
LYING LIAR WHO LIES!
I HAD A *FRIEND* WHO LUGGED *BIG GUNS* LIKE THESE.
MOVED LIKE A *HIPPO* IN CEMENT.
I PREFER TO KEEP IT *LEAN* AND *MEAN*. UNLESS, OF COURSE...
CHIK KLIK
...I CAPTURE THE *HIGHER* GROUND.

PFFT PFFT
PFFT PFFT
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
NO MORE BUWWETS.
WHY, WHAT A CONVENIENTLY PLACED GAMBREL AND PULLEY HOIST...
ALL I'M MISSING IS *LEIA*.
AND A *LIGHTSABER*, TOO. WOULDA CAUTERIZED THAT LITTLE CUT, *HUH*...?

NNFF
DIE! DIE! DIE!
PLEASE... DIE...
PFFT
WE DID IT!
WE KILLED DEADPOOL!
PHWOOO
WE ARE SO GOING TO GET A RAISE.
GOOD.

IT'LL PAY FOR YOUR *FUNERALS!*
SLEECHTGUSHKA
STOP! I'M NOT HYDRA!
I'M *DOCTOR CARL WEATHERS.*
DOCTOR NOT-APOLLO-CREED?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...
TIME TECH
THEN YOU EITHER HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR--
--OR YOUR CULTURAL TOUCHSTONES ARE WOEFULLY UNDER-INFORMED.
I'M AGENT PRESTON, SIR. *AGENT ADSIT* WILL ESCORT YOU TO A HOLDING FACILITY.
WHAT ABOUT *LUNCH?*
ANYONE ELSE IN THE MOOD FOR *SUSHI...?*
...
SO...WE GOT A SCIENTIST WHO WAS WORKING ON *TIME-TRAVEL* STUFF THAT HYDRA WAS TRYING TO *KIDNAP--*
--BEFORE HE WENT TO A *CONFERENCE* IN *MANHATTAN* TO DEBUT HIS DISCOVERY...
AND HE STILL PLANS ON GOING. REALLY...

...WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG...?
IMAGES *FLASH* BY.
MOVING TOO QUICKLY TO SEE THEM CLEARLY.
HAVE TO LEARN TO ***CONTROL*** THEM.
A CITY STREET...? CROWDED.
SOUNDS OVERLAPPING. SHOUTING.
GUNSHOTS...? AGAIN AND AGAIN...?
PANIC. PEOPLE SCREAMING.
SOMEONE WAS *SHOT?*
THE SHOOTER--?
WADE...

THE MONSTER UNDERGROUND.
BENEATH THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN.
SUCH A DIRTY MIND, ALWAYS GET IT UP MY-YIY-YIY
RUNNING DOWN THE LENGTH OF MY THIGHS BA-DAH-DA
WHICH REMINDS ME...
HI, SWEETIE, I'M HOME!
THIS IS WHAT I COME HOME TO?
WHAT KIND OF SAVAGE ARE YOU?
WADE...? YOU ARE HOME EARLY.
I ♥ NY
WHAT YOU ARE DOING HERE IS UNACCEPTABLE!!!
...IS THERE A PROBLEM...?
I ♥ NY
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FILTHY ANIMAL!
AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, IS THIS WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO COME HOME TO?
?
MY HUSBAND...
YOU'RE WEARING SWEATS! SERIOUSLY?
SPIDER-MAN'S WIFE WOULD ALWAYS WAIT FOR HIM IN THE FLIMSIEST OF NEGLIGEES!

HOW *DARE* YOU SPEAK TO ME AS IF I WERE *CHATTEL*, YOU NEUTERED *LAMB* OF A MAN!
WOULD YOU PREFER I BE CLAD...
I ♥
...THUSLY--?
FORSOOTH, YES!
OR THUSLY...?
BEA STILL MY HEART!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
OR PERHAPS *THIS* IS WHAT YOU TRULY DESERVE...?
AND THEN THERE'S FRAUD, AND THEN THERE'S FRAUD...
I KNOW MY *TRUE DEMON FORM* IS NOT PLEASING TO YOU, HUSBAND...
UHM... THE MIDDLE ONE *WAS* BETTER...
...UHM... S'CUSE ME... I GOT A CALL...
VMMM VMMM
WORK. YOU UNDERSTAND.
Bob mobile

HAIL HYDRA! HAIL HYDRA! HAIL HYDRA!
YO, BOBBLICIOUS.
I HAVE TO TALK LOW. I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF HAIL TRAINING.
YOU'RE NOT MAD I KILLED A BUNCH OF YOUR FRIENDS TODAY, ARE YOU?
THE GUYS YOU TOOK OUT WERE THE ONES WHO GIVE GUYS LIKE ME ALUMINUM WEDGIES.
EXCEPT FOR LARS. HE WAS ALWAYS GENTLE. WISH YOU HADN'T BEHEADED HIM.
SORRY. HIS HEAD WAS IN MY WAY.
SO...I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A TIFF WITH THE MISSUS...
I WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT DOCTOR WEATHERS WORKS FOR HYDRA. HE WAS DEVELOPING A TIME-TRAVEL HARNESS.
BUT THEN HE DECIDED TO SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
THAT'S WHY WE ATTACKED HIM.
I JUST SENT YOU THE DESIGN SPECS FOR HIS HARNESS. IT'S YEARS AWAY FROM A WORKING PROTOTYPE--
--BUT IN THE WRONG HANDS, THIS WEAPON WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC!
75%
BOB, YOU ARE THE WRONG HANDS!
I MEANT WORSER HANDS THAN HYDRA. LIKE, MONSANTO.
OKAY, I'LL HAVE MY ELITE S.H.I.E.L.D. TAC TEAM ON HIM LIKE STUPIDITY ON CONGRESS.
YOU HAVE YOUR OWN S.H.I.E.L.D. TAC TEAM? REALLY?
CAN I BE ON IT?
ARE YOU MADE OF STEEL AND SINEW?
NO.
DO YOU LIKE THE SMELL OF ENTRAILS IN THE MORNING?
NO.
SO... PROBABLY NOT. BUT I'LL CALL YOU LATER.
WE STILL HAVE TO TALK ABOUT LAST WEEK'S SCANDAL.

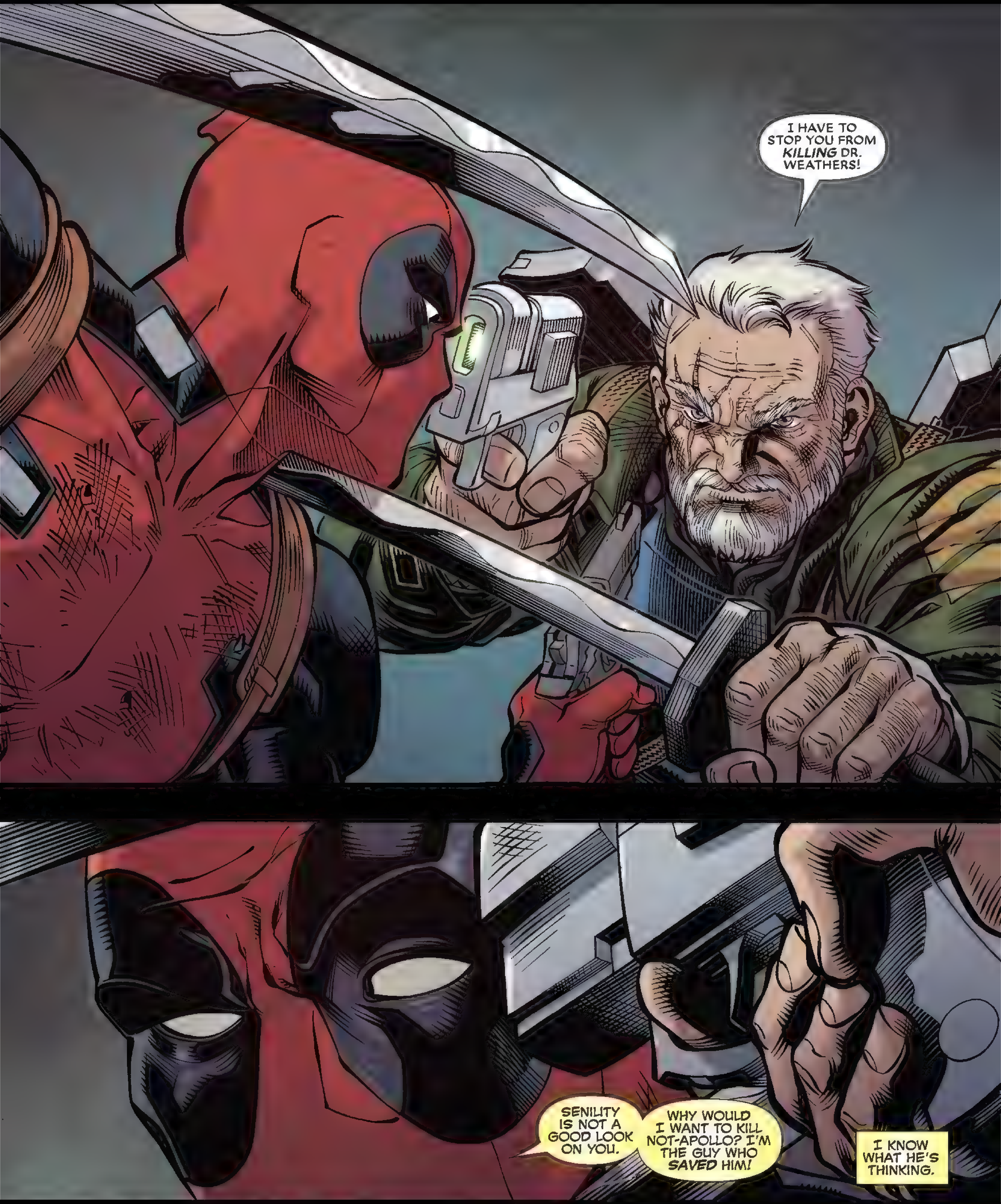
GO FIGURE. A TIME-TRAVEL SUIT.
I COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND PREVENT MYSELF FROM GETTING TACO BELL LAST WEEK.
WHICH IS STILL COMING OUT OF ME *THIS* WEEK. TRULY, IT DEFIES TIME AND SPACE.
PRESTON? IT'S ME.
LISTEN, I GOT SOME INSIDE SCOOP FROM MY *MOLE* IN HYDRA.
WEATHERS WAS WELCHING OUT ON A DEAL WITH HYDRA.
THEY'RE STILL GOING TO WANT THEIR POUND OF FLESH. AND PROBABLY BLUEPRINTS, TOO, OR SOMETHING SCIENTIFICKY.
WE SHOULD KEEP AN EYE OUT ON THIS--
CLIK
GOTTA GO. CALL YOU LATER.
IF YOU KILL DOCTOR WEATHERS TOMORROW...

...IT WILL LEAD TO THE *DESTRUCTION* OF THE *UNIVERSE!*
WHY WOULD I WANT TO KILL THE MAD SCIENTIST...
FACHOW
...WHEN I CAN KILL *YOU* INSTEAD?
SNIKT
HEY!
TAKT

THAP
YOU HAVE TO STAY AWAY FROM WEATHERS!
YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME!
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON TO DO THAT.
BECAUSE...
...I'VE NEVER STEERED YOU WRONG BEFORE!
HOLY CLARK KENT GLASSES--!
CABLE?!!!

SOMEWHERE ELSE...
THE CHRONAL CAPACITOR IS FULLY CHARGED.
IT'S TIME.
MMMM
I'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANCE...
YYEEEEE
...TO CHANGE THE WORLD...
EEEYYYYSHSH
VLINK
END OF CHAPTER ONE...

OUR STORY SO FAR GOETH THUSLY:
I'M THE BESTEST MERC WITH THE BIGGEST MOUTH, SO I WAS ASKED, NAY, PAID, TO LEAD A S.H.I.E.L.D. TEAM AND STOP A HYDRA RAID ON A RESEARCH LAB IN VIRGINIA.
THOSE NO-GOOD TERRORIST HEATHENS WERE AFTER THIS GUY: DR. CARL (NOT APOLLO CREED) WEATHERS.
SO WITH A MODICUM OF MAIMING, WE SAVED THE MAD SCIENTIST.
AND THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF THE STORY, BUT IT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING...
SPLIT SECOND
CHAPTER TWO: RETURN OF THE BOSOM BUDDIES

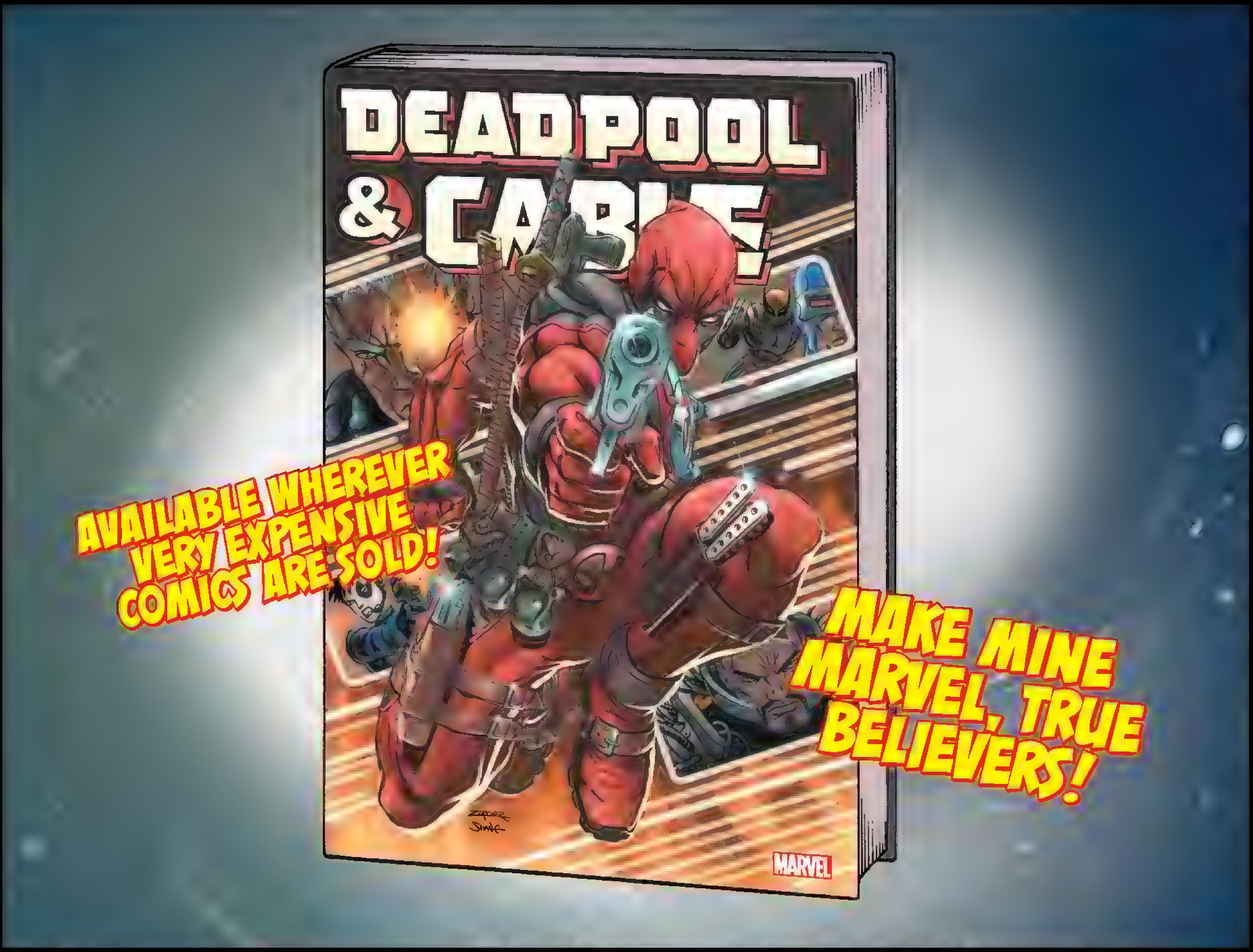

I HAVE TO STOP YOU FROM *KILLING* DR. WEATHERS!
SENILITY IS NOT A GOOD LOOK ON YOU.
WHY WOULD I WANT TO KILL NOT-APOLLO? I'M THE GUY WHO *SAVED* HIM!
I KNOW WHAT HE'S THINKING.

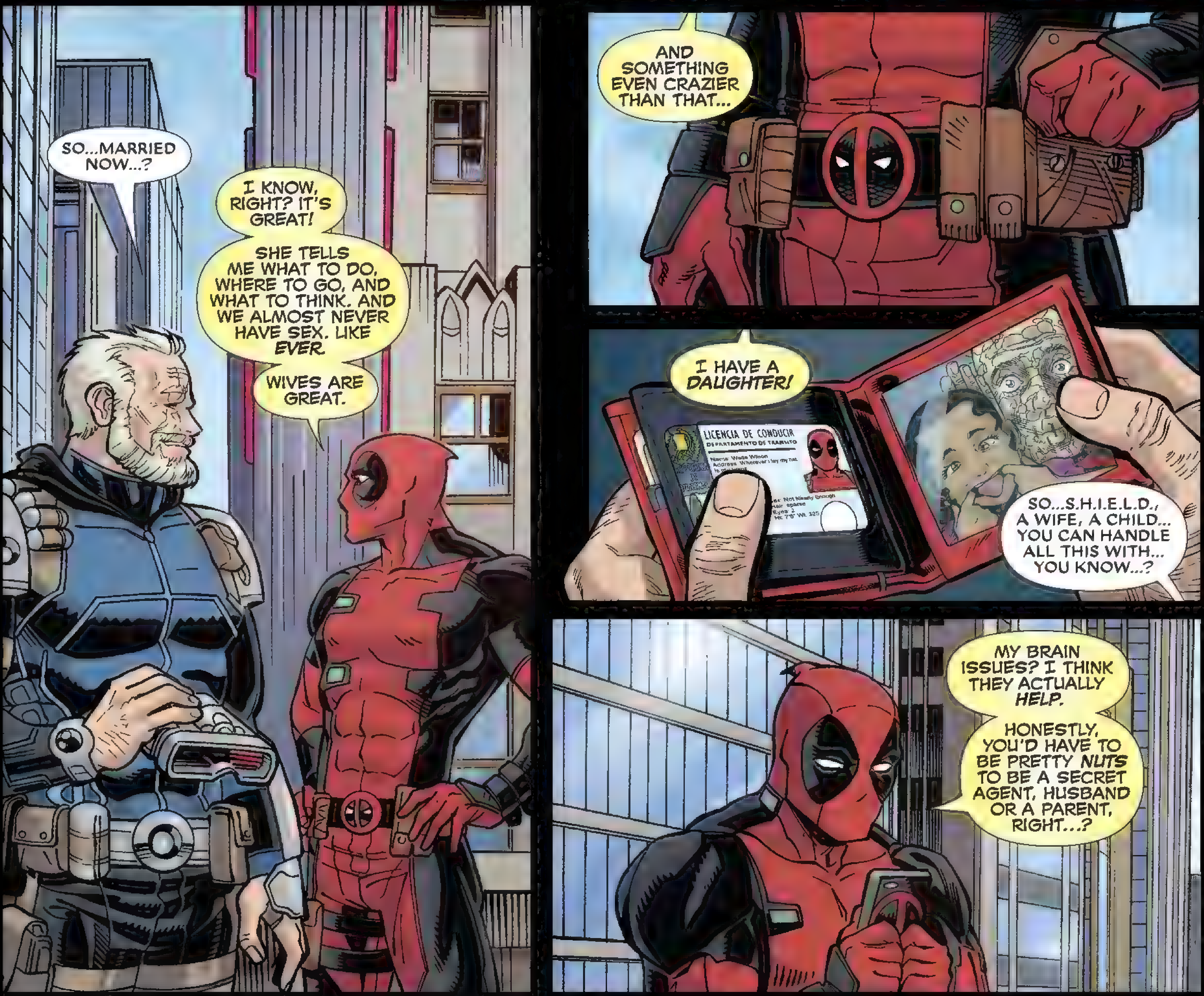
YOU LOOK UP *COMPLICATED* IN THE DICTIONARY AND OUR RELATIONSHIP IS THE PICTURE NEXT TO IT.
FIRST MET *NATE* WHEN I WAS HIRED TO *KILL* HIM.
I LET HIM WIN BECAUSE I KNEW EVENTUALLY I'D BE MORE *POPULAR* THAN HE IS AND IT WOULD LOOK GOOD ON MY RESUME.
FOR A WHILE, WE GOT TOGETHER IN A *"STUCK ON YOU"* MEETS *"BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN"* KIND OF WAY (*HE* WISHES).
I WISH I KNEW HOW TO QUIT YOU.
SEE?
RECENTLY, CABLE WAS GETTING HIMSELF *BLOWN UP* A LOT MORE THAN USUAL...
...BUT WHERE I HAVE TO *HEAL MYSELF* ONE CELL AT A TIME WHEN I BLOW UP...
...CABLE WOULD JUST *POP HIS BRAIN* INTO A *NEW CLONE BODY.*
HE LOST THE CLONE BODY SCHTICK A FEW MONTHS AGO (WHICH, FRANKLY, IS A VERY ANTI-CLIMACTIC DRAMATIC CONCEIT ANYWAY), BUT HE ALSO LOST *EVERYTHING ELSE* THAT MADE HIM SPECIAL.

YOU'RE LOOKING LIKE THE FIFTY-FIRST MILE ON FIFTY MILES OF BAD ROAD, *NATE.*
I KNOW WHAT I SAW, *WADE*...I HAVE TO STOP YOU...
TECHNO-ORGANIC CYBERNETICS, TELEPATHY, AND TELEKINESIS--ALL GONE. AND THAT MEANS...
...HE'S NOTHING MORE THAN AN *OLD MAN* WITH A *TOY GUN!*
GAH--!
YEAH, THIS IS KINDA SAD.
SO LEFT BRAIN/RIGHT BRAIN THING GOING ON. *LOVE* BEING ABLE TO KICK HIS ASS WITH *PINKY EFFORT.*
BUMMED THAT HE'S *FALLEN* THIS *LOW.*

FORGOT... HOW FAST... YOU ARE.
I USUALLY HEAR THAT IN BED. WAIT...I DIDN'T SAY THAT.
WADE...I'M GETTING THESE *PRECOGNITIVE FLASHES.*
TO GO ALONG WITH YOUR *HOT FLASHES?*
I SAW YOU KILL WEATHERS. YOU SHOT HIM...
...IN THE MIDDLE OF A *MANHATTAN* STREET.
CABLE DOESN'T LIE. HE SAW WHAT HE SAW.
SO WE HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW AND WHY.
BUT I NEED APPROVAL FROM THE *BOSS* FIRST.
SHIKLAH, CAN CABLE AND I GO OUT TO STOP ME FROM KILLING SOMEONE, *HUH?* PLEASE? CAN I? PLEEEASE...?
JUST BE HOME IN TIME FOR DINNER. WE'RE HAVING GOAT STEW!
MY *WIFE.* SHE'S A *KEEPER.*
"MY PRECOG VISIONS HAVE BEEN SPOTTY GLIMPSES OF EVENTS, SOMETIMES OUT OF ORDER.
"WEATHERS IS WALKING DOWN THE STREET. I SEE THE SMOKING BARREL OF A GUN.
"PANIC, PEOPLE RUNNING AS WEATHERS FALLS--
"--AND THEN I SEE *YOU* HOLDING THE SMOKING GUN."

SO I WENT TO STOP YOU BEFORE IT HAPPENED.
AND WE GET TO WATCHDOG A HOTEL ROOM ALL NIGHT LONG WHILE WEATHERS SLEEPS.
YOU DO REALIZE HOW NUTTY IT SOUNDS THAT YOU LOST ALL YOUR POWERS BUT NOW YOU CAN SEE THE FUTURE.
YES.
BECAUSE YOU ARE *FROM* THE FUTURE.
YES, I GET IT.
AND NOW YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO SEE YOUR *PAST*.
SO YOUR NEW POWER IS BEING GOOD AT *HISTORY?*
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM ANYMORE...
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE *NOT*...
...AND THAT'S AS POPULAR AS *ME!* I'M BELOVED!
A YOUTUBE SENSATION. WELL-ADJUSTED AND COMPLETELY VALIDATED!
MORE POP CULTURE FANS COSPLAY ME AT ONE CON IN ONE WEEKEND THAN THEY HAVE YOU IN LIKE, TWENTY YEARS!
AND NOW I *FINALLY* GET TO BE *ON TOP!*
I ALWAYS HAD TO BE ON THE *BOTTOM*, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY LIKE IT. I JUST ACCEPTED IT.
YOU WERE BIGGER, OLDER, MORE EXPERIENCED, SO YOU DESERVED TO BE ON TOP.
BUT IT'S MY TURN NOW, BABY!


DEADPOOL & CABLE
MARVEL
AVAILABLE WHEREVER VERY EXPENSIVE COMICS ARE SOLD!
MAKE MINE MARVEL, TRUE BELIEVERS!


SO...MARRIED NOW...?
I KNOW, RIGHT? IT'S GREAT!
SHE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO, WHERE TO GO, AND WHAT TO THINK. AND WE ALMOST NEVER HAVE SEX. LIKE *EVER.*
WIVES ARE GREAT.
AND SOMETHING EVEN CRAZIER THAN THAT...
I HAVE A *DAUGHTER!*
LICENCIA DE CONDUCIR
DEPARTAMENTO DE TRANSITO
Name: Wade Wilson
Address: Wherever I lay my hat
Not Nearly Enough
Hair: sparse
Eyes: 2
SO...S.H.I.E.L.D., A WIFE, A CHILD... YOU CAN HANDLE ALL THIS WITH... YOU KNOW...?
MY BRAIN ISSUES? I THINK THEY ACTUALLY *HELP.*
HONESTLY, YOU'D HAVE TO BE PRETTY *NUTS* TO BE A SECRET AGENT, HUSBAND OR A PARENT, RIGHT...?

SPEAKING OF WHICH...
BRRRINNG BRRRINNG
I ASKED YOU TO CLEAN UP THOSE DINNER PLATES! AND DO YOUR HOMEWORK! AND PICK A COLLEGE MAJOR!
I'M IN THIRD GRADE!
I AM *PARENTING* HERE!
HELLOOO?
PRESTON, IT'S ME. I'M STAKING OUT WEATHERS' HOTEL.
WE HAVE EYES ON THE LOBBY.
WE EXPECT *HYDRA* TO MAKE A MOVE BEFORE THE CONFERENCE TOMORROW.
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...APPARENTLY, WEATHERS ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE CONFERENCE.
HOW COME?
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO *KILL HIM* ON THE WAY THERE.
WAAAAAAADE...
NO, I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDS, BUT IT'S A *FUTURE TIME-TRAVELING* THING.
"THING"?
YEAH, TRUST ME, IT *IS* A THING.
BUT I HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL. HONEST.
OH, YOU *DO*...?
WELL...YEAH... MOSTLY...
LISTEN, I'M NOT ANY KIND OF EXPERT ON TIME TRAVEL, BUT HOW ABOUT THIS...
...MAYBE THE BEST WAY TO NOT KILL DR. WEATHERS IN THE MORNING IS BY BEING NOWHERE NEAR DR. WEATHERS IN THE MORNING?!

I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO THOUGHT *THAT* MADE *NO* SENSE AT ALL, RIGHT...?
I MEAN, 'CAUSE OTHERWISE WE'D HAVE NO *STORY!* SO WE STAY THROUGH THE NIGHT 'TIL *MORNING.*
NATE DOESN'T SAY MUCH. HE'S NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD.
AND FOR *ME* TO BE SAYING THAT...
THE STRAIGHTS AND SUITS ALL COME OUT IN THE DAYLIGHT...
...BUT NO SIGN OF WEATHERS YET.
BUT HE *HAS* TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE PRETTY SOON--
CITY TOURS
CITY
--BECAUSE WE HAVE PUT *WAY* TOO MUCH EFFORT INTO ESTABLISHING EVERYTHING THAT'S IN THIS INTERSECTION.
YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE IT BECOMES IMPORTANT LATER ON...
THERE HE IS.
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYING TO FLAG SOMEONE DOWN...
HE MIGHT NEED HELP. MAYBE HE SAW SOMETHING?
I'M GOING TO HELP HIM.
NO!
UNCLENCH! IT'LL BE FINE.
I'LL ONLY USE *HALL & OATES.*

NO GUNS, NO PROBLEM!
MY LOGIC IS *SO* MUCH BETTER THAN PRESTON'S.
BENNY MARZANO'S
PLUS IT LETS ME MAYBE SLICE SOME PEOPLE APART, TOO!
WWMMMMMYEEEM
WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN...?
PPZZTT
WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.
HEY NOW, NO SHOOTING INTO CIVILIAN CROWDS!
THAT'S NOT EVEN KOSHER FOR *ME!*
UNLESS, I DON'T KNOW, ONE DIMENSION FANS OR SOMETHING.
OATES! SWEET, CHERUBIC DWARF-LIKE OATES!
PLINK
PPZZFT
WEATHERS HAS TO DIE!

DUCK, DOC!
THAT WAS FUNNY.
I KNOW WE HAVE A STRICT *NO GUNS* POLICY HERE...
...BUT MY *2ND AMENDMENT RIGHTS* SUPERSEDE *ALL LOGIC!*
PLINK
CRUDE TEMPORAL PULSE PISTOL. CIRCA 2050 OR SO...
...EVERYTHING ALWAYS HAS TO GET COMPLICATED.
NNFFT!
THIS WAS A LOT EASIER ON MY BACK WHEN I HAD TELEKINESIS...
WADE! REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THIS AREA!

SOON AS I REMOVE THIS GUY FIRST!
KRA-KOW
YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT THIS MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR!
HE DESERVES TO DIE!
WMMMW
HOT DOG
TOTALLY UNFAIR!

IF HE ACTS IRRESPONSIBLY AND DISAPPEARS WHILE I'M SHOOTING AT HIM, SOMEONE I WASN'T TARGETING MIGHT GET KILLED!
ARE YOU STARTING TO PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER?
YES! FOUR!
THE ASSASSIN IS WEARING A CRUDE *TEMPORAL HARNESS.*
THAT MEANS HE COULD *REAPPEAR* AT ANY--
OOOH, I HATE TALKING MY WAY INTO A TROPE!
DAMAGE THE *CAPACITOR* ON HIS BACK TO PREVENT HIM FROM ACCESSING THE *TEMPORAL STREAM!*
OUCH, THAT'S MY STERNUM!
HE HAS TO PAY FOR WHAT HE DID!
HEY, WATCH THE GUN--
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'LL NEVER BE AS *POPULAR* AS I AM...
YOU HAVE TO GET OUT OF MY WAY!
KRA-KOW

I SPENT ENOUGH TIME WITH CABLE TO GET REALLY SICK OF HIS *"I TOLD YOU SO'S."*
ESPECIALLY 'CAUSE HE NEVER SAID THEM OUT LOUD, WHICH ALWAYS MADE ME FEEL EVEN WORSE.
BUT WHENEVER I'M WITH HIM, THERE'S USUALLY THAT ONE TIME IN THE DAY.
THAT ONE SPLIT-SECOND MOMENT WHEN YOU REALIZE...
...THAT JUST MAYBE...

...YOU REALLY SCREWED UP!
TO BE CONTINUED!

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #2

REILLY BROWN 2015
JD

SPLIT SECOND TEMPORAL DISLOCATION HARNESS
DEADPOOL & CABLE
EXCERPTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF DR. CARL WEATHERS.
ANNOTATED NOVEMBER 14, 2041.
OCULAR REGULATOR
INVERSION FIELD CXF27 X 3.3.21.00 STABILIZER 44.55.44.002
WHAT HAD BEEN AN EXPERIMENT BECAME AN OBSESSION.
CHAPTER THREE: SANTAYANA WAS RIGHT
ONCE, LONG AGO, I'D PLANNED TO SELL THE TIME HARNESS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
BUT INSTEAD, I HAVE TRIED TO PERFECT IT AS A WAY TO CHANGE THE PAST AND SAVE HIS LIFE.
IT DOESN'T WORK! TO THE DETRIMENT OF MY FAMILY AND MY HEALTH.
I HAVE BECOME AHAB-- AND TIME TRAVEL, MY WHITE WHALE.

FINALLY! AFTER TWO DECADES OF FAILURE AND FRUSTRATION--
--THE TEMPORAL HARNESS WORKS!
BUT AM I TOO OLD NOW TO USE IT?
IT TOOK TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF MY SON TO PERFECT THE PROCESS.
BUT MY BODY IS WEAK, MY MIND IS RAVAGED BY TEMPORAL CANCER. I AM DYING.
IF I CAN'T COMPLETE MY LIFE'S WORK...
...THEN WHO WILL SAVE MY SON FROM THAT TRAGIC DAY?

IT WASN'T MY FAULT!
WAS IT? I MEAN, I *DID* DO IT, BUT I DIDN'T *MEAN* TO!
YES, IT *WAS* MY GUN, BUT I DIDN'T *FIRE* IT!
WELL, OKAY, *TECHNICALLY*, I DID PULL THE TRIGGER, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY PULL IT, *HE DID!*
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY...
STOP HIM!
HE'S WEARING A *PRIMITIVE* TIME-TRAVEL HARNESS THAT WILL--
LET HIM TRAVEL THROUGH TIME?
I MEAN, JUST TAKING A WILD GUESS.
PPZZTT

GGNNFF
WE THOUGHT THIS ASSASSIN CAME TO KILL A MAD SCIENTIST NAMED DR. CARL (NOT APOLLO CREED) WEATHERS.
BUT IF CABLE'S RIGHT (AND HE USUALLY IS) THE TIME-TRAVEL STUFF COMPLICATES THINGS.
ANOTHER RED FLAG: THIS GUY HAS SOME TRAINING, BUT NOWHERE NEAR HYDRA-ASSASSIN LEVELS.
HOLD HIM DOWN BEFORE HE--
SO WHO IS HE REALLY AND WHERE IS HE FROM?
PPZZTT

EVEN BY *MY* STANDARDS, I DON'T FIND THIS VERY FUNNY.
TRY DOING IT FOR *FORTY YEARS*...
WELL, THEN IT WOULD BE *HILARIOUS.*
WE WERE *SHUNTED* BACK IN TIME. APPROXIMATELY SEVENTY SECONDS.
AND THERE'S *NOT-APOLLO-CREED* NOW!
WE HAVE A *SECOND CHANCE* TO PREVENT THE *TRAGEDY* FROM HAPPENING!
GET READY, THE ASSASSIN IS GOING TO APPEAR RIGHT ABOUT...
NOW!
NO GUNS FOR REALSIES THIS TIME! PROMISE!
PPZZTT
OF MY TRUSTY *KATANA BLADES*--
NEW YORK 112-2ND

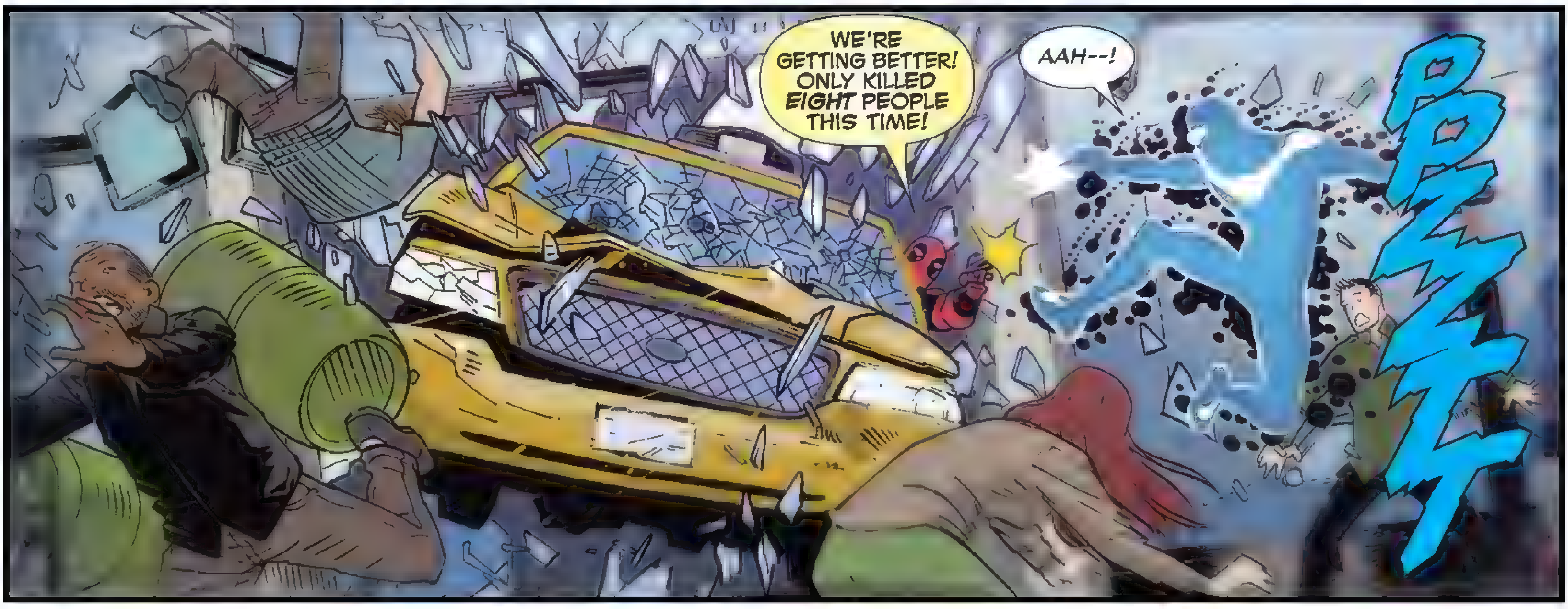
--I ONLY HAVE *HALL* LEFT BECAUSE THE ASSASSIN ZAPPED *OATES* OUT OF TIME--
--OR HE *WILL* ZAP OATES, 'CAUSE TECHNICALLY HE HASN'T DONE IT YET--
--EVEN THOUGH HE DID IT BEFORE...
CABLE, MY BRAIN IS STARTING TO HURT!
JUST NOW. NEVER HURT BEFORE. TOO MUCH.
SLIKT
PPZZTT
AKK
WADE--!
UH...
I CAN'T GO FOR THAT. (NO CAN DO)
OUCH.
PPZZTT

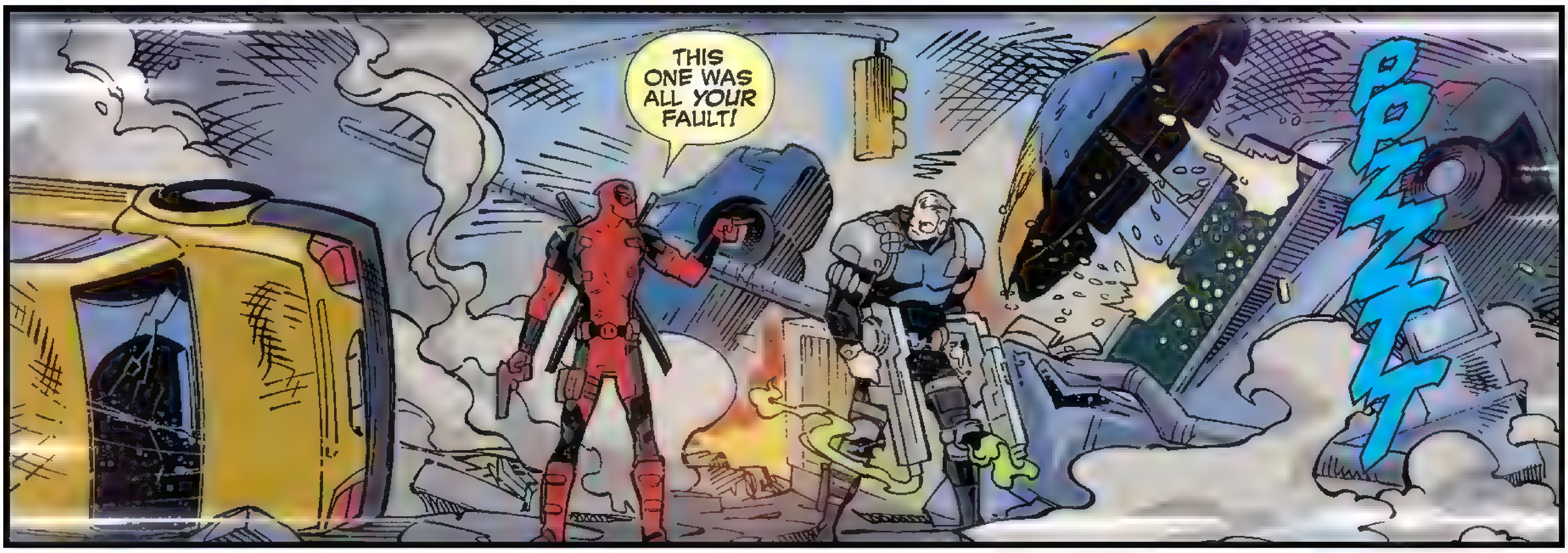
WE HAVE TO--WHAT--? *OVERRIDE* THE TEMPORAL HARNESS...
WADE-- KEEP HIM OCCUPIED!
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN--
TFFT
PPZZTT
WE WERE *SHUNTED* BACK IN TIME. APPROXIMATELY SEVENTY SECONDS.
YEAH, NO KIDDING, YOU ALREADY SAID... THAT...
PPZZTT
...HEY, YOU OKAY?
WE HAVE A *SECOND CHANCE* TO PREVENT THE *TRAGEDY* FROM HAPPENING!
THIRD CHANCE, BUT WHO'S KEEPING COUNT, RIGHT?
WAIT... YOU KILLED SOMEONE, RIGHT...?
WITH A GUN, THEN WITH A SWORD, SO I'M SITTING THIS ONE OUT!
...THIS ISN'T RIGHT...
...WHY AM I SO CONFUSED...?
PPZZTT

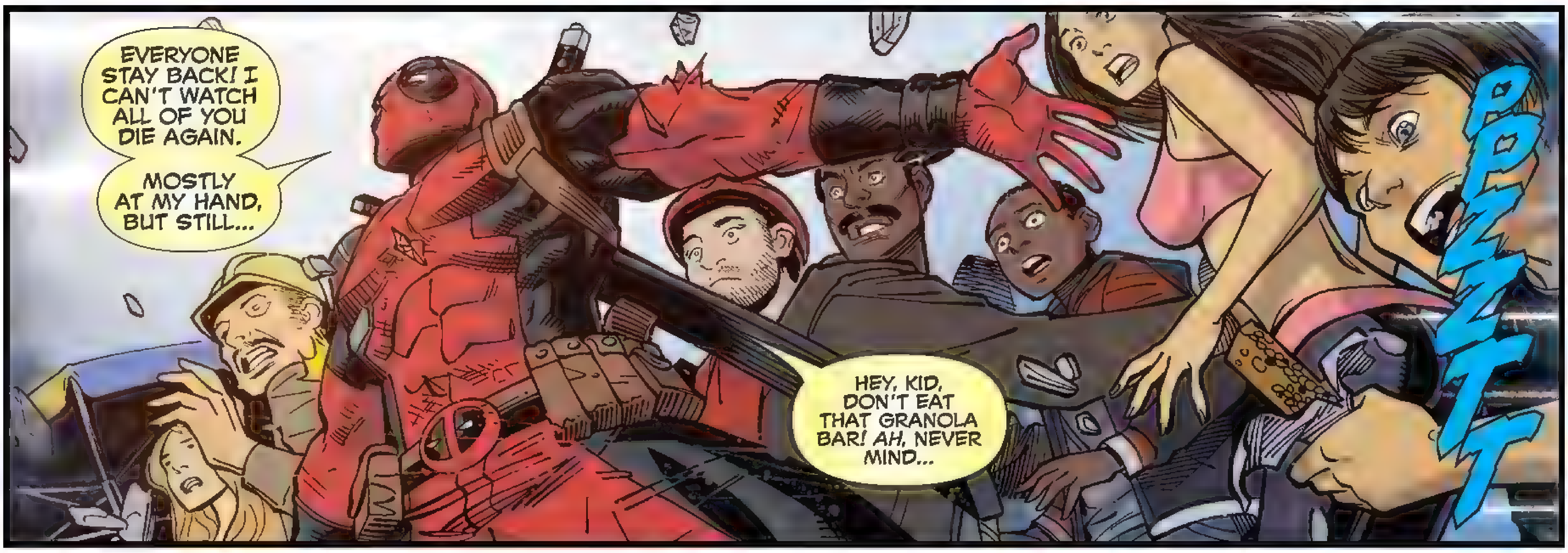
ENOUGH!!!
PPTTRRRRRRRRRRRRR
SO MUCH FOR CABLE BEING THE ONE WHO CAN HANDLE *TIME TRAVEL.*
PPZZTT
PPTTRRRRRRRRRR
I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE TRYING TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT!
PPZZTT
PPZZTT
PPZZTT
PPZZTT
PPZZTT
YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
YOU'RE CREATING A *POCKET TEMPORAL ANOMALY!*

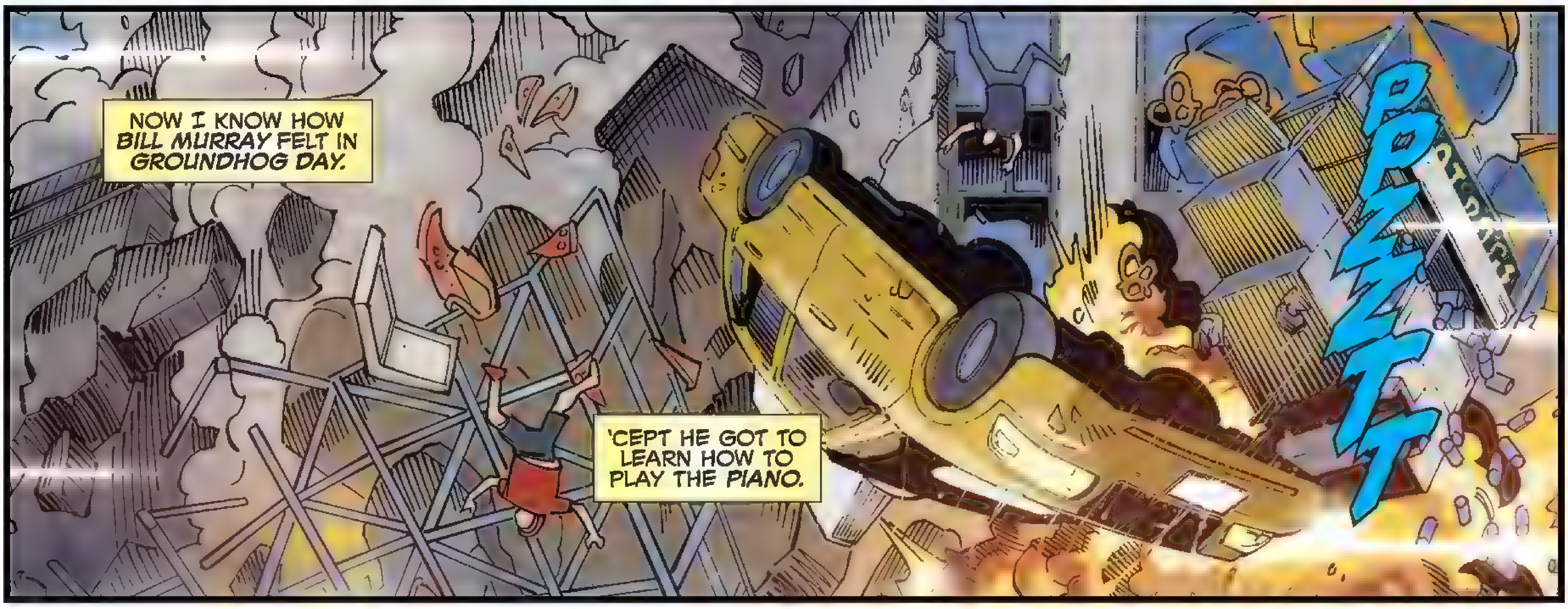
A LITTLE POPCORN WOULD BE NICE.
HEY, KID, YOU GOT ANY POPCORN?
N-N-NO--
I MUST HAVE SOMETHING IN ONE OF THESE STUPID POUCHES...
...GEEZ, I HAVE SO MANY POUCHES...
HEY! A GRANOLA BAR?
WANT HALF, KID?
I-I-I'M N-N-NOT SUPPOSED TO T-T-TAKE CANDY F-F-FROM STRANGERS.
AND THERE'S NO ONE STRANGER THAN ME, *HUH?* DON'T WORRY, I'M KOSHER.
TH-THANKS.
THAT *STUTTER* MUST GET YOU SOME REGULAR ASS-KICKINGS IN SCHOOL, *HUH?*
YOU CAN'T--KEEP *TIME-PORTING*--WITHIN SUCH A FINITE--LOCALITY.
I WOULD'VE JUMPED IN AND OUT IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN IN MY WAY!
SWEET, SWEET, MERCIFUL ZEUS!!!
THE K-KID--IS D-D-DEAD...
THERE WERE *PEANUTS* IN THE GRANOLA BAR--H-H-HE WAS *ALLERGIC!*

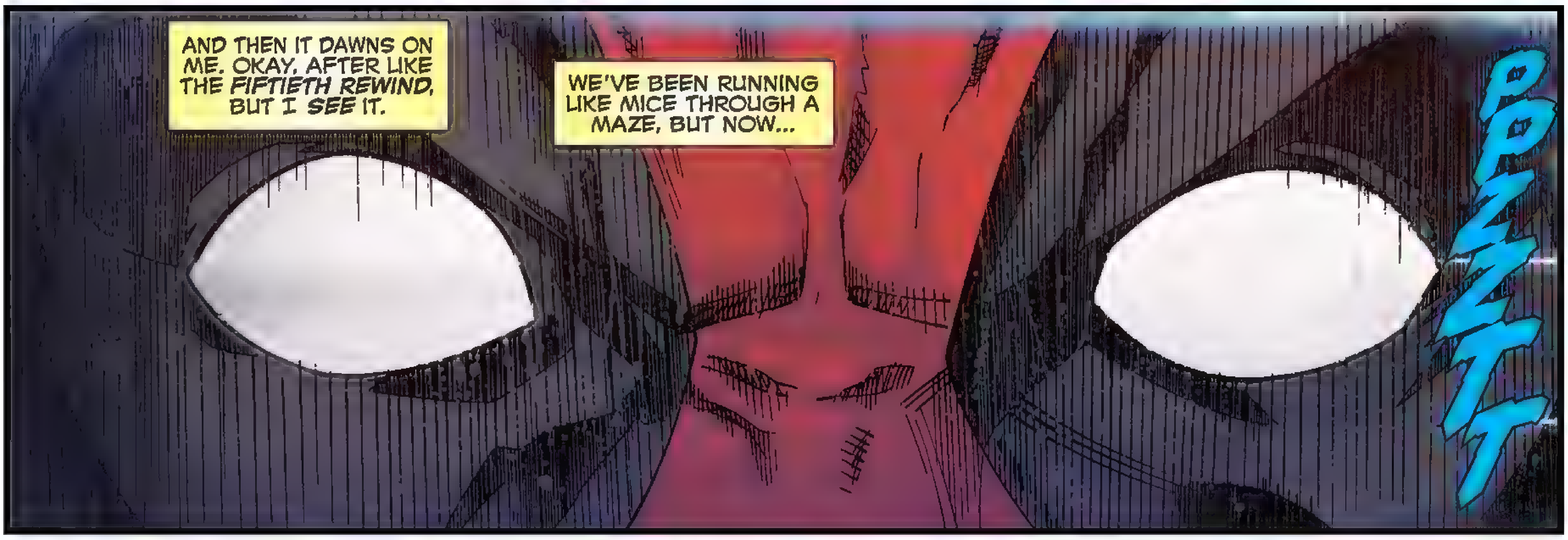
SO WE RUN A COUPLE MORE CIRCLES AROUND THE *TIME-LOOP.*
EACH TIME--DESPITE MY BEST INTENTIONS (HONEST!)--SOMETHING GOES *WRONG...*
OOOH, YOGA PANTS!
KA-POW
PPZZTT
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT.
HE WASN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO WORK TODAY!
HIS WIFE JUST FOUND OUT SHE'S PREGNANT!
AND I WAS GOING TO TELL HIM THAT I'M THE BABY-DADDY DURING LUNCH!
THIS...THIS HAS GONE ON...LONG ENOUGH...
...I--YOU--THIS KIND OF TIME TRAVEL... THREATENS TO *CALCIFY*...THE CONTINUUM IS...
...EXHAUSTING ALL POSSIBLE TIMELINES IN *ONE* MOMENT...THREATENS ALL *POTENTIAL* TIMELINES...
...WE HAVE TO *END* THIS, WADE--***NOW!***
GOTCHA!
END IT NOW. NO GUNS. NO SWORDS.
GRENADES!
CITY
PPZZZT
ARE YOU INSANE?
DUH.

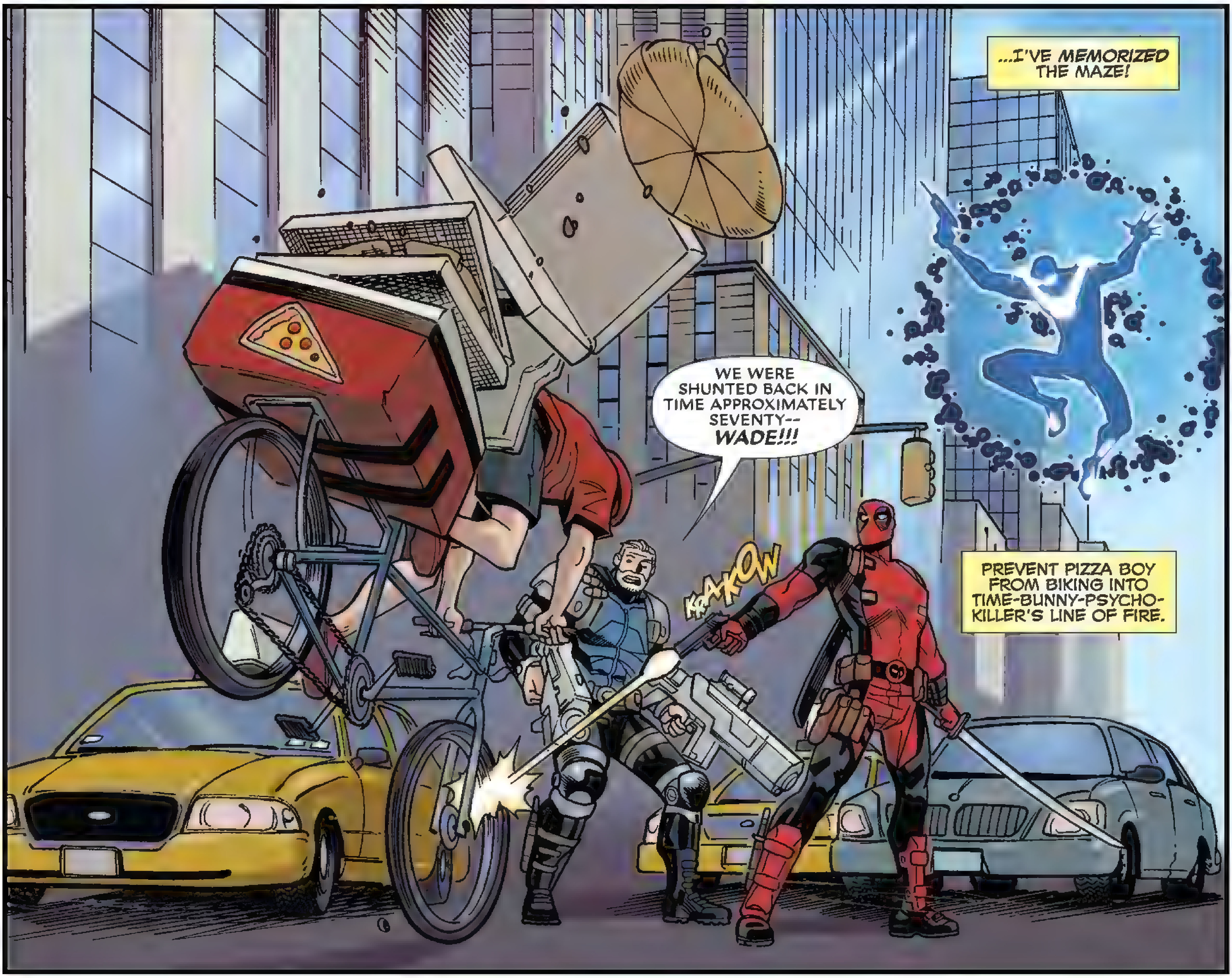

WE'RE GETTING BETTER! ONLY KILLED *EIGHT* PEOPLE THIS TIME!
AAH--!
PPZZZT

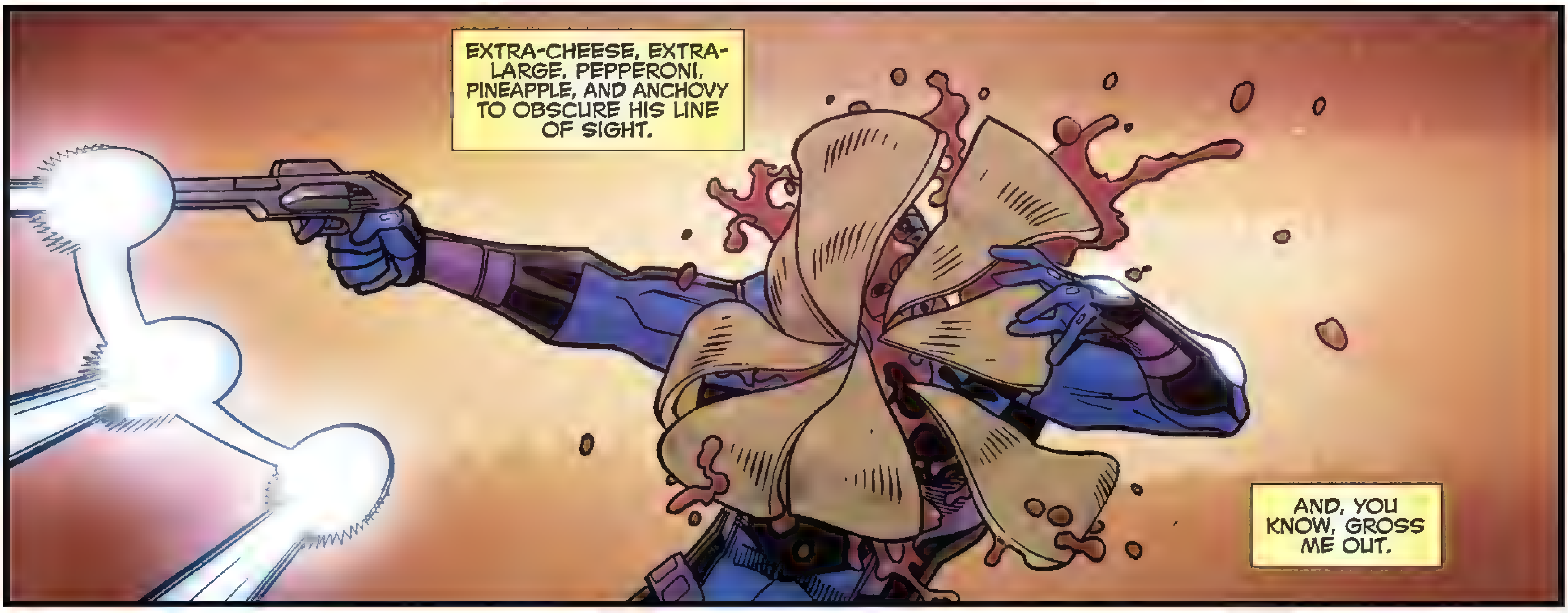

THIS ONE WAS ALL *YOUR* FAULT!
PPZZZT


EVERYONE STAY BACK! I CAN'T WATCH ALL OF YOU DIE AGAIN.
MOSTLY AT MY HAND, BUT STILL...
HEY, KID, DON'T EAT THAT GRANOLA BAR! *AH,* NEVER MIND...
PPZZZT


NOW I KNOW HOW *BILL MURRAY* FELT IN *GROUNDHOG DAY.*
'CEPT HE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY THE *PIANO.*
PPZZZT

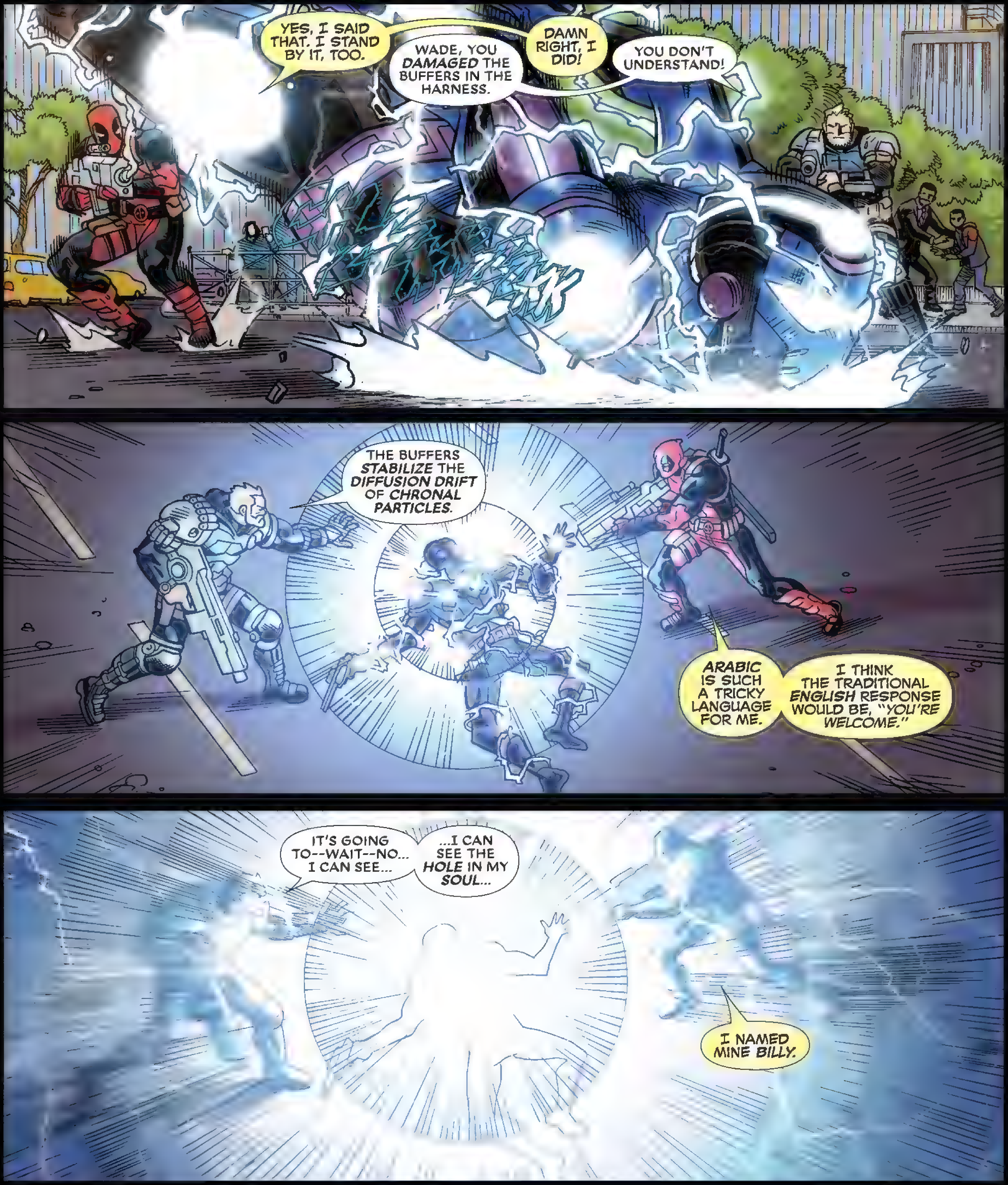

AND THEN IT DAWNS ON ME. OKAY, AFTER LIKE THE *FIFTIETH REWIND,* BUT I *SEE* IT.
WE'VE BEEN RUNNING LIKE MICE THROUGH A MAZE, BUT NOW...
BZZZTT

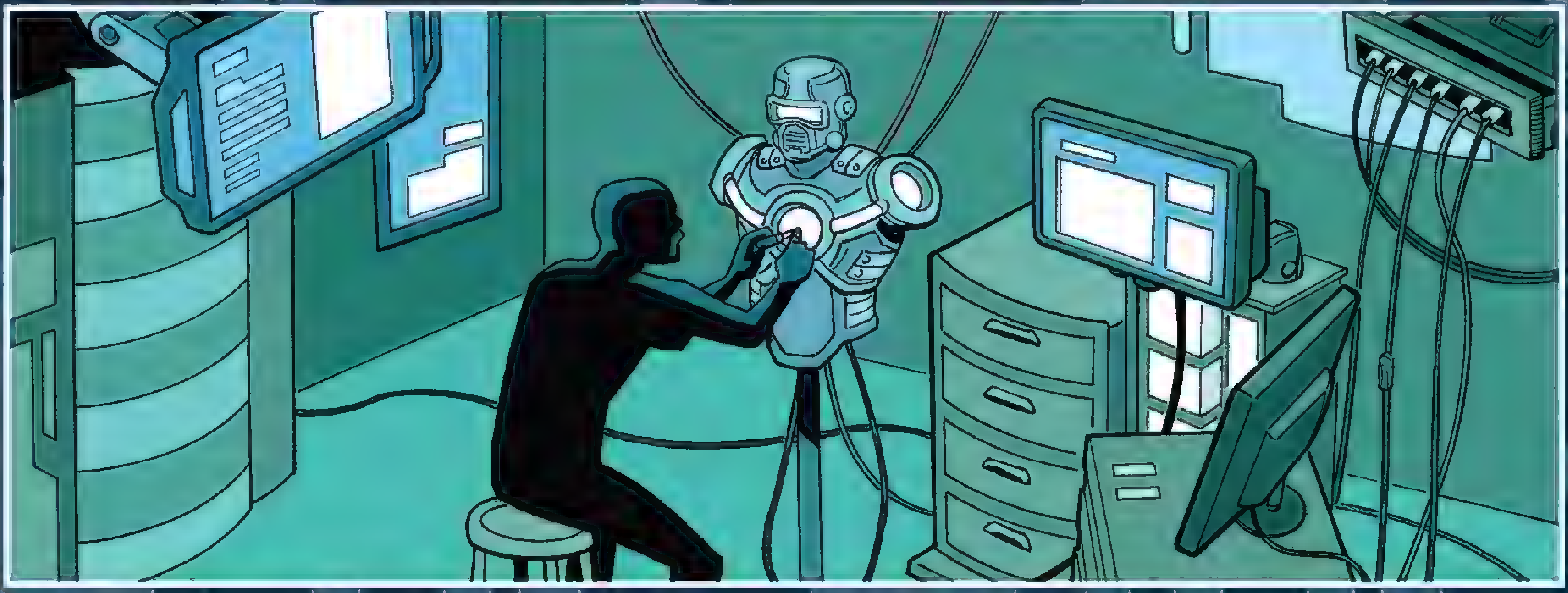

...I'VE *MEMORIZED* THE MAZE!
WE WERE SHUNTED BACK IN TIME APPROXIMATELY SEVENTY-- ***WADE!!!***
KRAKOW
PREVENT PIZZA BOY FROM BIKING INTO TIME-BUNNY-PSYCHO-KILLER'S LINE OF FIRE.


EXTRA-CHEESE, EXTRA-LARGE, PEPPERONI, PINEAPPLE, AND ANCHOVY TO OBSCURE HIS LINE OF SIGHT.
AND, YOU KNOW, GROSS ME OUT.

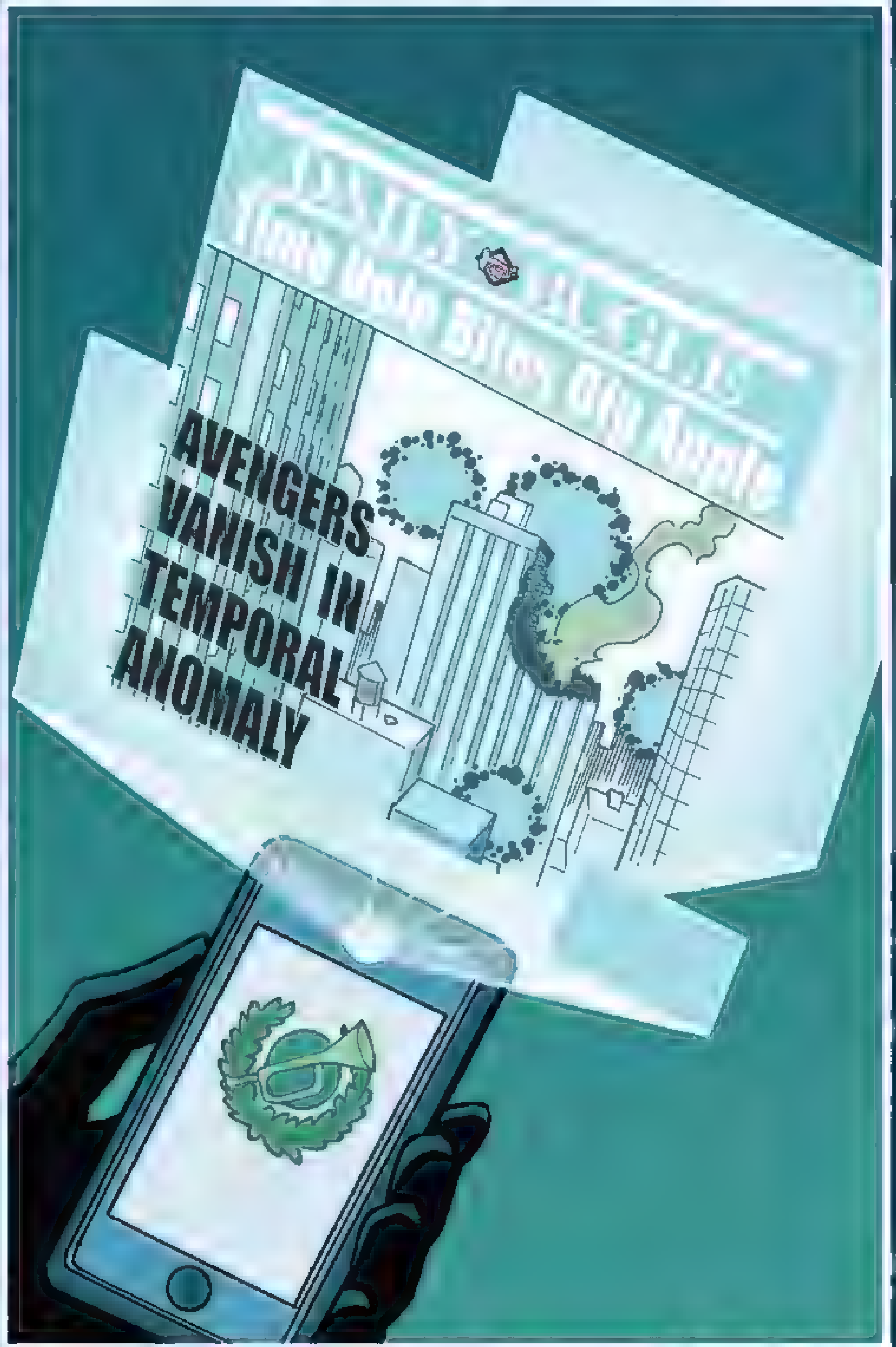
TIME-BUNNY GOES ITCHY-TRIGGER, PEELS OFF THREE TIME-ZAPPING BLASTS--
--FIRST SHOT SENDS CABLE'S GUN OUT OF THE *TIMESTREAM.*
GIVING ME THE TIME I NEED...
...TO PULL *MCKENNA BROOKS* AND *ADULT FAT ALBERT* OUT OF THE WAY...
...AND AS TIME-BUNNY WIPES THE PIZZA OFF AND STARTS STRAFING THE CROWD--
HEY!
--I COMMANDEER *MINI-NYJAH HUSTON'S* BOARD--
--SEND A BELFIE OF *YOGA BARE* TO INSTAGRAM--

--RIDE A SIMPLE *OLLIE* RIGHT TO THE SPOT WHERE CABLE'S *CHICLET GUN* WILL REAPPEAR--
--AND USE THE TOUR BUS TO...
BZZZT
...GET *BEHIND* TIME-BUNNY FOR THE FIRST TIME *AND* JUST IN TIME FOR...
CITY TOURS
UNCLE ANDY'S JERKY
NYC TAXI
TIME'S UP!
FA-JEET


YES, I SAID THAT. I STAND BY IT, TOO.
WADE, YOU *DAMAGED* THE BUFFERS IN THE HARNESS.
DAMN RIGHT, I DID!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE BUFFERS *STABILIZE* THE *DIFFUSION DRIFT* OF *CHRONAL PARTICLES.*
ARABIC IS SUCH A TRICKY LANGUAGE FOR ME.
I THINK THE TRADITIONAL *ENGLISH* RESPONSE WOULD BE, "*YOU'RE WELCOME.*"
IT'S GOING TO--WAIT--NO... I CAN SEE...
...I CAN SEE THE *HOLE* IN MY *SOUL*...
I NAMED MINE *BILLY.*

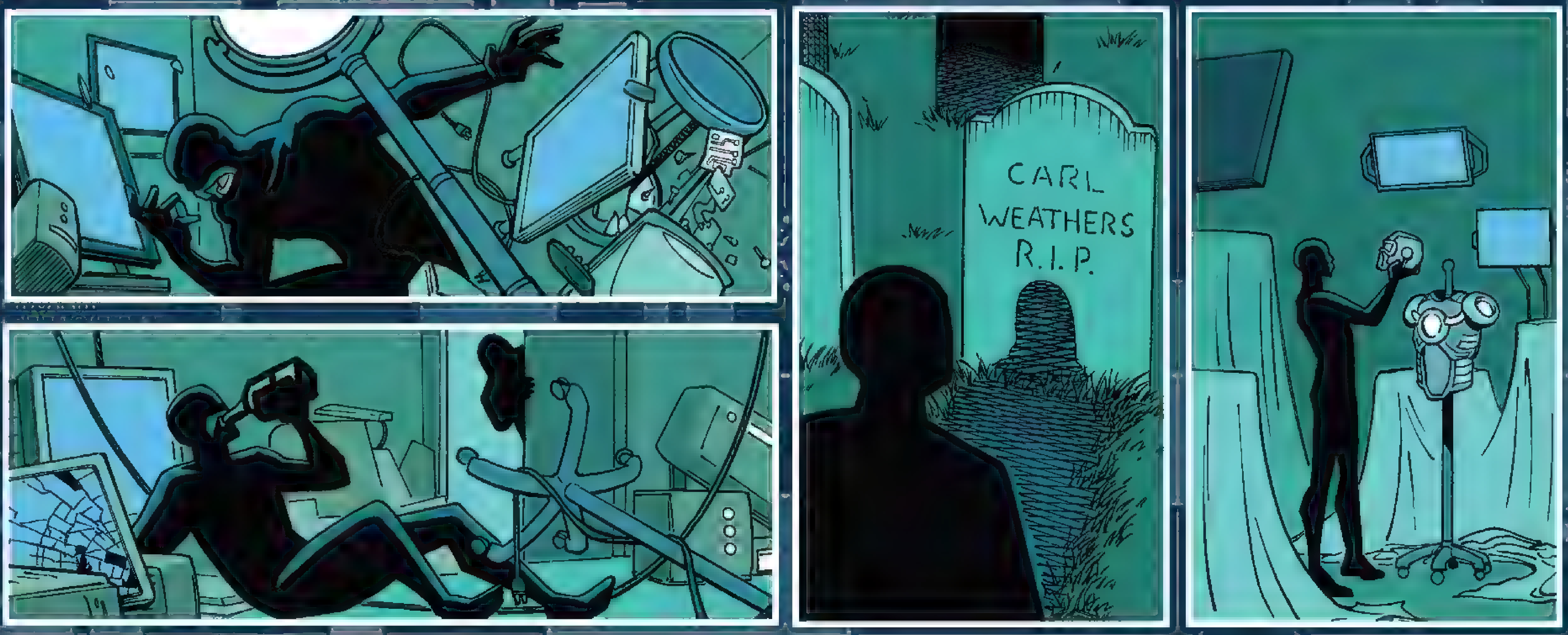


DEADPOOL & CABLE


Time Hole Bites Big Apple
AVENGERS VANISH IN TEMPORAL ANOMALY

SPLIT SECOND

CHAPTER FOUR:
THE FUTURE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!


CARL
WEATHERS
R.I.P.

SO IN SCIENTIFIC TERMS, AFTER *SPLIT SECOND'S* HARNESS-THINGY WENT *KA-BLOOEY*--
--IT CREATED A *FISSURE IN TIME*--
--THAT *SUCKED UP* ME (*DEADPOOL*, THE MERC WITH A MOUTH) AND *CABLE* (THE SOLDIER WITH A SCOWL)--
--THEN REGURGITATED US INTO THE *FUTURE.*
NORMALLY, TIME TRAVEL IS AS BLAND FOR CABLE AS CHICKEN BROTH AND PAT BOONE, BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT...
RADIO CITY
FOLDING IN ON THEMSELVES-- SO MANY *ME'S*--
--A LINK BETWEEN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE, *TANGLED* INTO A *KNOT*--
DUDE, YOU'RE FREAKIN' ME OUT HERE...
TIME TO EXIT STAGE LEFT!
I LOST THIS ROUND, BUT I'LL WIN BY THE TIME YOU'RE DONE.
NATE--THIS GUY A FRIEND OF YOURS? YOU TIME-TRAVEL GUYS ALL KNOW EACH OTHER?
AH, HERE'S THE *PORTAL* I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
NO TIME...
I'M NOT LETTING YOU BLUDGEON, DECAPITATE, EVISCERATE OR OTHERWISE PUMMEL MY BUDDY! THAT'S *MY* JOB!
TANGLED INTO KNOTS... REACH IN...AND UNTANGLE... MYSELF...

...TO KILL CABLE!
HISTORY'S FALLING APART BECAUSE OF HIM AND HE'S FALLING APART BECAUSE OF IT!
STAY OUT OF MY WAY AND LET ME DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE!
NOT A CHANCE!
ZOINKS! WHAT DID YOU DO, TAKE IT TO THE FUTURE?
TAKE WHAT? TO WHERE? HOW CAN I TAKE SOMETHING SOMEWHERE I HAVEN'T BEEN YET?
TRUST ME, THE TIME PARADOXES ARE JUST GETTIN' STARTED! AND IF I DON'T STOP THEM THEY'RE GOING...
WHOA--DUDE--TESTOSTERONE MUCH?
I DON'T CARE IF THIS HURTS ME AS MUCH AS IT DOES YOU, LET GO OF MY FLAMING SCIMITAR OF TEMPORAL CLEAVAGE NOW!
BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED TO MAKE ME LET GO OF MY CLEAVAGE!
HA! WHO'S A JEDI NOW? MY SCHWARTZ IS AS BIG AS YOURS!
FRISBEES OF CHRONAL CALAMITY ATTACK!
JUMP ME FOR NO REASON! THAT'S THE THANKS I GET FOR TAKING OUT THE DRONES?
WHAT DRONES? IS EVERYONE IN THE FUTURE SO STRANGE? BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, I'LL GLADLY GO BACK TO MY NICE, NORMAL TIME--
--WHERE ONLY QUALIFIED CANDIDATES RUN FOR PRESIDENT AND VAPID FAMILIES OF HARRIDANS WHO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING IN LIFE RULE ALL FORMS OF SOCIAL MEDIA.

THIS IS THE *NYPD!* IF YOU EMERGED FROM A TEMPORAL PORTAL YOU MUST REPORT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!
JEEPERS, THE COPS!
OH, CRY ME A RIVER, YOU'RE JUST A BUNCHA SORE LOSERS!
WUSP WUSP WUSP
THEY'RE RESISTING ARREST! OPEN FIRE!
I DIDN'T EVEN START RESISTING YET!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!
THAT SINGED SOME BUTT HAIRS, I JUST KNOW IT!
YOU SHOULD TRY AN EPILADY.
VZZZZSHSHKK

LOOK OUT BELOW!
THERE HE GOES! DEADPOOL IS TOAST AGAINST THOSE DRONES!
PLUCK AT THE TIMELINES-- SEE THE THREADS COME UNDONE...
Y'KNOW, NATE, ALL FOUR OF YOUR FANS ARE GOING TO BE *VERY* DISAPPOINTED WITH THIS CHAPTER...
...BUT AT LEAST I KNOW HOW TO GIVE MY CHIMICHANGETTES WHAT THEY WANT!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE DRONES. AND THAT *LOOPY GUY* HAS GONE MISSING.
WHAT SAY WE TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, BIG GUY?
TETHERBLOOD HAS MISSED THE RENDEZVOUS...
OF COURSE HE HAS.

OKAY, WADE. CATCH YOUR BREATH. *WOOF.* STILL SMELLS LIKE *MANHATTAN.*
JUST A LITTLE BIT OF A CRISPY, COPPERY STING TO THE AIR.
MAYBE IT'S ALL THOSE *BUZZING HOLES* THAT KEEP BLINKING IN AND OUT?
PEOPLE ARE STILL THE SAME SCREENED-OUT ZOMBIES.
OH, DIRECTIONALS FOR WALKING! COOL!
LOOKS LIKE *COSPLAY* BY CALVIN KLEIN IS IN STYLE.
Benny's
HEY, BUDDY, UHM... YOU KNOW WHAT *YEAR* THIS IS?
HELLO? YEAH? *HELLO...? REALLY?*
DEADPOOL COSPLAY ALL OF A SUDDEN ISN'T IN VOGUE?
HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE FUTURE.
OKAY, NEED A *SAFE PLACE.*
HMM.
SHIKLAH...
MY *WIFE, SHIKLAH,* IS *IMMORTAL,* SO SHE'S PROBABLY STILL ALIVE!
I LUG THE DEAD WEIGHT FORMERLY KNOWN AS CABLE INTO THE UNDERGROUND LAIR OF MY HONEY.
WHY IS MY FLASHING EYE ON THAT SIDE NOW?
HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHY NATE'S ACTING THIS WAY.
I BLAME THE SOUL-NUMBING ELECTRONIC BASS BEAT THAT HASN'T CHANGED IN DECADES.
BMM
BDDUH
BMM
BDDUH
BMM

FLASHBACKS TO THE *LIMELIGHT.* BRRRRR.
HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE PAST.
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY JOEL OSTEEN!
FULL DISCLOSURE: MY WIFE IS A *DEMON.* A CENTURIES-OLD, PUREBRED *SUCCUBUS.*
'SCUZE ME, PARDON ME.
SORRY.
SHE KIND OF...UHM... *FEEDS* OFF LIFE FORCES... AND *SEXUAL ENERGY* QUALIFIES AS *CAVIAR* FOR THAT.
SMELLS LIKE WET SHOULDER PADS IN HERE.
SHUT UP, NATE, I'M TRYING NOT TO STEP ON ANY *NAUGHTY BITS* HERE...
AAAK.
SORRY.

MMMFFFPP--
TRIPPED ON A *THIRD LEG* THERE.
AND I DON'T MEAN *FIGURATIVELY.*
WHO SO BOORISHLY *DARES* TO DISRUPT MY *BACCHANAL?*
UHM...I DO, HONEY.
HI. *UH*... LONG TIME, NO SEE, I GUESS?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE THE BODEGA RAN OUT OF MILK AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOME EVER SINCE?
YOU LEFT *THIRTY-FIVE YEARS* AGO AND *NEVER CAME HOME!*
I WAS TOSSED FORWARD IN TIME! I JUST GOT HERE LIKE AN HOUR AGO!
UHM... DID YOU MISS ME--?
TREMENDOUSLY. BUT I SOON RECOVERED.
HOW SOON?
IF I RECALL, IT WAS ABOUT *TWENTY-FIVE* OF YOUR--
YEARS?
MINUTES.
THE *GOAT STEW* I PREPARED GREW COLD. YOUR LOSS, IT WAS QUITE DELECTABLE.
AND NOW YOU ARRIVE HERE WISHING TO RETURN TO YOUR TIME? THOUGH *IMMORTAL*, I KNOW LITTLE OF TIME TRAVEL.
PERHAPS THIS FLESHBAG CAN ASSIST YOU?
HE IS AN EXECUTIVE AT THE COMPANY RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE PESKY *TEMPORAL ANOMALIES* THAT HAVE VEXED THE HUMANS FOR YEARS.
HUH?
YOU MEAN THOSE *HOLES* I SAW FLOATING ALL OVER THE CITY?
THIS *EYEBLINK* IS PROUD TO CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY.
WHAT? NO-- MISTRESS SHIKLAH-- IT WAS OUR OWNER, *DR. WEATHERS*--SEVERAL YEARS AGO--HIS EXPERIMENTS WENT AWRY.

"IN TRYING TO CHANGE HIS OWN PAST, WEATHERS ACCIDENTALLY RELEASED UNSTABLE *CHRONAL PARTICLES.*
"SINCE THEN, THE TIME HOLES HAVE WINKED IN AND OUT OF EXISTENCE AROUND THE *TIMETECH* FACILITY.
"EVEN AFTER THE *PASSING* OF DR. WEATHERS, WE SPEND ALL OUR WAKING DAYS COMMITTED TO CORRECTING THIS CALAMITOUS SITUATION."
WELL, *ALMOST* ALL, BUT I LET IT GO ON ACCOUNT THAT HE HAS *DEMONIC SLUGS* CRAWLING AROUND HIS BUTT CRACK.
USUALLY I DEPEND ON NATE FOR FIGURING OUT COMPLEX STUFF LIKE INTERMITTENT CHRONAL PARTICLES.
MOSTLY BECAUSE EVERY TIME I SAY "*INTERMITTENT CHRONAL PARTICLES*" I LOSE A HUNDRED FOLLOWERS ON TWITTER.
HAVE TO MERGE THEM... PULL THE STRINGS IN MY HEAD APART...
...THEN WEAVE THEM BACK TOGETHER...
OKAY, NATE, BABBLE TIME IS OVER. I NEED YOUR HELP HERE.
EYE FLASHES ON THE LEFT, EYE FLASHES ON THE RIGHT.
T-O MESH ON THE LEFT, T-O MESH ON THE RIGHT.
YEAH, YOU'RE A RUTABAGA.
Shikloh's
MONSTE METRO
AS USUAL, LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE THE WORLD.
LOOK AT THAT! THE BETTER HALF SOLD HER SOUL SO PEOPLE COULD SELL HER THEIR SOULS.
...GET ON WITH THE JOB OF *SAVING THE UNIVERSE!*
HEY, THERE HE IS...!
WHAT'S THIS GUY UP TO?
NOW I HAVE TO FIND THE *TIME PORTAL* AND...
CLEARLY I'M DRESSED FOR SUCCESS NOW!
PROVEN MASTER OF TIME AND SPACE!
FIRST TIME OUT IN THE SUIT AND I TOTALLY NAILED IT!
OKAY, WHO'S THE *SPIDER*...

...AND WHO'S THE *FLY*...?
FSHZZZCHK
ALL HAIL DEADPOOL, PROVEN MASTER OF TIME AND SPACE!
I HAIL ME.
AND WITH THAT, YOU'RE DONE! YOU MIGHT NOT BELIEVE THIS, BUT THAT'S GOING TO HURT *ME* AS MUCH AS IT DOES *YOU*.

OOFTT!
HOW'D I END UP ON MY BACK?
...SINCE I USUALLY END UP ON MY KNEES...
KUNK
HEY--NO FAIR!
YOU CAN'T GO ALL ADMIRAL MOTTI ON ME!
ADMIRAL MOTTI WAS LAMER THAN SALACIOUS CRUMB!
OW.
HERE COMES THE AIRPLANE!

THAT ACTUALLY HURT!
OPEN WIDE!
YOU HAVE TO STOP THE MCFLYS FROM DISAPPEARING OFF THE PICTURE, DEADPOOL! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
WHY DO YOU KEEP TALKING? PLEASE STOP TALKING!
I'M TOTALLY OKAY WITH *JIMMY OLSEN* DISAPPEARING FROM THE PICTURE, BUT NOT IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT CABLE!
THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT CABLE! DON'T YOU GET IT?
CEASE AND PERSIST!
AUNTIE EM!

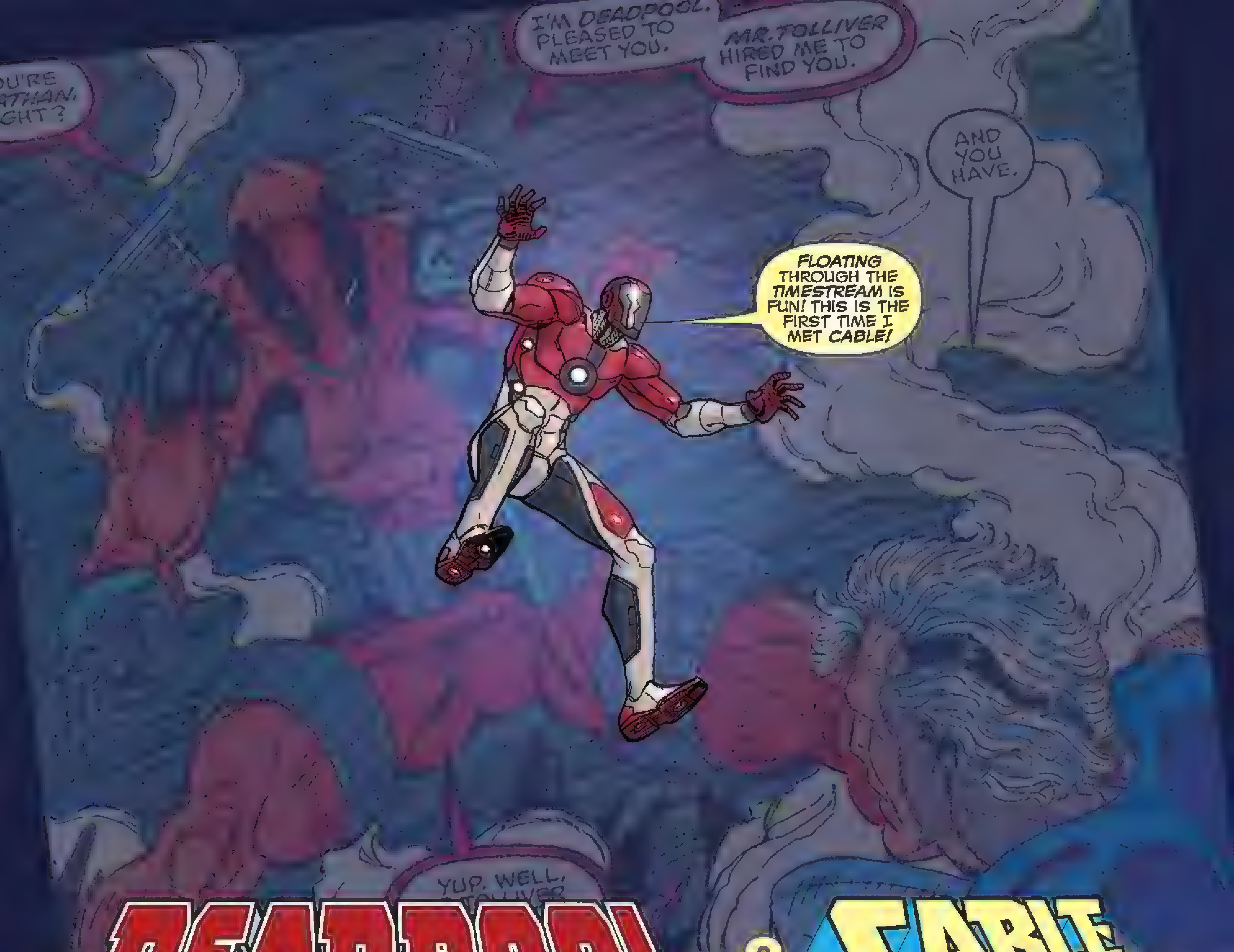
AS TEMPORAL ADJUDICATOR FOR THE *TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY*, I INDICATE AN END AND A BEGINNING TO THIS TRIAL.
YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF CRIMES AGAINST THE TEMPORAL STREAM. TO ATONE FOR THESE CRIMES, YOU MUST PURGE THE MOST EGREGIOUS ANOMALY WE HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED!
WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY?
HE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN!
THE FOCUSED TEMPORAL INCURSION CAUSED BY YOUR ACTIONS IN 2015--
--HAVE RESULTED IN A TEMPORAL BREACH OF THE DAYSPRING'S MIND!
THIS BREACH HAS CREATED A CHRONAL CASCADE ACROSS THE TIMESTREAM!

DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUE WHAT THIS BUTTHOLE IS TALKING ABOUT?
DID YOU NOT LISTEN TO A WORD HE SAID? YOU HAVE TO SAVE ALL OF TIME BY STOPPING CABLE FROM FRACTURING EVERY TIMELINE HE'S EVER BEEN IN.
I DIDN'T HEAR THAT AT ALL. AND I'M NOT DOING IT ANYWAY.
SO LET'S GET STARTED.
CLIKFSSST
YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB BECAUSE I ALREADY HAVE.
THE TEST IS CONCLUDED, SO THE TEST MUST BEGIN.
WADE WILSON MUST BECOME A BACKWARDS MAN.
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN NO ONE BUT *ME* COULD BE SO *STUPID.*
IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND! WHO BETTER TO SHOULDER THE BURDEN OF MENDING THE TIMESTREAM?
ONE MUST PROVE HIMSELF CAPABLE IN BODY AND MIND OF HANDLING THE TEMPORAL STORM.
THE ONE WHO HAS PROVEN HIMSELF THEN BECOMES A VITAL CHRONAL AGENT.
OKAY, I'M ACTUALLY GETTING THE HANG OF THIS...
THE ARMOR SERVES AS A CONDUIT FOR THE TEMPORAL FLUX.
I GET IT NOW. I'M GOING TO GO *BACKWARDS* IN TIME AND FIGHT *MYSELF!*
DEADPOOL BECOMES LOOP AND LOOP BECOMES DEADPOOL.
.SDRAWKCAB GNIKLAT M'I, *AOHW*
NAH, THAT WON'T WORK FOR AN ENTIRE CHAPTER.

THERE IS A CANCER COURSING THROUGH THE TIME-STREAM.
I THINK MY BLADDER IS GOING TO BE RELIEVING ITSELF INTO THAT STREAM IN A SECOND...
THE CANCER MUST BE CLINICALLY AND SURGICALLY REMOVED.
IN ORDER TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE...
...YOU MUST DESTROY THE MAN CALLED CABLE!

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #3

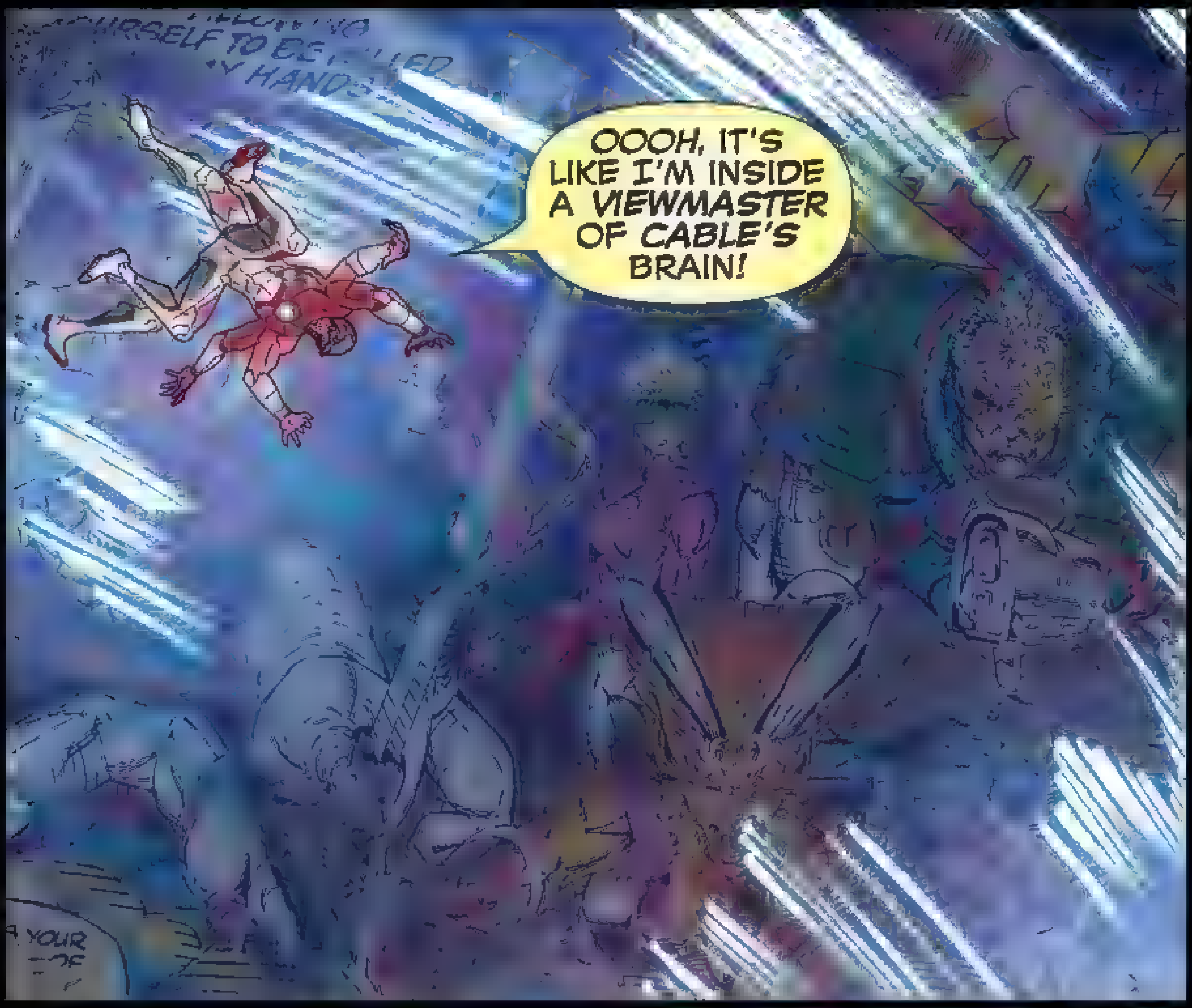
Reilly Brown 2015
JC

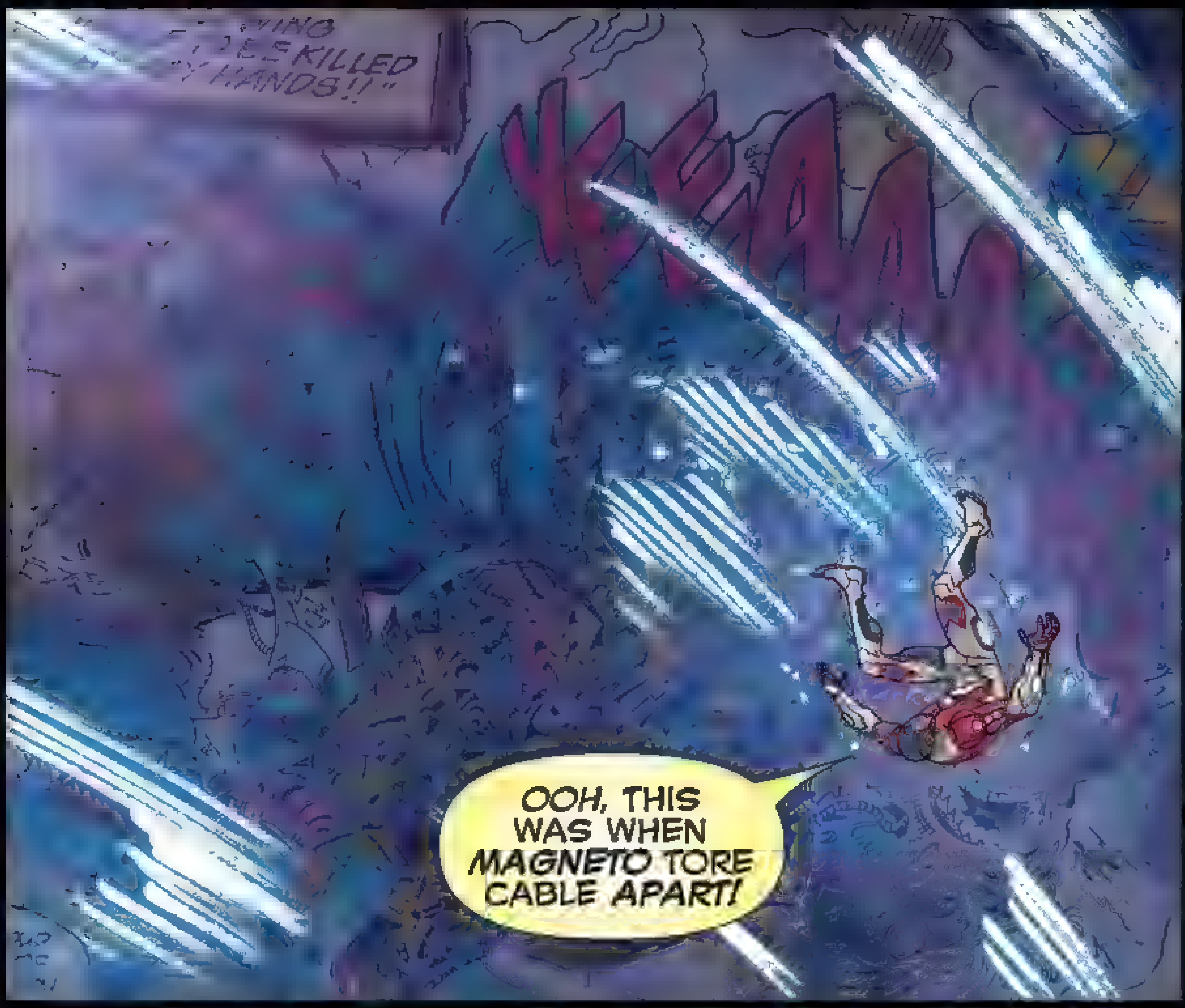

I'M DEADPOOL. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
MR. TOLLIVER HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AND YOU HAVE.
FLOATING THROUGH THE *TIMESTREAM* IS FUN! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I MET *CABLE!*
YUP. WELL,

DEADPOOL & CABLE

SPLIT SECOND

CHAPTER FIVE: LIFELINES


OOOH, IT'S LIKE I'M INSIDE A *VIEWMASTER* OF *CABLE'S* BRAIN!


OOH, THIS WAS WHEN *MAGNETO* TORE CABLE *APART!*

HIS EYES--!!
OOOH, CABLE IN THE *FUTURE!* SHOULDER PADS ARE *SO* 3090s!
HIS EYES--!!
I THINK I JUST BURPED UP THE FOUR *ARBY'S* BRISKET STEAK SANDWICHES THAT I ATE LAST WEEK.
ARBY'S. FOR WHEN A GALLON OF *MIRALAX* JUST WON'T DO THE TRICK.
CABLE WITH A *LITTLE GIRL?* SHE IS *WAY* TOO YOUNG FOR HIM! OH, NO... WAIT...
HE WAS PROTECTING THAT KID, *HOPE*--THAT'S WHY HE GOT YANKED OUT OF THE BOOK WE USED TO SHARE.
YEAH, *THAT* JOKE *NEVER* GETS OLD WITH ME.
WAIT--WHAT THE HECK IS THIS? *ASSEMBLY-LINE CLONE CABLES?*
NO WONDER HE'S SO SCREWED UP RIGHT NOW.
WHICH IS WHAT LED THE *TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY* TO SEND ME THROUGH A RERUN OF *"NATHAN DAYSPRING GESUNDHEIT, THIS IS YOUR LIFE!"*
YEAH. NOW I KNOW WHAT A PIECE OF *POOP* FEELS LIKE...

THIS IS THE *FUTURE?* I'M GLAD THEY REBUILT *RED SQUARE* AFTER THAT *MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE* MOVIE.
NOW I GOTTA FIGURE OUT WHERE I AM AND WHY I'M HERE...
FZZZT
TA-THUM TA-THUM
THUD
TA-THUM TA-THUM
UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE *LOYAL CANAANITE FORCES OF EN SABAH NUR--*

--YOU ARE HEREBY UNDER A--
ZZARK
AIM FOR THE VISCOSITY CONTROL NODULE!
KRRAAAGH!
DEFINITELY... IN CABLE'S... FUTURE...
HEY--YOU'RE MISSING THE BIG GUY! WELL, HE'S KINDA MISSING YOU...
HEY!
HEY!
SLIKT
THAT WASN'T ME, I SWEAR.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE BLUR. YEAH...
SLIKT
SLIKT
SLIKT
SLIKT
FCHING
FCHING
...LOTS OF PEOPLE THINK LOTS OF THINGS ABOUT CABLE.
BUT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM--*REALLY* KNOW HIM...
THAPP
...*THIS* IS HOW YOU SEE HIM.
(NOT THAT I'D EVER TELL HIM THAT.)
NATE USED *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHIELD* FOR YEARS IN THE FUTURE, BUT SEEING IT IN PERSON? HELLO, MR. TINGLY FEELING.
WADE WILSON, ALSO KNOWN AS THE GREGARIOUS GUERILLA CALLED *DEADPOOL*...
...YOU ARE TASKED WITH ELIMINATING THE *TEMPORAL ANOMALY* KNOWN AS CABLE.
NICE OF YOU TO SHOW UP, *TIME JUDGE HOLOGRAM MAN.* WIRED INTO THE TIME-ARMOR, I TAKE IT?
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...
THE VERY EXISTENCE OF *NATHAN DAYSPRING*--
GESUNDHEIT.
--*ASKANI'SON* HAS CORRUPTED *HUNDREDS* OF *TIMELINES!*

LISTEN, I KNOW WHAT A COLOSSAL PAIN IN THE ASS NATE IS, SO I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT--
--BUT *THAT* CABLE IS LIKE *FIFTEEN YEARS* YOUNGER THAN THE ONE WHO *FIRST* MET ME!
BY *ELIMINATING* VARIANT CABLES ACROSS *MULTIPLE TEMPORAL PLANES,* YOU WILL STABILIZE THE TIMELINES.
YEAH, EVEN FOR ME, THAT MAKES *NO SENSE* AT ALL.
THE DAYSPRING OF THIS TIMELINE IS FATED TO DIE AT *THIS* MOMENT!
BUT IF I KNOW I'M NOT GONNA DO IT, THAT MEANS...
FZZT
AAHHFF--
I KNOW YOU!
ZOINKS!
YOU HAVE *FAILED.* YOU WILL *CHRONOPORT* TO ANOTHER *OPPORTUNITY...*

STAB MY EYES!
WHO KNEW CABLE WAS A MEMBER OF ONE DIRECTION?
T-BLOOD-- IT'S AN ASSASSIN!
PYTOO
PYTOO
PYTOO
AAAH!
THUD
YOU ARE DOING A DEMONSTRABLY BAD JOB OF KILLING THE DAYSPRING.
APPARENTLY SO...
THE TEMPORAL HARNESS WILL TRANSPORT YOU TO THE NEXT ALTERNATE TIMELINE.
OKAY...

?
AAAAAGHGHGHGH
YOUR AIM *SUCKS!*
THE TEMPORAL RETRIEVAL COORDINATES WERE ACCURATE.
YOU DROPPED ME OFF NIAGARA $#%@ FALLS!
YES. THE FALLS MASKED YOUR ENTRY PAST THE *TINEX* SENSOR ARRAY. THE CURRENT THEN BROUGHT YOU HERE.
HERE IS WHERE *THEY* ARE.
"THEY"...?
HE'S ABOUT *TWENTY* HERE. THAT ALMOST FORGIVES THE *HAIRCUT.* ALMOST.
TETHERBLOOD'S WITH HIM. SAME GUY I SAW EARLIER, BUT OLDER. (DID THAT MAKE SENSE?)
AND KERMIT THE FROG IS *BLAQUESMITH.* HE WAS NATE'S MENTOR AND TEACHER GROWING UP.
YOU ARE *ADDLED* FOR TRYING THIS, DAYSPRING!
WHICH MAKES YOU *WHAT* FOR FOLLOWING ME, T-BLOOD?
THE *ASKANI'SON* WALKS A PATH FATED TO BE.
YOU ARE WITNESS TO THE VERY *FIRST TIME* THE DAYSPRING CHOSE TO TRAVEL *BACK* THROUGH TIME.
IF YOU CAN BE *ANYWHERE* IN TIME, WHY HAVEN'T YOU STOPPED CABLE FROM DOING THIS BEFORE?

ON THE ELEVATOR RIDE UP, HE SAYS, "*WE HAVE TRIED, TIME AND TIME AGAIN.*"
I REALLY *HATE* TIME TRAVEL. FOR EXAMPLE...
...IF CABLE SAW ME DOING *THIS* WHEN HE WAS TWENTY, WHY DIDN'T HE REMEMBER ME WHEN WE FIRST MET?
WAIT--WE'VE SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE!
PATHS CROSS AS THEY WILL, BUT OURS MUST FOLLOW THE DAYSPRING'S.
THE TEMPORAL PLATFORM IS THIS WAY!

SO HERE I AM, BASICALLY, DOING THE *OPPOSITE* OF WHAT THE TIME JUDGE WANTS ME TO DO.
SHOULD I BE STOPPING CABLE? MAKES SENSE THAT HIS TIME-TRAVELING HAS SCREWED UP STUFF.
NNYEARGH!
IT ISN'T WORKING THE WAY IT SHOULD! IT'S *KILLING* HIM!
SO WHAT AM I DOING HERE? IS THIS A TIMELINE WHERE NATE *DIED* TRYING TO TIME TRAVEL?
MOVE OUTTA THE WAY!
FA-CHOW
NO-- STOP!
DAYSPRING-- YOU'RE NOT VAPOR?
HE DESTROYED THE PLATFORM CONTROLS--HE SAVED ME!
AND AS I GET ZAPPED TO ANOTHER TIMELINE, I'M STARTING TO FIGURE SOME THINGS OUT...

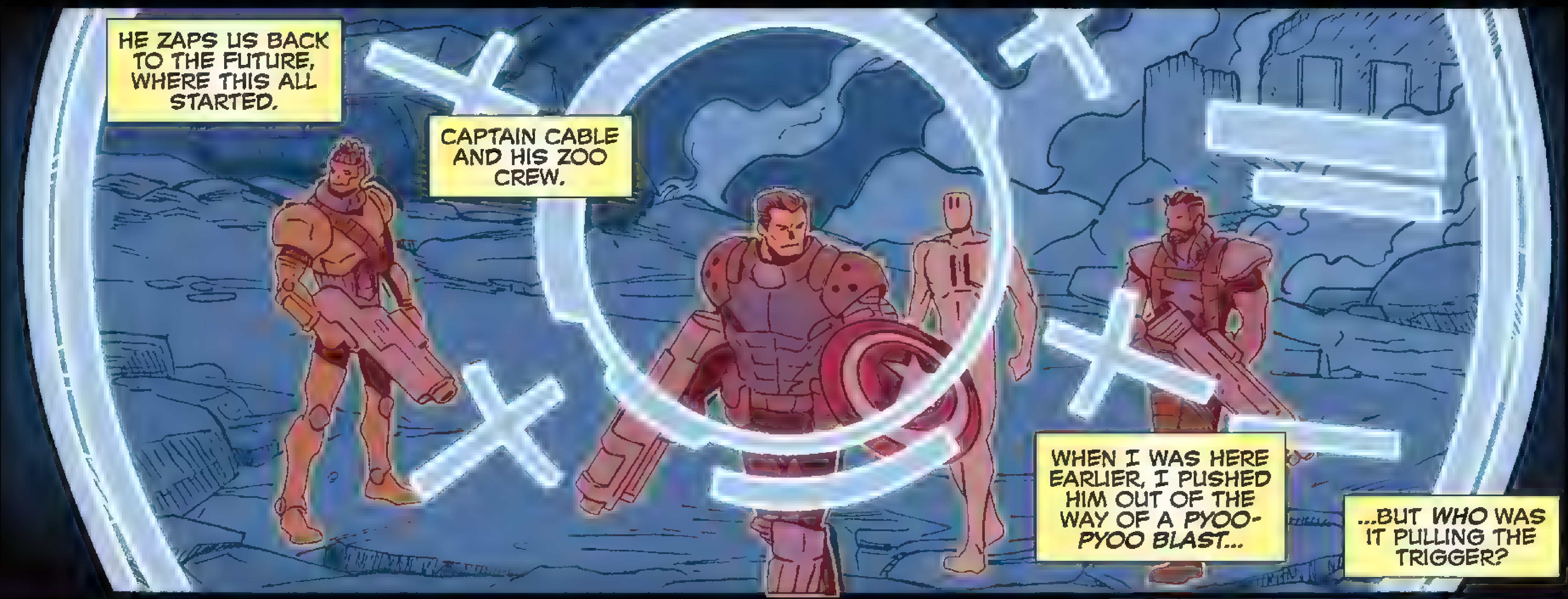
NOW *HERE* I'VE BEEN BEFORE. THE *MYRA TOMBS* IN *TURKEY.*
AND THOSE TWO OVERSTUFFED *TURDS* I KNOW...
G.W. BRIDGE AND *GRIZZLY.* MERCS. THEY USED TO BE MY *COMPETITION.*
SOMEONE BELOW US--
WHERE?
THERE. BUT *NOT* BELOW.
DOMINO.
ONE OF THE BEST MERCS ON THE PLANET.
BUT IF SHE'S FIGHTING THEM, THAT MEANS THIS IS *BEFORE* THEY BECAME THE *WILD PACK?*
SON OF A--
WHRUNK
I LIKED THIS STAFF, TOO.
SORRY. YOU'RE PRETTY.
I AM.
I TAKE IT YOU TWO MORONS ALSO GOT A MESSAGE ABOUT A JOB?
HEAVENS TO MURGATROID, IS THIS THE *FIRST TIME* THEY ALL MET?

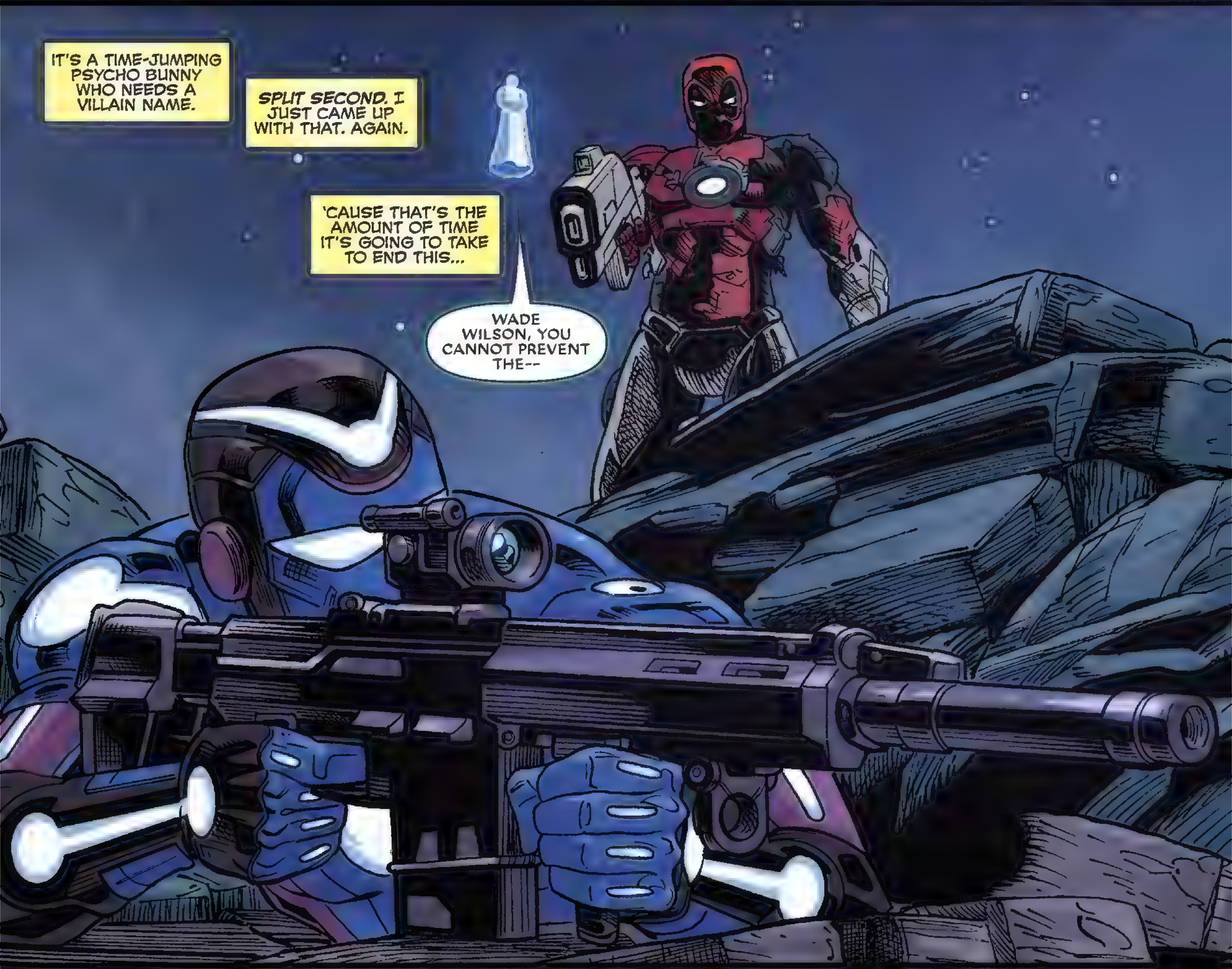
PRAP PRAP PRAP PRAP PRAP
SCATTER!
THERE!
PTOW PTOW PTOW
GRMMM
HNN.
FA-CHOW
OH, THE DAYSPRING, FOR SURE. WAS EXPECTING A KICK, BUT, *FUTURE TECH*, YOU KNOW?
SMOOTHER THAN DONALD TRUMP'S COMB-OVER.
WERE YOU AIMING FOR THE ROCKS OR THE DAYSPRING?

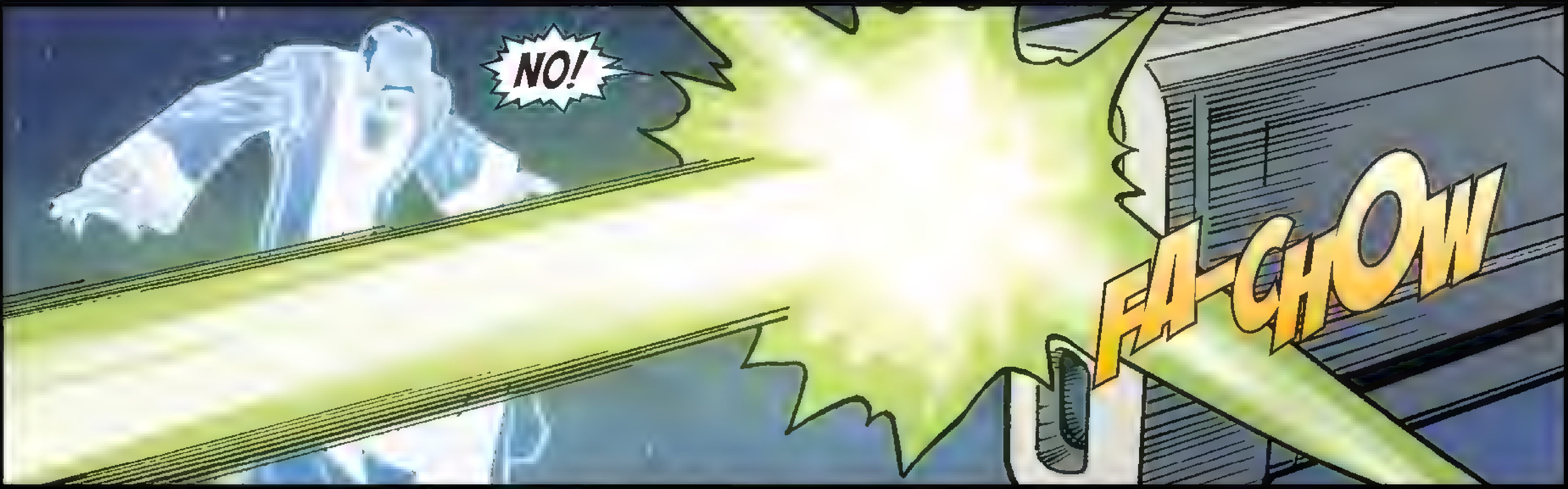
YOU ARE COVERED. ARMS UP, GUNS DOWN.
AND TELL US WHY YOU LURED US INTO A TRAP, PLEASE.
AND THEN WE'D LIKE YOU TO BEG FORGIVENESS.
IT WASN'T A TRAP. IT WAS AN *INVITATION.*
MY NAME IS *CABLE.*
I'M PUTTING TOGETHER A TEAM OF THE BEST MERCS ON THE PLANET.
TO DO WHAT?
SAVE THE WORLD.
OR MAYBE *CONQUER* IT.
TIME WILL TELL...

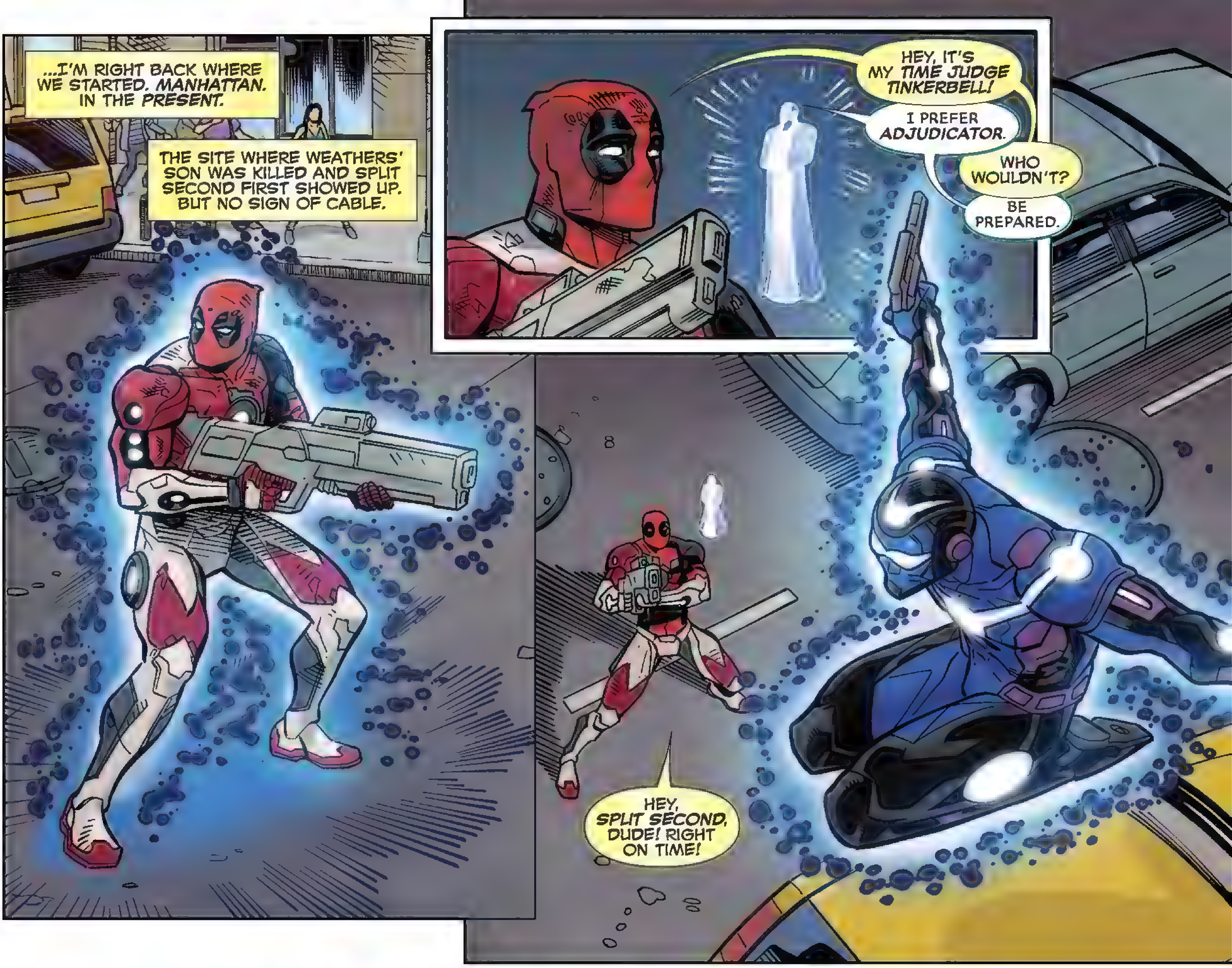
AND NO SOONER IS THE *ELLIPSIS* OUT OF NATE'S MOUTH...
YOU HAVE PERFORMED ADMIRABLY.
A *CONTINUITY COP* SAYS *WHAT?*
YOUR ACTIONS HAVE SERVED TO *INVALIDATE* SEVERAL TIMELINES FROM WHICH THE DAYSPRING FOMENTED TEMPORAL TURMOIL.
SO, WAIT-- YOU'RE SAYING YOU *DON'T* WANT ME TO KILL ALTERNATE CABLES?
WE THOUGHT CESSATION OF THE DAYSPRING THE BEST WAY TO CLEANSE AN INDIVIDUAL TIMELINE...
...BUT YOUR METHODS HAVE PROVEN EFFECTIVE.
ALL RIGHT, TELL ME WHAT IN THE NAME OF *DR. SAMUEL BECKETT* IS GOING ON HERE!
SHOOTING ME WOULD BE POINTLESS AS I AM NOT TRULY HERE.
OR THERE. BUT I AM EVERYWHERE.
NONETHELESS, I FIND THE AFFRONT DISTASTEFUL.
MMMFF
GO FIGURE, WHO SAW A *FLOOR* HERE?
IT WAS IMPERATIVE TO *REDUCE* THE SIZE OF THE *TUMOR* CAUSED BY THE DAYSPRING'S LIFELONG *ENTANGLEMENT* OF THE TEMPORAL WEAVE.
I THOUGHT THIS *TIME CANCER* THING WAS IN CABLE'S HEAD?
IT IS. THE CANCER OF HIS MIND IS BOTH A *RESULT* OF HIS INCURSIONS THROUGH TIME AND THE *CAUSE* OF THE WEAVE'S FRAYING.
KILLING THE DAYSPRING ACROSS *MULTIPLE TIMELINES* WOULD HAVE *SEWN TOGETHER* SEVERAL FRAYED *THREADS.*
BUT SURPRISINGLY, *SAVING HIS LIFE* ACROSS MULTIPLE TIMELINES HAS GENERATED THE SAME RESULT.
I'M THE FIRST TO SAY THAT VIOLENCE IS NEVER THE ANSWER.

IN THIS INSTANCE, AT LEAST, PERFORMING CONTRARY TO YOUR NATURE WAS THE CORRECT DECISION.
BUT ALL THESE *YOUNGER* VERSIONS OF CABLE HAVE SEEN ME *BEFORE* HE EVER MET ME--
--SHOULDN'T THAT BE RIPPING APART YOUR *"TEMPORAL LINUS BLANKET"* EVEN MORE?
I'M DEADPOOL. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
MR. TOLLIVER HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AND YOU HAVE.
YUP, WELL, MR. TOLLIVER ALSO HIRED ME TO *KILL* YOU.
UNDER *NORMAL* CIRCUMSTANCES, ONE WOULD PRESUME SO...
THE FIRST TIME WE MET... THE FIRST TIME WE MET...
"AND YOU HAVE"...
...MET HIM...
...BEFORE...
SON OF A BEE'S WAX! CABLE KNEW ME BEFORE I EVER MET HIM!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY HE'S PUT UP WITH ME ALL THESE YEARS!
AND BECAUSE HE KNEW YOU AS SOMEONE WHO HAD SAVED HIS LIFE--
--WHEN THE DAYSPRING SAW HIS IMPENDING DETERIORATION FROM TEMPORAL CANCER, HE REACHED OUT TO YOU.
BUT WE'RE STILL ON THIS ROLLER COASTER SO IT'S NOT ALL OKAY YET, RIGHT?
WHAT ELSE STILL HAS TO BE DONE?


HE ZAPS US BACK TO THE FUTURE, WHERE THIS ALL STARTED.
CAPTAIN CABLE AND HIS ZOO CREW.
WHEN I WAS HERE EARLIER, I PUSHED HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF A *PYOO-PYOO BLAST*...
...BUT *WHO* WAS IT PULLING THE TRIGGER?

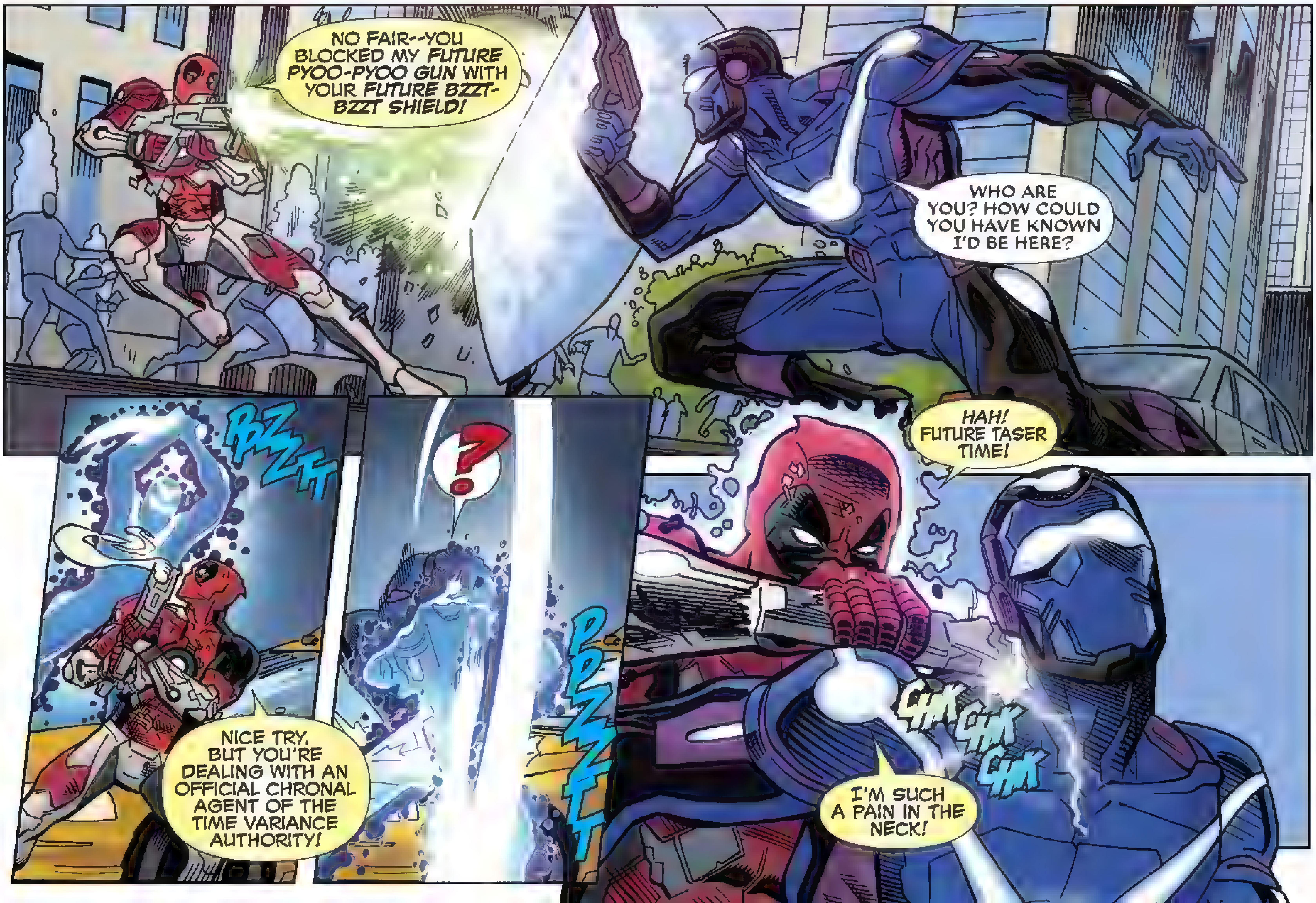

IT'S A TIME-JUMPING PSYCHO BUNNY WHO NEEDS A VILLAIN NAME.
SPLIT SECOND. I JUST CAME UP WITH THAT. AGAIN.
'CAUSE THAT'S THE AMOUNT OF TIME IT'S GOING TO TAKE TO END THIS...
WADE WILSON, YOU CANNOT PREVENT THE--


NO!
FA-CHOW


...I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED. MANHATTAN. IN THE PRESENT.
THE SITE WHERE WEATHERS' SON WAS KILLED AND SPLIT SECOND FIRST SHOWED UP. BUT NO SIGN OF CABLE.
HEY, IT'S MY TIME JUDGE TINKERBELL!
I PREFER ADJUDICATOR.
WHO WOULDN'T?
BE PREPARED.
HEY, SPLIT SECOND, DUDE! RIGHT ON TIME!

SPLIT SECOND

CHAPTER SIX: A WHOLE IN TIME


NO FAIR--YOU BLOCKED MY FUTURE PYOO-PYOO GUN WITH YOUR FUTURE BZZT-BZZT SHIELD!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN I'D BE HERE?
BZZZT
NICE TRY, BUT YOU'RE DEALING WITH AN OFFICIAL CHRONAL AGENT OF THE TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY!
?
BZZZT
HAH! FUTURE TASER TIME!
CHK CHK CHK
I'M SUCH A PAIN IN THE NECK!

AND AFTER ALL THAT, THE KID GETS TO STAY IN THE PICTURE...
DARIUS-- ARE YOU OKAY--?
WHERE DID YOUR BROTHER GO?
TIMETECH
DARYLL! GET OVER HERE!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO RUN OFF ON YOUR OWN!
I'M SORRY, DAD.
OKAY, WEATHERS HAS TWO KIDS... WHICH MEANS THIS IS STARTING TO MAKE SENSE NOW...
WEATHERS HEADS TO HIS SCIENCE CONFERENCE. I HAUL SPLIT SECOND UP TO A ROOFTOP...
SO YOU GREW UP BLAMING YOUR FATHER FOR YOUR BROTHER'S DEATH?
YEAH, WELL IN A WAY, HE WAS ALWAYS RIGHT.
HE SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE REGRETTING THIS DAY--AND BLAMING ME FOR IT.
I REALIZE THAT NOW. IF I HADN'T PERFECTED THE TEMPORAL HARNESS AFTER MY DAD DIED...
I...NEVER WOULD HAVE TRAVELED BACK IN TIME TO STOP DARIUS'S DEATH.
CAUSED DARIUS'S DEATH, YOU MEAN.
BUT HEY, EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OKAY... EXCEPT FOR YOUR LOUSY LIFE NOW HAVING NO MEANING.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE TEMPORAL PHYSICS HERE.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
I SHOT A VERSION OF YOU IN THE FUTURE TRYING TO KILL MY PAL CABLE.
WHY WOULD I HAVE DONE THAT?

THIS IS PROBABLY GOING TO GET *REALLY* INTERESTING...
BECAUSE AN *ALTERNATE VERSION* OF YOU WILL SPEND A *LIFETIME* TRYING TO RESTORE YOUR PLACE IN TIME--
--BY KILLING ME!
CLEARLY, YOU DON'T SUCCEED.
THAT'S MY BOY CABLE, LOOKING *ALMOST* THE WAY ALL FOUR OF HIS FANS LIKE HIM BEST.
CABLE-- WAIT!!!
KYEESHAKKK
SON OF A BISCUIT!
PPZZZTT
I WAIT A FEW MINUTES, HOPING THEY'LL COME BACK. BUT THEY DON'T.
THEN I WAIT A FEW MORE BECAUSE I HAVE NO CLUE WHAT TO DO.

AND BEFORE I SUCCUMB TO THE SOUL-NUMBING BUTTHURT OF NOT HAVING A WORKING TIME-TRAVEL HARNESS--
--I REALIZE SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP ME FIX IT IS A FEW BLOCKS AWAY AT A TECH CONFERENCE LOOKING TO ILLEGALLY SELL HIS PROTOTYPE DESIGNS...
TARGET HAS BEEN ACQUIRED. HE IS MAKING CONTACT WITH OUR PURCHASER.
MY APOLOGIES FOR THE DECEPTION, DR. WEATHERS, BUT WE COULD NOT ALLOW YOU TO SELL OUR PROPERTY.
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL MY BOOT SOLE!

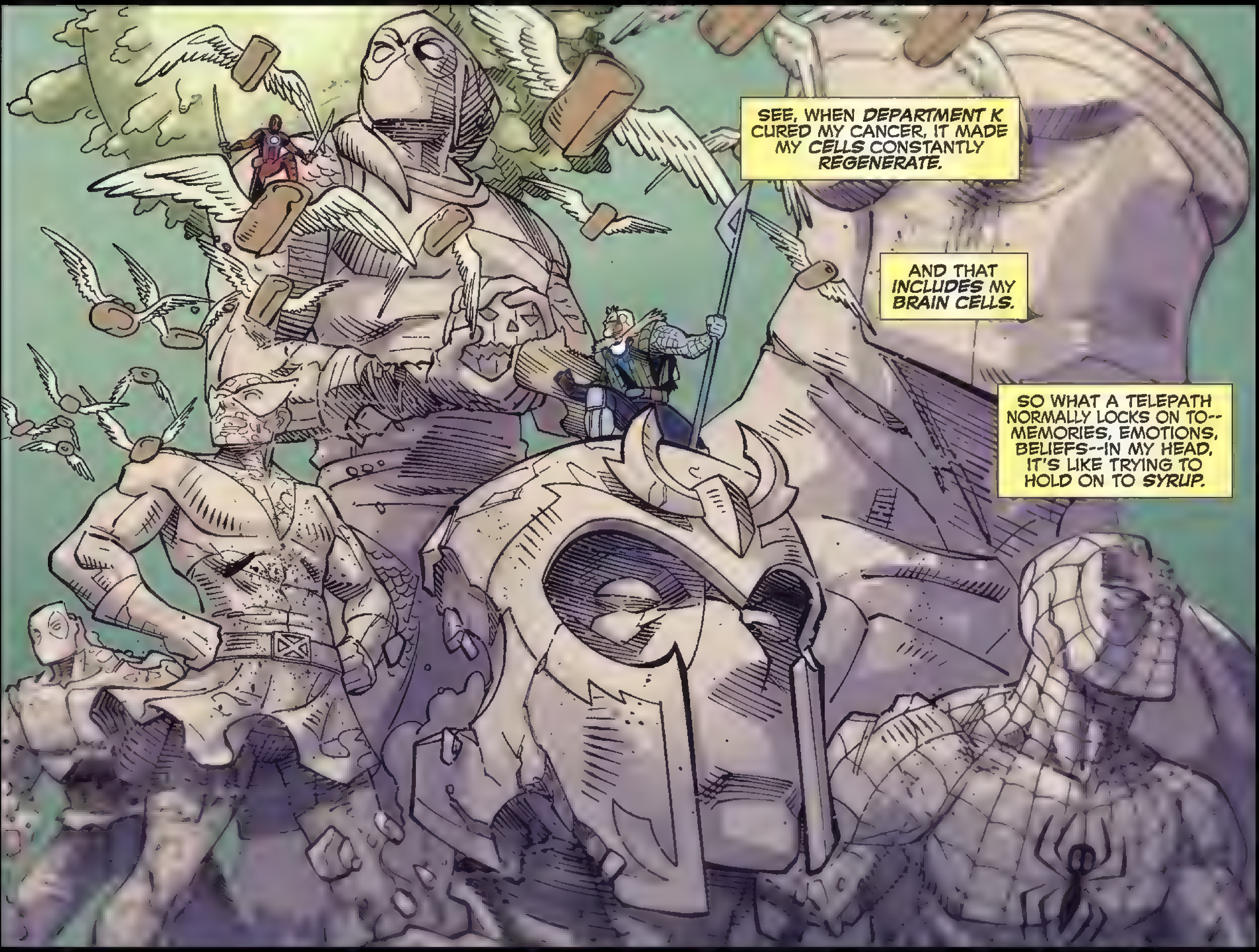
AND WHILE YOU'RE CHEWING ON THAT, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY *S.H.I.E.L.D. TACTICAL TEAM!*
DR. WEATHERS, I AM **AGENT ADSIT** AND YOU ARE HEREBY UNDER S.H.I.E.L.D. CUSTODY!
MY SONS--
THEY WILL BE UNDER OUR PROTECTION, SIR.
WE NEED YOUR ATTENTION ON ANOTHER MATTER...
WHAT--?
YOU HAVE TO FIX A TIME-TRAVEL HARNESS.
FIX? ONLY A THEORETICAL DESIGN CURRENTLY EXISTS.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY--THEORETICALLY--IF I TOLD YOU I'M WEARING ONE RIGHT NOW?
HAS A BIT OF A KICK TO IT, LIKE A *'75 PINTO,* BUT THERE YOU GO...

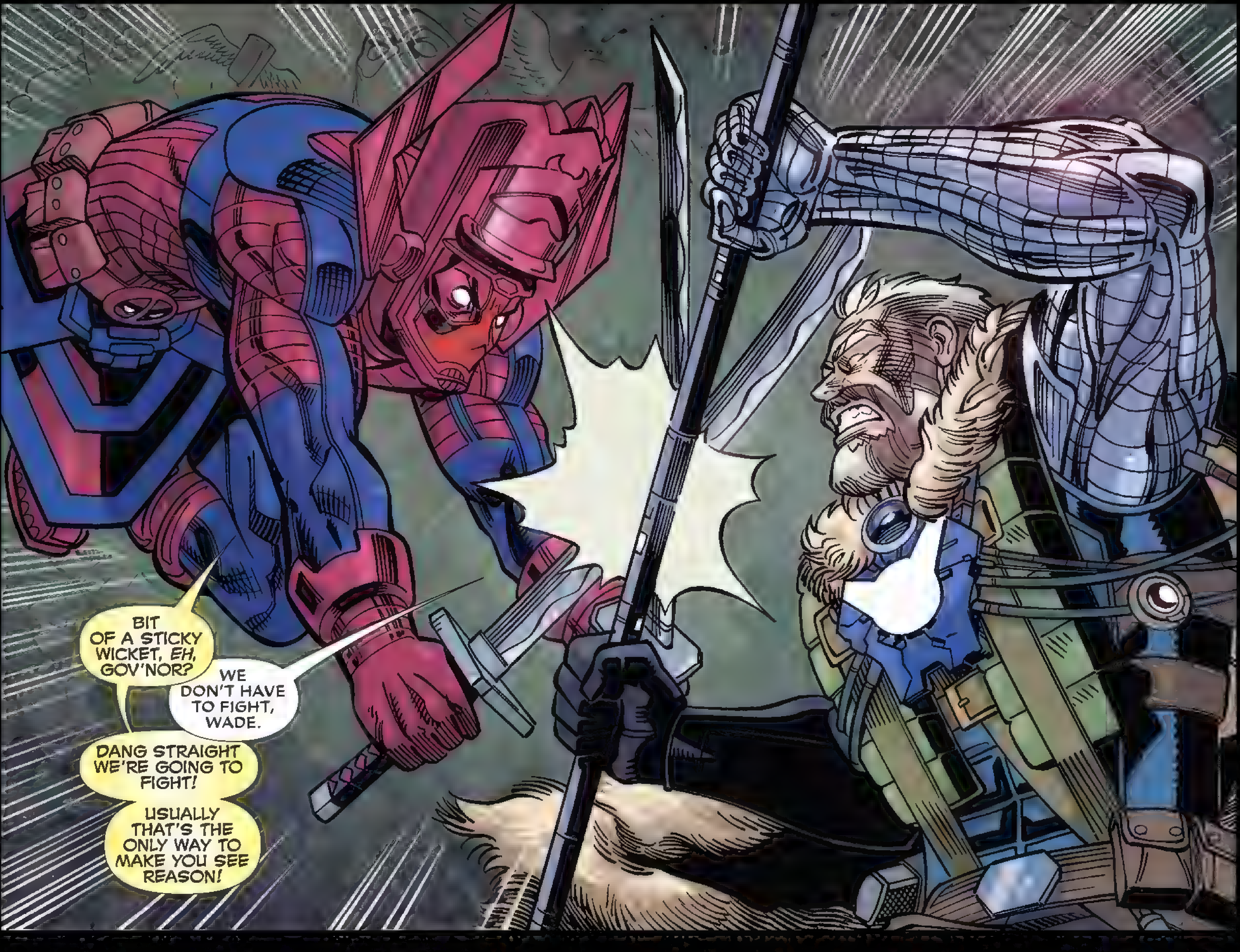
A FEW DAYS AND MULTIPLE ORDERS OF ARBY'S LATER...
ARBY'S--IT'S LIKE INTRODUCING NIAGARA FALLS TO YOUR RECTUM.
THAT WAS THE SOLUTION...INVERTING THE FLOW OF THE TACHYON STREAM...
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING, DOC.
YOU KNOW, IT MIGHT NOT BE MY PLACE TO SAY THIS, BUT THE WHOLE SELLING YOUR TECH TO THE BAD GUYS...
...HOW DOES THAT DO RIGHT BY YOUR KIDS?
IT DOESN'T. I REALIZE THAT NOW, BUT I WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE.
I THINK I HAVE IT...
IT WON'T BE THAT STABLE.
MMMYYYEEE
NO PROBS, NEITHER AM I.
I PROGRAMMED IT TO USE THE *LOOP ARMOR* TO TRACE THE *SPLIT SECOND* ARMOR, SO IF YOUR FRIEND IS STILL WITH HIM...
EEYYYSHSH
GOTCHA! AND IF CABLE'S NOT THERE... WELL...
...WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN?

OKAY, WE'RE IN SPLIT SECOND'S FUTURE. OR PRESENT.
AND PRESENTLY, THERE HE IS. HALF-DRESSED. I SHOULDN'T ASK. I HAVE TO ASK.
VLINK
DID CABLE GET FRESH WITH YOU?
THE OLD MAN TOOK MY TEMPORAL HARNESS.
HE SAID HE NEEDED IT.
TO DO WHAT?
FIX HIMSELF.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE MEANT?
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO DOES...HEY. KOOL-AID!
YOUR PITHY TURN OF PHRASE IS LOST ON YOUR CURRENT TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC.
SEE, NOW I KNOW YOU'RE A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION.
I SEE HIM, TOO.
THE DAYSPRING SEEKS TO ELIMINATE THE DEVIANTS IN ORDER TO CLEAN THE TIMESTREAM.
HE BELIEVES THAT WILL PERMANENTLY CURE HIS TEMPORAL CANCER.
BUT AS WE LEARNED, HE IS WRONG.
THE DAYSPRING NEEDS TO EMBRACE HIS MULTIPLICITY TO HEAL THE LESION IN HIS BRAIN.
DOING THE SAME THING AGAIN? HAVEN'T SEEN THAT IN THIS STORY YET...
BACK TO CAPTAIN AMERICA-CABLE FUTURE.
THIS IS WHEN I STOPPED SPLIT SECOND FROM KILLING CABLE. BUT THIS TIME...

...THE KILLER IS CABLE HIMSELF!
HEY! HEY!
WADE? HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
FCHOW FCHOW FCHOW
FA-BOOM
CUT THAT OUT! I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR TIME-TOSSED *TUCHUS!*
SNIKT

I CAN STILL FEEL IT!
I CAN'T BE WHOLE UNTIL I HEAL THIS LESION IN MY HEAD!
YOU GOT--YOUR TELEKINESIS BACK--
--AND YOUR SHINY--TERRY CREWS MUSCLEY--TECHNO-ORGANIC ARM--
--SEEMS LIKE--YOU'RE ALL HEALED UP... WONDER IF...
...YOU GOT YOUR TELEPATHY BACK, TOO...?
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO PLANT THE SEED. HIS MIND REACHES OUT TO THE ONE PLACE IT SHOULDN'T BE GOING...
...INSIDE MY HEAD!
UNNG.
YEAH. THAT NEVER WORKS OUT WELL FOR YOU MIND-READER TYPES.


SEE, WHEN *DEPARTMENT K* CURED MY CANCER, IT MADE MY *CELLS* CONSTANTLY *REGENERATE.*
AND THAT *INCLUDES* MY *BRAIN CELLS.*
SO WHAT A TELEPATH NORMALLY LOCKS ON TO--MEMORIES, EMOTIONS, BELIEFS--IN MY HEAD, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO HOLD ON TO *SYRUP.*


BIT OF A STICKY WICKET, *EH,* GOV'NOR?
WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT, WADE.
DANG STRAIGHT WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT!
USUALLY THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YOU SEE REASON!

ROUGH IN HERE FOR YOU, RIGHT, *NATE?*
CAN'T FIND YOUR FOOTING? EVERYTHING IS OUT OF WHACK?
YEAH, WELL, THEN JUST IMAGINE HOW I FEEL!
THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO *SURVIVE* IS BY BEING *TORN APART INSIDE--*
--BUT THE ONLY WAY FOR YOU TO SURVIVE...
...IS TO *STOP FIGHTING YOURSELF!*

D'OH.
HOLY CRAPOLA, I THINK HE ACTUALLY LISTENED TO ME!
♪HERE COME OLD FLAT TOP, HE COME GROOVIN' UP SLOWLY...♪
MULTIPLE CABLES FROM DIFFERENT TIMELINES...HAS TO BE THE *TIME HARNESS*...REACHING OUT FOR THEM...
OOOH, DEADPOOL, WHY DO YOU HAVE SO MANY POUCHES? THEY'RE USELESS... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH--
--JUMPER CABLES, BABY!
LINK HIS TEMPORAL HARNESS TO MINE-- GIVE IT A POWER BOOST--
--AND DEPENDING ON HOW MANY PAGES ARE LEFT IN THIS STORY, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO...

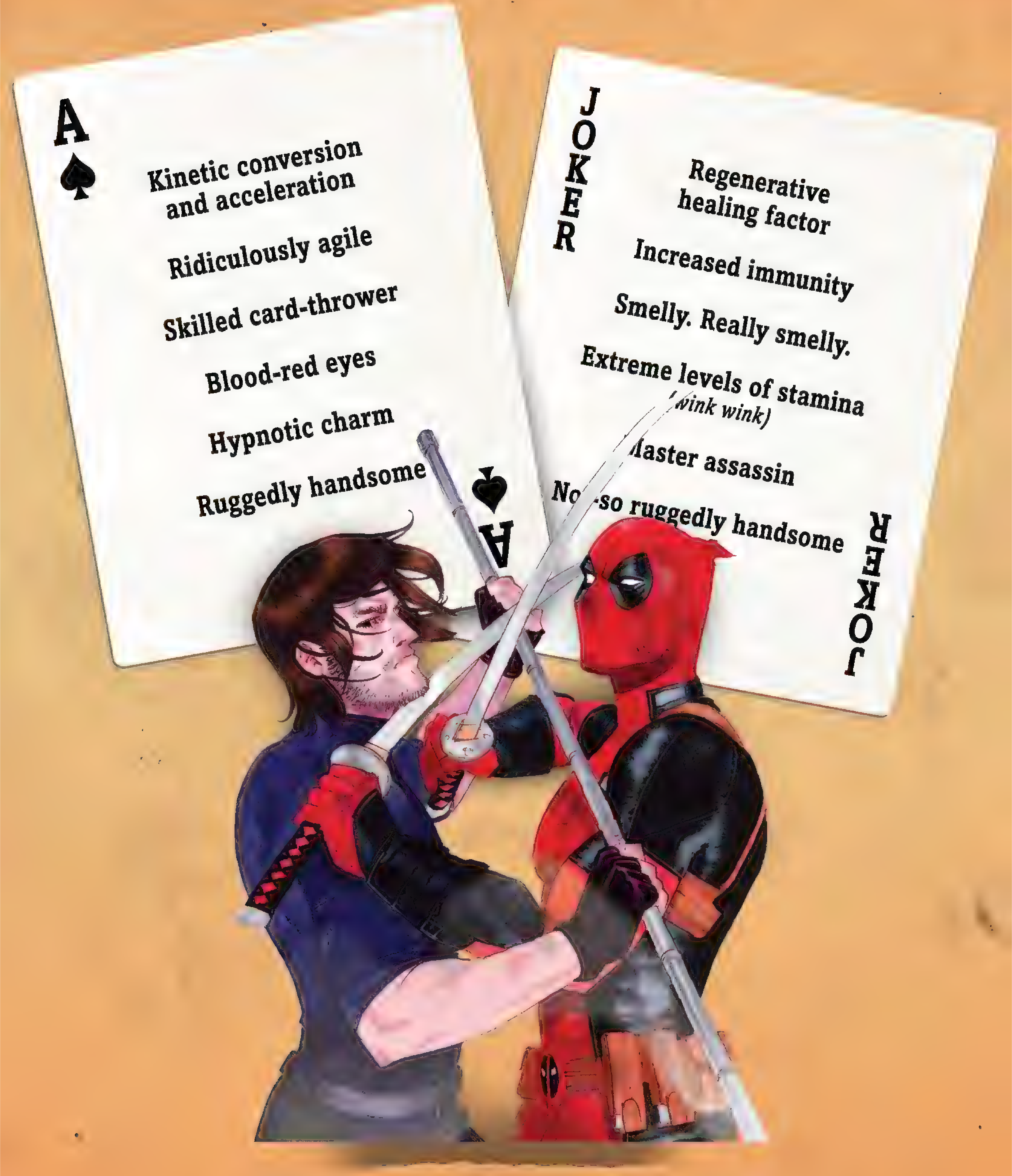
...GET US BACK TO WHERE THIS ALL STARTED!
BUT NO SIGN OF NATE...
MWYYEEEYSH
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

I...I'M ME AGAIN...AS MUCH AS I HAVE BEEN IN YEARS.
WADE... I...
WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY IS *"THANK YOU."*
AND WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS, *"BITE ME."*
SO, YOU WANNA JOIN THE ***AVENGERS*** OR SOMETHING?
HHNN.
OR SOMETHING.
DURING MY TIME-JUMPING, I SAW SOMEONE IN THE NEAR FUTURE WHO SHOULDN'T BE THERE.
I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THAT FIRST.
YEAH, CLEARLY YOU LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON FROM ALL THIS.
BY THE WAY, YOUR FLY IS DOWN.
MADE'JA LOOK!
THE END UNTIL NEXT TIME!

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #1

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT

THE "V" IS FOR "VS."


A ♠
Kinetic conversion and acceleration
Ridiculously agile
Skilled card-thrower
Blood-red eyes
Hypnotic charm
Ruggedly handsome
♠ A
JOKER
Regenerative healing factor
Increased immunity
Smelly. Really smelly.
Extreme levels of stamina
(wink wink)
Master assassin
No -so ruggedly handsome
JOKER

WORK JUICE
SARTRE WAS WRONG.
HELL ISN'T OTHERS.
HELL IS THE BEST COFFEE IN TOWN BEING FEATURED IN *TIME OUT NEW YORK*...
BECAUSE THE LINES ARE JUST...
WAIT!
DEADPOOL?
SARTRE WAS *RIGHT!*
GAMBIT!
DEADPOOL!
IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
YEAH, I FORGET WHERE WE LEFT IT.
IF YOU'RE GONNA FIGHT, YOU NEED TO STEP OUT OF THE LINE.
YEAH, I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER... LAST TIME WAS THAT THING WITH SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL, RIGHT?

LAST TIME...
(THAT THING WITH SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL.)
AMAZING WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH SANDSTONE THESE DAYS!
...I MEAN, NOT *THESE* DAYS. 15 B.C.
WHICH IS ALMOST *MORE* AMAZING, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
SPIDER-MAN?
NO, I'M JUST A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD MUSEUM PATRON!
I KNOW IT'S YOU, SPIDER-MAN! YOU'RE MY SIXTH FAVORITE BOYS' SUPER HERO!
ALL RIGHT, YOU GOT ME. I, SPIDER-MAN, AM SPIDER-MAN!
WHY ARE YOU AT THE MUSEUM? SHOULDN'T YOU BE FIGHTING A CRIME?
HMMM. WELL, YOU SEE...
...I LIVE IN THE BEST CITY IN THE WORLD. BUT DO I TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL THAT IT HAS TO OFFER? I USUALLY DON'T.
BUT TODAY, I *DON'T* DON'T. TODAY, I *DO*. TODAY, I'M A TOURIST IN MY OWN T--
WHACK
OW!

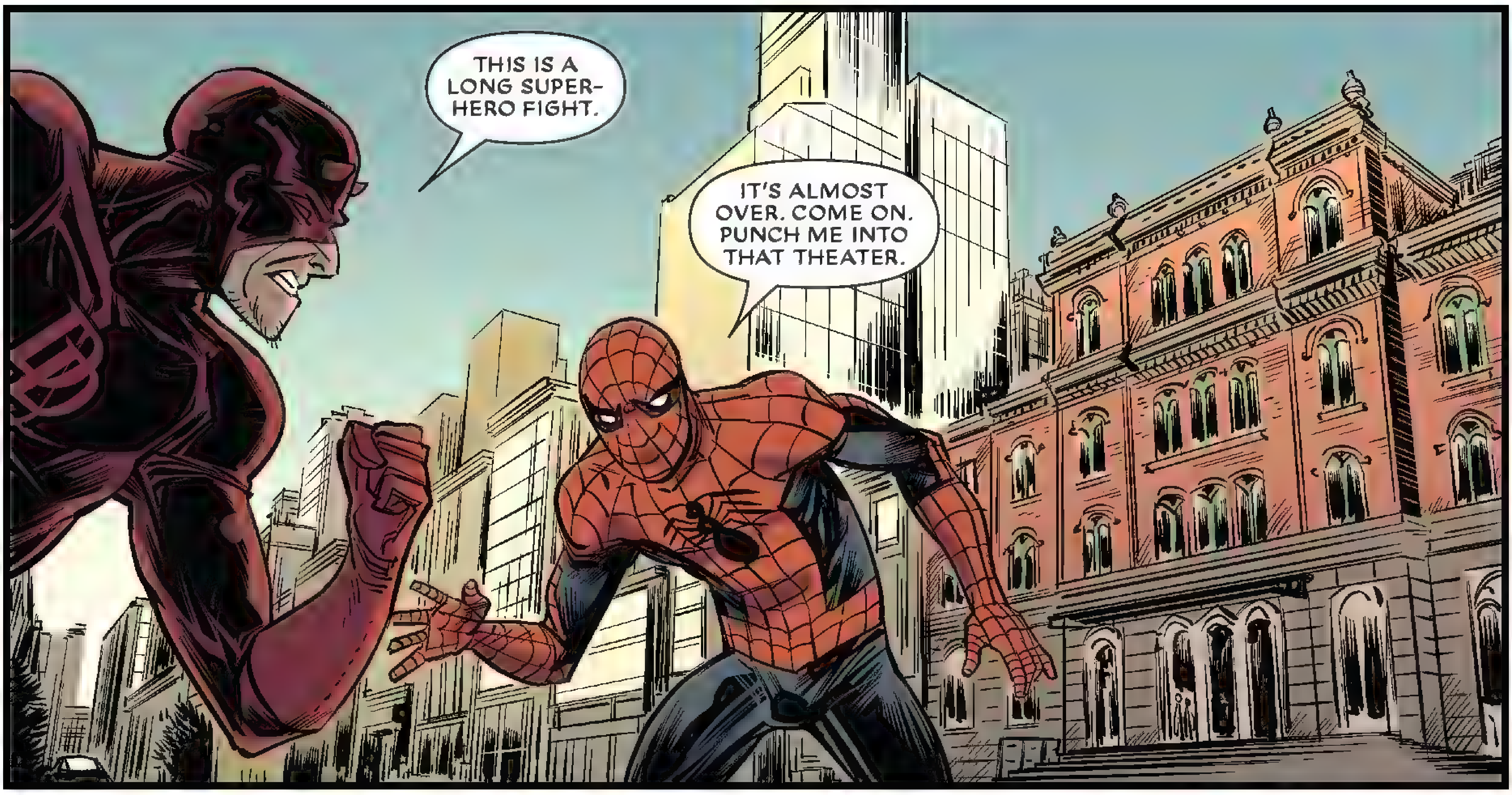
SPIDER-MAN. I AM MAD AT YOU!
YEAH, I PUT THAT TOGETHER.
HEY! YOU CAN'T BE UP THERE! THAT'S A PRICELESS PIECE OF HISTORY, NOT A HIGH-UP SIDEWALK!
YOU GOT IT.
AND SPIDER-MAN? YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!
NUH-UH!
DIRTY--
--DANCING'D!
DAREDEVIL, YOU'RE MY NINTH FAVORITE SUPER HERO FOR BOYS!
DAREDEVIL IS A HERO FOR EVERYONE!
NUH-UH!
THIS FIGHT DOES NOT BELONG IN A MUSEUM! WHERE'S THE NEAREST EXIT?
THAT WAY AND THROUGH THE GIFT SHOP!

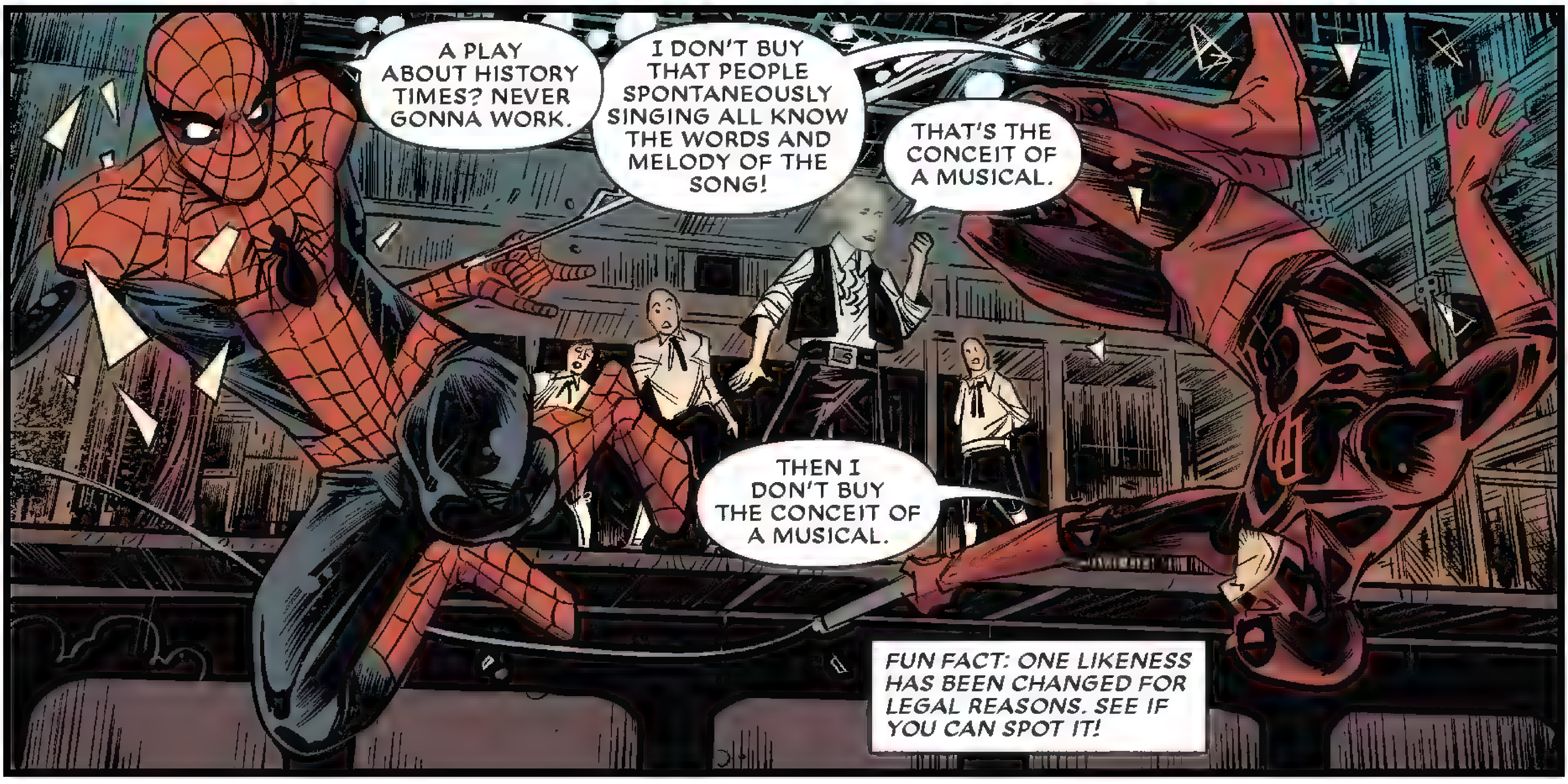
THAT WAY...
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE, SPIDER-MAN!
YOU'RE NOT THE JUSTICE OF ME, DAREDEVIL!
...AND THROUGH THE GIFT SHOP.
T-O...I WANT TO GET A COFFEE MUG.
N-NO TIME-OUTS IN A SUPER-HERO FIGHT!
DON'T YOU DARE SWING OFF WHILE I'M TALKING TO YOU!
SORRY, HORNBALL. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE LIKE A SPIDER CAN...
...AS SOON AS I GET THESE PANTS OFF.
THWIP
FSSST
YOU CAN SWING BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE! I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I--
THWAP

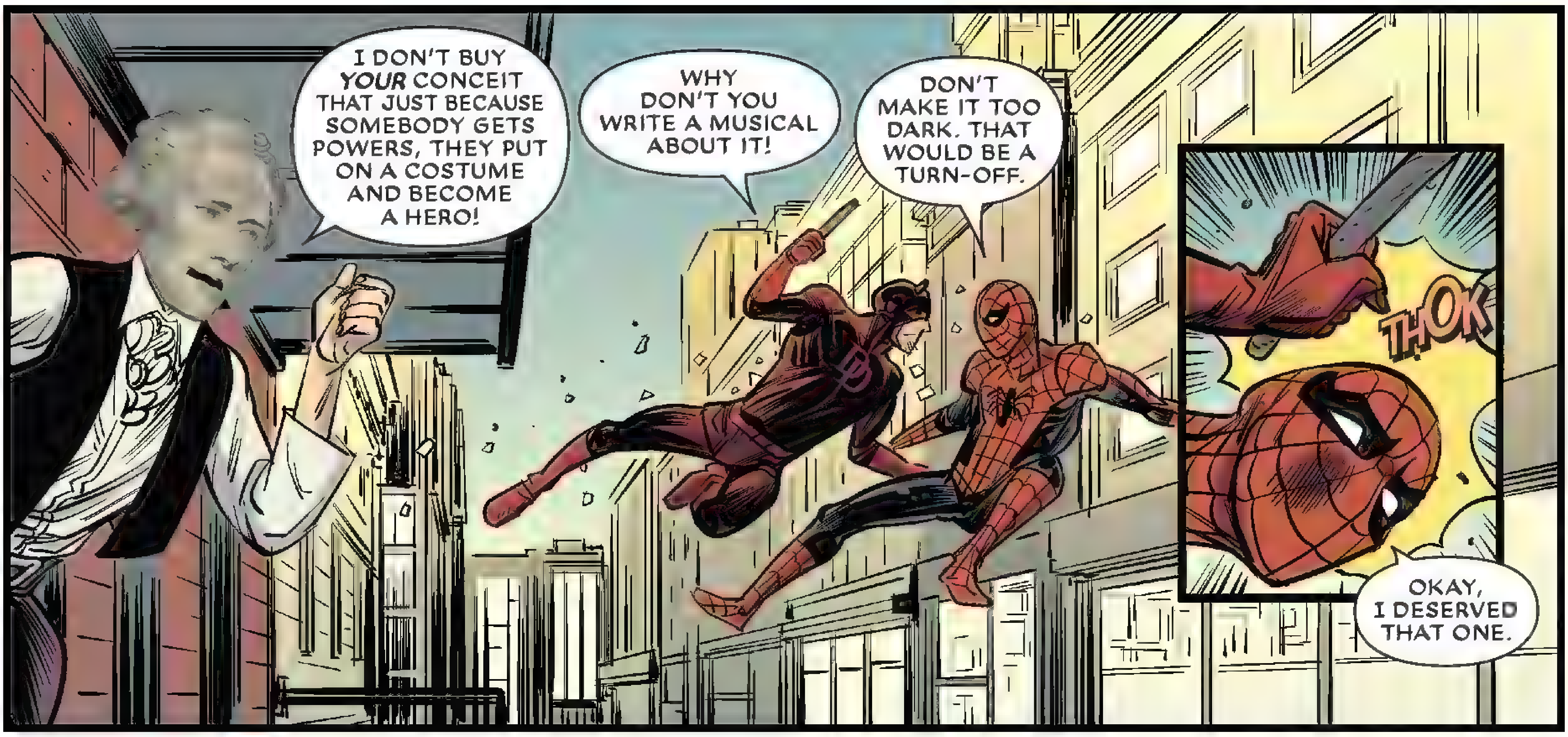
I'M A SURVIVOR (WHAT?) I'M NOT GON' GIVE UP (WHAT?) I'M NOT GON' STOP (WHAT?)
I'M GON' WORK HARDER (WHAT?)

SUPER HEROES? *GREAT.*
SHOULD I CALL THE COPS, BOSS?
ABSOLUTELY NOT!
KRASH
I'M A SURVIVOR (WHAT?)
JUST A-- **OOF!** --STANDARD SUPER-HERO FIGHT.
I THINK DAREDEVIL IS BEING MIND-CONTROLLED OR SOMETHING.
THOK
DAREDEVIL! ARE YOU BEING MIND-CONTROLLED OR SOMETHING? BE HONEST!
IT HAPPENS. I, FOR ONE, AM-- FULL DISCLOSURE-- KIND OF BEING MIND-CONTROLLED. I'VE HAD ***SURVIVOR*** STUCK IN MY HEAD SINCE I RAN INTO THE PUNISHER AND HE WAS BLASTING DESTINY'S CHILD FROM HIS VAN.
I'M GONNA MAKE IT (WHAT?)
I WILL SURVIVE (WHAT?)
KEEP ON SURVIVIN' (WHAT?)!
GREAT. NOW THAT SONG'S GONNA BE STUCK IN MY HEAD FOR, LIKE, EVER.

YOU THREW ME REALLY HARD INTO THAT BOOKSHELF.
YOU'LL BE FINE.
BESIDES, THIS WILL HURT WAY WORSE.
THEN DON'T DO IT. LET'S SPITBALL SOME ALTERNATIVES.
YOU'RE DOING IT.
BOO.
LEAPIN' TARANTULAS! MY *"GETTING THROWN THROUGH A WINDOW"* SENSE IS TINGLING!
CRASH
ACTUALLY, THAT WASN'T SO BAD.
DON'T MIND US. SUPER-HERO FIGHT. DAREDEVIL AND I HAVE POLITICAL DIFFERENCES.
A LOT OF SUPER-HERO FIGHTS THESE DAYS COME DOWN TO POLITICAL OR PHILOSOPHICAL DIFFERENCES.
CRASH
ARE WE A METAPHOR FOR POLITICS, OR IS IT A METAPHOR FOR US? THINK ABOUT IT!
CLASSIC SUPER-HERO FIGHT. WE'RE BOTH ON THE SAME CASE.
WE EACH THINK THE OTHER IS IN ON IT. A BAD GUY.
INSTEAD OF TALKING, IT'S COMING TO BLOWS.
CLASSIC SUPER-HERO FIGHT. OLD-SCHOOL.


THIS IS A LONG SUPER-HERO FIGHT.
IT'S ALMOST OVER. COME ON. PUNCH ME INTO THAT THEATER.


A PLAY ABOUT HISTORY TIMES? NEVER GONNA WORK.
I DON'T BUY THAT PEOPLE SPONTANEOUSLY SINGING ALL KNOW THE WORDS AND MELODY OF THE SONG!
THAT'S THE CONCEIT OF A MUSICAL.
THEN I DON'T BUY THE CONCEIT OF A MUSICAL.
FUN FACT: ONE LIKENESS HAS BEEN CHANGED FOR LEGAL REASONS. SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT IT!


I DON'T BUY ***YOUR*** CONCEIT THAT JUST BECAUSE SOMEBODY GETS POWERS, THEY PUT ON A COSTUME AND BECOME A HERO!
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A MUSICAL ABOUT IT!
DON'T MAKE IT TOO DARK. THAT WOULD BE A TURN-OFF.
THOK
OKAY, I DESERVED THAT ONE.

I THINK THOSE GIRLS WERE THE GIRLS FROM *GIRLS!*
I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I AM CONVINCED IRA GLASS IS TO BLAME FOR ALL OF THIS.
WHAT'S THAT ONE PODCAST YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT WITH THE WHITE GUYS TALKING TO EACH OTHER?
KRASH
WHAT WAS THAT?
SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL ARE HAVING A SUPER-HERO FIGHT.
MIND CONTROL? POLITICAL? OLD-SCHOOL?
"SPIDER-MAN"?
"DAREDEVIL"?
$10
THEY WRECKED THAT ARTISANAL PUPUSA STAND.
WHICH ONE?
THE ORGANIC ONE.
VEGAN OR BEANGAN?
WHAT'S *"BEANGAN"?*
REALLY? IT'S VEGAN PLUS ALSO YOU DON'T EAT BEANS.
WAIT, WHY NOT?
I THINK BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE BEANS.
I WAS INTO SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL BEFORE THEY WERE WRECKING.
HEY, WHERE'D THOSE TWO GUYS WITHOUT MOUSTACHES GO?

AW, MAN, THE ARTISANAL PUPUSA STAND GOT SMASHED UP.
WHAT MONSTERS HAVE DONE THIS?
YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU TWO GUYS ARE THE MONSTERS.
WE DIDN'T. WE NEVER WOULD!
I DON'T KNOW YOUR GAME, COMING BACK HERE PRETENDING YOU DIDN'T DO WHAT I SEEN WITH MY OWN TWO EYES AND MY BOYS' TWO EYES EACH. YOU CALLIN' OUR SIX EYES LIARS?
IT WASN'T US! WE LOVE THIS PLACE.
PUPUS
BAD NEWS, HORNBREAD. SOCIAL MEDIA SAYS SPIDER-MAN AND DAREDEVIL CUT A SWATH THROUGH THE CITY TODAY.
BUT WE DIDN'T!
I KNOW.
WE WENT ANTIQUING!
I KNOW, BUDDY.

"WHOEVER WAS US TODAY HAD BETTER *PRAY* WE DON'T FIND OURSELVES."
WE DID IT, RAUL.
MY DRAWERS ARE FULL OF DIAMONDS, JUST LIKE PAUL SIMON SANG ABOUT.
IT ALL WORKED OUT JUST LIKE YOU PLANNED, MONSIEUR CHALMERS.
I SET 'EM UP, YOU KNOCK 'EM DOWN.
NOT ONE OF THESE CROOKS WHO BOUGHT WHAT I SOLD 'EM WHEN I CASED THEIR PLACES IS GONNA GO CRYIN' TO THE COPS, LET ME TELL YOU.
YOU KNOW I DON'T GO IN FOR PATTIN' ON THE BACK, BUT WE EARNED IT TODAY, FELLAS. YOU DONE GOOD.
KARAOKE

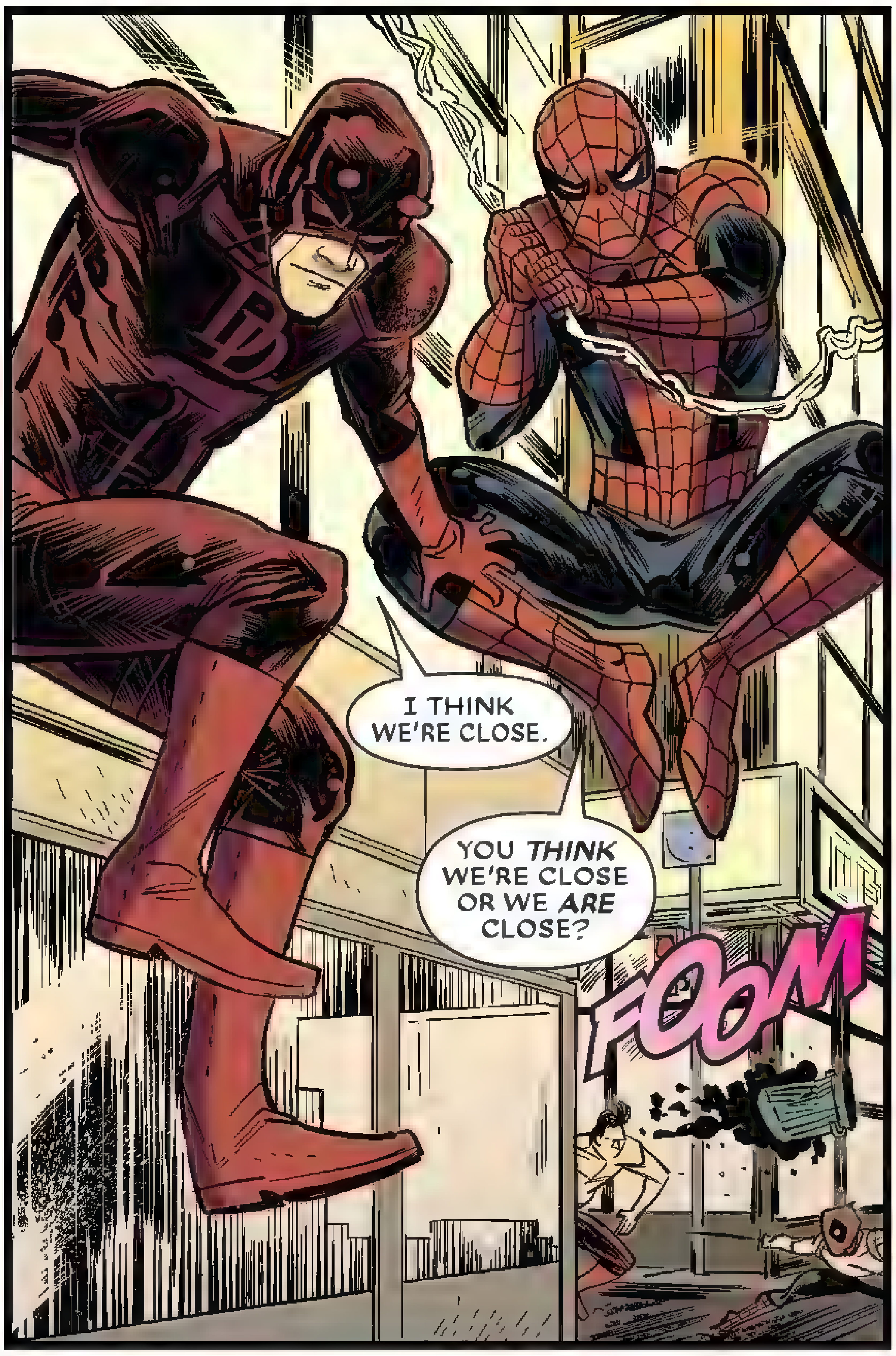
THIS WAS FUN TODAY.
I AGREE. QUELLE FUN.
OOPS!
WHY DON'T WE PULL CONS MORE OFTEN?
BECAUSE OF THE INEVITABLE DOUBLE CROSS...
...NON?
"INEVITABLE," HUH?
SEEMS LIKE...
DOES IT?
OUI.
WHEE.
BOOM
NON!

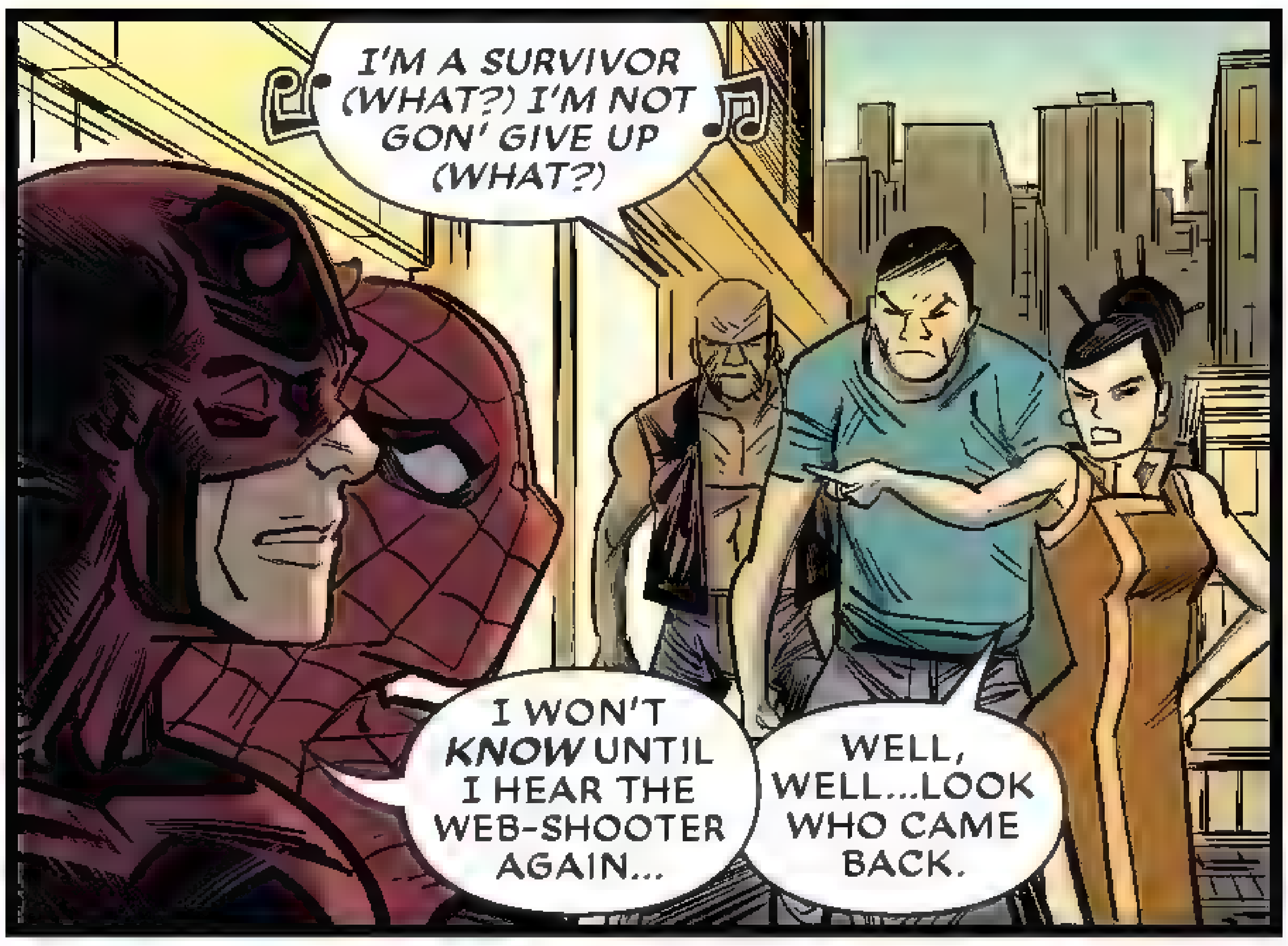
大
BOOM
FSSSSSSS
YOU BETTER RUN, GAMBIT, YOU BAG OF $%^&S!
I'M SO MAD RIGHT NOW.
I'M GONNA KILL THAT FRENCH...
...THAT FRENCH...
THAT FRENCH GUY.
SO MAD I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF A GOOD THING TO CALL THAT FRENCH GUY.
BUT HE'S TOAST.
THWIP

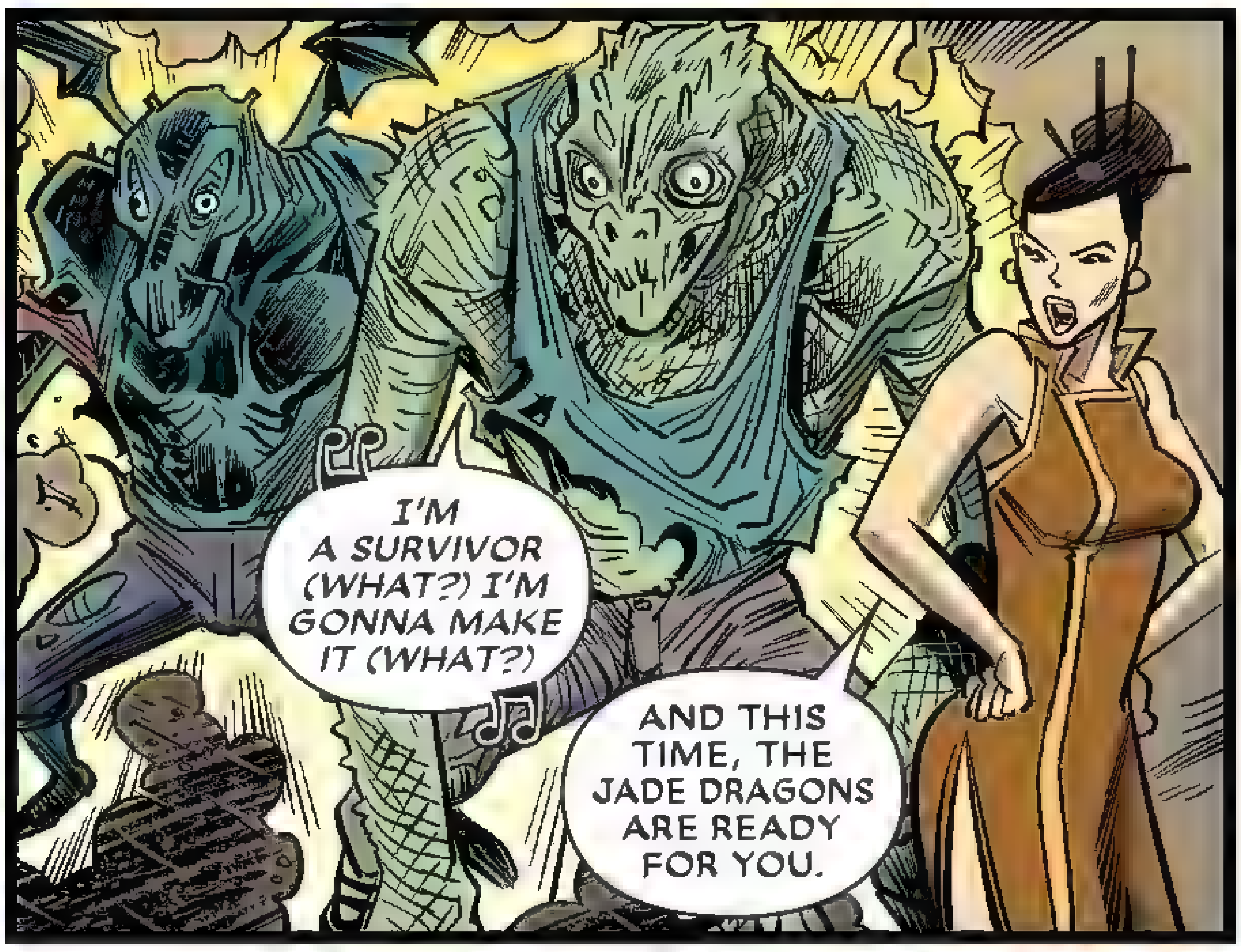
WE ARE OUTGUNNED (WHAT?), OUTMANNED (WHAT?)
WHAT SONG IS THAT?
IT'S NOT DESTINY'S CHILD. SO THAT'S GOOD AT LEAST.
NOT THAT DESTINY'S CHILD IS-- OOF!
FOOM
THAT... ⁎COFF⁎ ALL YOU GOT?
NON.
I WAS HOPING IT WAS. IT WAS PLENTY. WHAT DO YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND THERE?
GRAVEL.
SNAP
POP POP POP
KRAKAKLE
POP POP
AHT! OW! COME ON! LIKE 'SPLODIN' RICE KRISPIES. YOU ARE--OW!--SO DEAD.

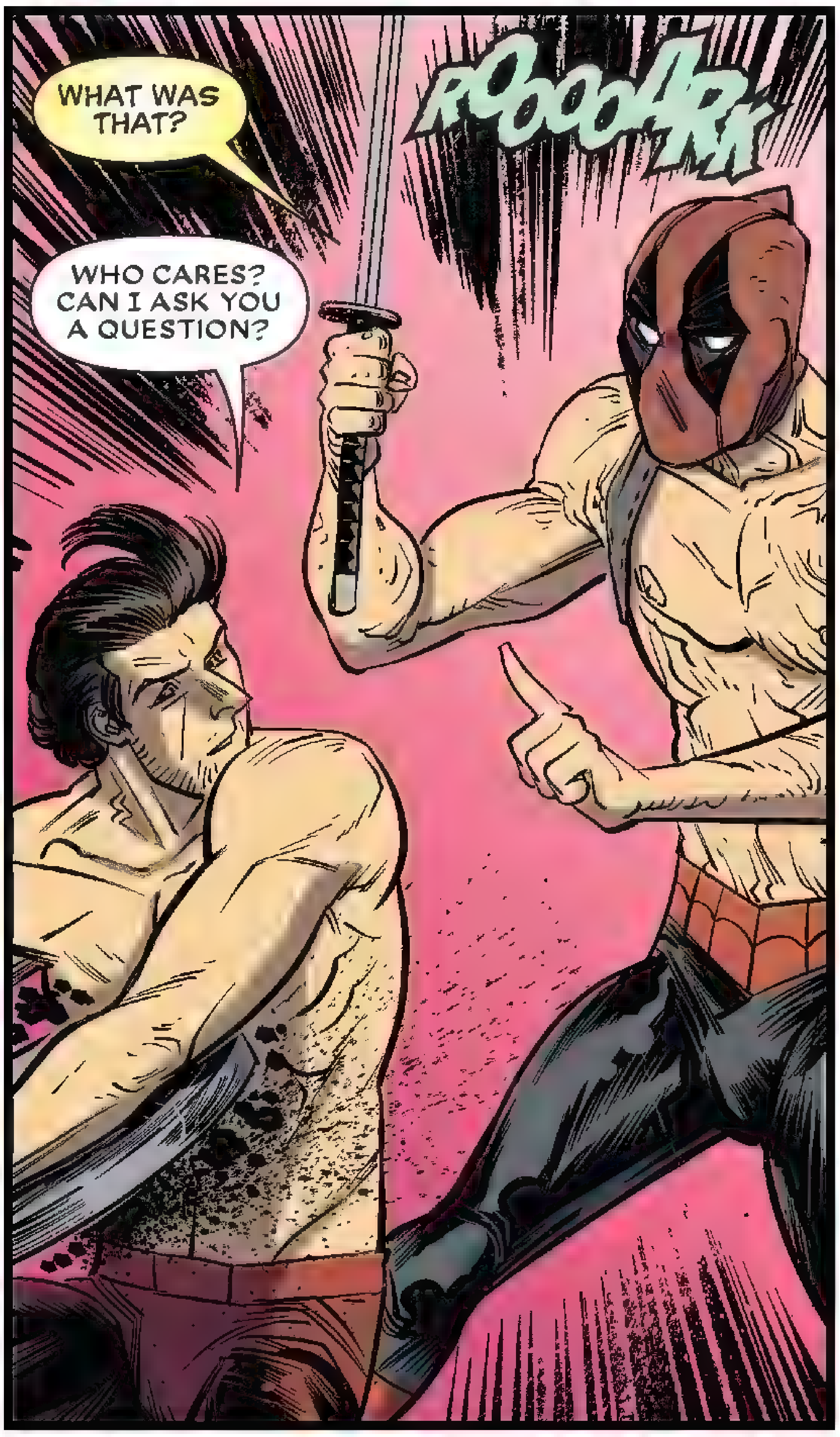
I'M GONNA LOCALLY SOURCED, ARTISANAL, HAND-FED, FREESTYLE, ANALOG, ANTIQUE, HOME-DILLED, VEGAN, FREEGAN BEANGAN, BEEGAN, A TO ZEE-GAN KILL YOU!
"BEEGAN?"
NO HONEY, POLLEN, OR OTHER BEE PRODUCTS.
CRUELTY FREE TOFU
NICE ABS. PILATES? PALEO? I JUST ULTIMATE FRIZZ AND I'M BEAKGAN.
(I ONLY EAT FOODS WITH BEAKS.)
OUTNUMBERED. OUTPLANNED. (HUP HUP HUP)
WHAT THE HELL SONG IS THAT?
YOU'RE GREAT AT SWORDFIGHTING WITH COOKWARE.
MERCI. NOT MY FIRST MARDI GRAS.
STOP EXPLODING THINGS AT ME!
OFF HE GOES. HANDSOMELY.
THWIP
IT'S LIKE FIGHTING FREAKIN' BUGS FREAKIN' BUNNY. HE JUST REACHES OFF CAMERA AND POW, HE'S GOT A BOMB.
BUT DEADPOOL AIN'T NOBODY'S FUDD.

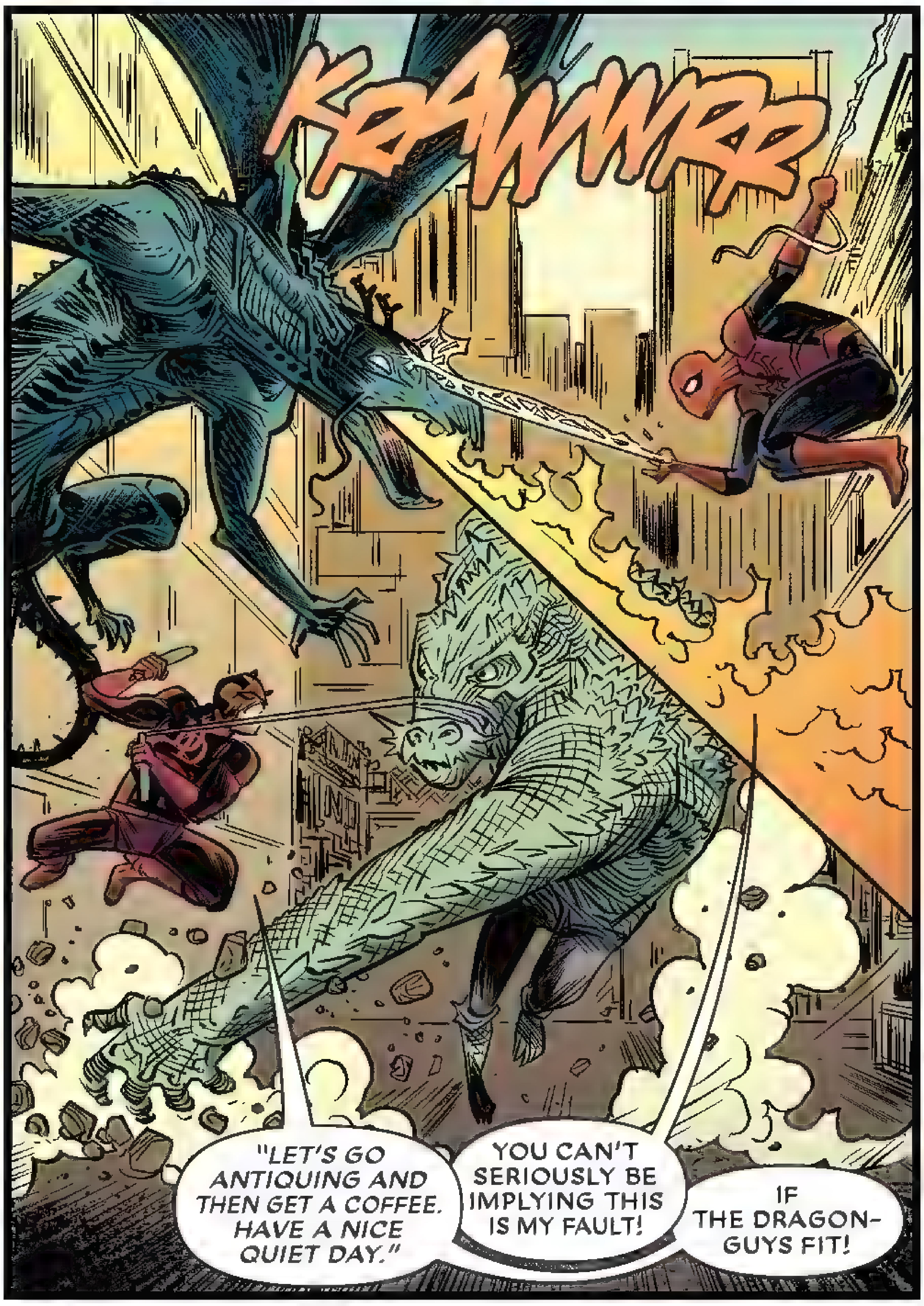
SHOULDN'T YOU BE INSIDE, WITHOUT INCONGRUENT TECHNOLOGY?
PLAY PRACTICE IS DONE.
YOU WAITING FOR YOUR MOM TO PICK YOU UP?
YES.
HEY, WAIT! THAT'S *YOUR* SONG IN MY HEAD.
YOUR PLAY'S GONNA BE A HIT. SO CATCHY YOU JUST *BOOM* KICKED OUT DESTINY'S CHILD.
HAVE WE MET?
OH, RIGHT. I WAS SPI-- NEVER MIND.
HEY, THIS IS...ARE WE RETRACING OUR STEPS?
WE'VE BEEN RUNNING THE ROUTE BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS FOR WEEKS PRACTICING FOR THE HEIST. WE DID IT FORWARDS, OF COURSE WE'RE DOING IT BACKWARDS.
SEE YOU UPTOWN THEN, I GUESS.
THWIP
DID YOU HEAR THAT? A WEB-SHOOTER.
I DIDN'T, BUT I CAN STICK TO WALLS, SO I'M NOT SWEATING IT. WE'RE ALL SPECIAL.


I THINK WE'RE CLOSE.
YOU *THINK* WE'RE CLOSE OR WE *ARE* CLOSE?
FOOM


♪ I'M A SURVIVOR (WHAT?) I'M NOT GON' GIVE UP (WHAT?) ♪
I WON'T *KNOW* UNTIL I HEAR THE WEB-SHOOTER AGAIN...
WELL, WELL...LOOK WHO CAME BACK.


♪ I'M A SURVIVOR (WHAT?) I'M GONNA MAKE IT (WHAT?) ♪
AND THIS TIME, THE JADE DRAGONS ARE READY FOR YOU.


WHAT WAS THAT?
ROOOOARK
WHO CARES? CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?


KRAWWRR
"LET'S GO ANTIQUING AND THEN GET A COFFEE. HAVE A NICE QUIET DAY."
YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE IMPLYING THIS IS MY FAULT!
IF THE DRAGON-GUYS FIT!

STEA
WHY THE DOUBLE CROSS? I THOUGHT WE WERE *LES AMIS.*
UM, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO THREW A CHARGED-UP DIAMOND IN MY FACE, *AMI.*
YOU WERE THE ONE WITH A GUN STRAPPED UNDER THE TABLE.
WHAT? NO I WASN'T. THERE WAS A GUN UNDER THE TABLE?
EITHER YOU'RE A GREAT LIAR--
I'M REALLY NOT.
I REALLY DIDN'T. MY GUN--IF I WANTED TO HAVE ONE--WAS HANGING FROM THE CHAIR.
--OR YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THERE.
THEN THAT MEANS--!

TRIPLE CROSS!
NON! STILL DOUBLE-CROSSED, JUST NOT BY EACH OTHER! BY THE GUY WHO SET UP THE ROOM, THE SCORE, AND WHO WE LEFT ALONE WITH THE LOOT!
CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP!
CHALMERS IS GONE! THE LOOT IS GONE!
CRAAAAAAAAAAAP!
WE ARE SUCH IDIOTS!
WE ARE THE DUMBEST IDIOTS EVER!

THE PRESENT...
WORK JUICE
IT *WAS* THAT SPIDER-MAN/ DAREDEVIL THING.
MAN, WE WERE DUMB IDIOTS. THE DUMBEST IDIOTS EVER.
I'M NOT MAD AT YOU, BUT IF I EVER SEE CHALMERS AGAIN...
GET IN LINE. IF I SEE CHALMERS, I'LL--
WHAT'LL YOU DO TO OLD RAUL, FELLAS?
COME ON. HAVE A COFFEE WITH AN OLD CROOK. YOU CAN ALWAYS CUT MY THROAT AFTER.
I'M AN OLD MAN. I GOT ONE MORE SCORE IN ME AND IT'S A DOOZY.
THE KIND YOU DREAM ABOUT DREAMING ABOUT.
YOU BOYS HELP ME WITH IT, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE LOOT FROM THE LAST ONE.
AND MUCH MORE. YOU DON'T GOTTA TRUST ME, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TRUST EACH OTHER!

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #2

THIS IS A BAD IDEA.
KNOCKITY KNOCK KNOCK
A TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE, NO GOOD, VERY *BAD* IDEA.
HEY.
HEY. DID YOU--
I KNOCKED.
I DON'T TRUST CHALMERS.
ME NEITHER.
I TRUST YOU, THOUGH.
OH, YEAH. I TRUST YOU, TOO.
THAT SAID, YOU *WERE* QUICK TO ASSUME I WAS DOUBLE-CROSSING YOU LAST TIME.
SORRY. IT WAS PLAUSIBLE. YOU CAN SEE THAT, *NON?*
I MEAN. IT'S *PLAUSIBLE* THAT AT ANY MOMENT YOU'D BETRAY ME AGAIN-- BE TRICKED INTO IT OR WHATEVER. PLAUSIBILITY BEING WHAT IT IS.
IF YOU DON'T TRUST ME...
I *DO* TRUST YOU! SORRY, I INTERRUPTED. YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY...
I WAS GOING TO SAY, *"I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T TRUST YOU."* BUT I'M SURE I SHOULD.
ABSOLUTELY.
RIGHT.
CLK CLK
CHACH CHACH CHACH
THIS IS A BAD [redacted] IDEA.
BUT THAT IS A NICE [redacted] TUSH.

THANKS FOR COMING, BOYS. IT MEANS THE WORLD.
IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING YET, CHALMERS.
ALL WAREHOUSES LOOK THE SAME.
LET TUMBLR SAY WHAT THEY WILL!
DOES THIS LOOK LIKE THAT LAST WAREHOUSE TO YOU? THE ONE WITH ALL THE DOUBLE-CROSSING AND PARANOIA?
WHAT? *WHOA. REALLY?* THAT SEEMS NOT OKAY TO SAY.
TUMBLR WOULD HAVE A FIELD DAY.
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE CALLED THAT CIS-HET CAJUN PRETTYBOI OUT ON HIS WAREHOUSE PRIVILEGE.
FIRST THINGS FIRST. DITCH THE LEATHER PAJAMAS. THIS IS AN INCOGNITO OPERATION. FIND AN OUTFIT YOU LIKE, MAKE SURE IT BREATHES. IT'S HOT WHERE WE'RE GOING.
BUT UNDER HIS MASK, WADE LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE PUT A FACE ON A THUMB AND THEN STUCK THE THUMB IN A DEEP FRYER.
THEN IT'S A GOOD THING I BROUGHT MY--WAIT, DO I REALLY LOOK LIKE A *FRIED THUMB?*

THAT'S HURTFUL, REMY. IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN'T SEE THE REAL *ME*, WHICH... "*OUCH*." YOU KNOW?
"*I LIKE YOU FOR YOU, DEADPOOL*."
THANKS, THUMB, BUT NO OFFENSE, YOU LOOK LIKE A DEEP-FRIED THUMB.
"*OUCH*."
SHUT IT. LET ME RUN DOWN THIS CAPER AND THEN EVERYONE CAN TALK TO ANY PHALANGE THEY LIKE, DEAL?
WE HAVEN'T EVEN DECIDED THAT WE'RE IN YET.
DON'T JUST THROW A BRIEFCASE, MAN. ASK IF I'M READY. RULE ONE OF THROWING BRIEFCASES.
FUMP
GOOD THING I HAVE CATLIKE REFLEXES AND--
THAT'S A *LOT* OF MONEY RIGHT THERE.
FNAP
100-DOLLAR BILLS...EVERY HALF INCH IS $10K... THIS IS 1.2 MILLION DOLLARS!
WE'RE IN.
WE'RE *INTERESTED*.
IN.
...TERESTED.

SPLIT THAT FOR GIVING ME THE ROPE TO PITCH YOU THE JOB AFTER LAST TIME. YOU *DO* THE JOB? YOU GET TWO MORE BRIEFCASES JUST LIKE THIS. EACH.
COME ON! WE'RE DOING THIS! WHATEVER IT IS. NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE AN IDEA IT IS TO DO IT. STOP FIGHTING THE NARRATIVE. WHO ARE YOU, NEO? *DON'T BE A NEO, REMY!*
WE'RE NOT IN YET.
YES, WE ARE.
THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF YOUR FRENCH-FRY THUMB-FACE.
REMEMBER THIS THING FROM TWO PAGES AGO? IT'S A THING I HAD IN THE JOE KELLY RUN. CHALMERS TOLD ME TO DIG IT OUT. IT'S A HOLOGRAPHIC DISGUISE THINGY. NOW HAND ME THAT WHITE SUIT. I NEVER WEAR WHITE.
THAT'S AN *IMAGE INDUCER.* WHY WOULD YOU WEAR A SUIT AT ALL IF YOU HAVE AN IMAGE INDUCER?
AW. YOU *DO* LIKE ME. SURE, I'LL DO THIS CON NAKED UNDER A HOLOGRAM IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.
THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS LIKE A FUN CHALLENGE. LET'S BOTH--
NOBODY'S DOING THIS CAPER NAKED! WADE. HOLOGRAM THE UGLY OFF YOU. REMY. SIDDOWN...
...AND GET A LOAD OF MY *BULLETIN BOARD!*
THE MARK
SECURITY
BOX
THE MAN LOVES A BULLETIN BOARD.
HE LOVES A *REVEAL.*

THE PLACE: NEW ORLEANS! REMY'S OLD STOMPING GROUNDS.
PEOPLE THINK I'M FROM NEW ORLEANS, BUT I'M CAJUN. I'M FROM ACADIA.
IF I HAVE TO HEAR ONE MORE ORIGIN STORY...
I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS...
NO NO NO NO NO. YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIE'S NEVER COMING OUT.
I KNOW FROM TURNAROUND, I LIVED IN TURNAROUND...
AND BUDDY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN GETTING A SECOND DRAFT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SOME DISGUISE, WADE.
I KNOW! I LOOK JUST LIKE STEVE ZAHN ON *TREME!*
NO.
OUR WHITE WHALE IS BUSINESSMAN PENG LAI. HE'S RICH, DEBAUCHED, AND EATING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CRESCENT CITY.
THE PLACE
THE MARK
ENTOURAGE
THE SCORE
SECURITY
BOX
WE'RE AFTER *THE DRAGON'S TONGUE*, A PRICELESS RELIC.
TO OPEN HIS SAFEBOX AND GET THE TONGUE, USE THIS DEVICE TO LIFT THE FIVE FINGERPRINTS ON HIS RIGHT HAND.
NOW YOU LOOK LIKE A FRIED THUMB WITH A MOUSTACHE.
CHALMERS, DO I LOOK LIKE STEVE ZAHN ON *TREME* OR WHAT?
SURE, WHATEVER. THAT ONLY GOT US ONE USABLE PRINT. I'M NOT GONNA BREAK INTO LAI'S PLACE UNTIL I HAVE ALL FIVE PRINTS.

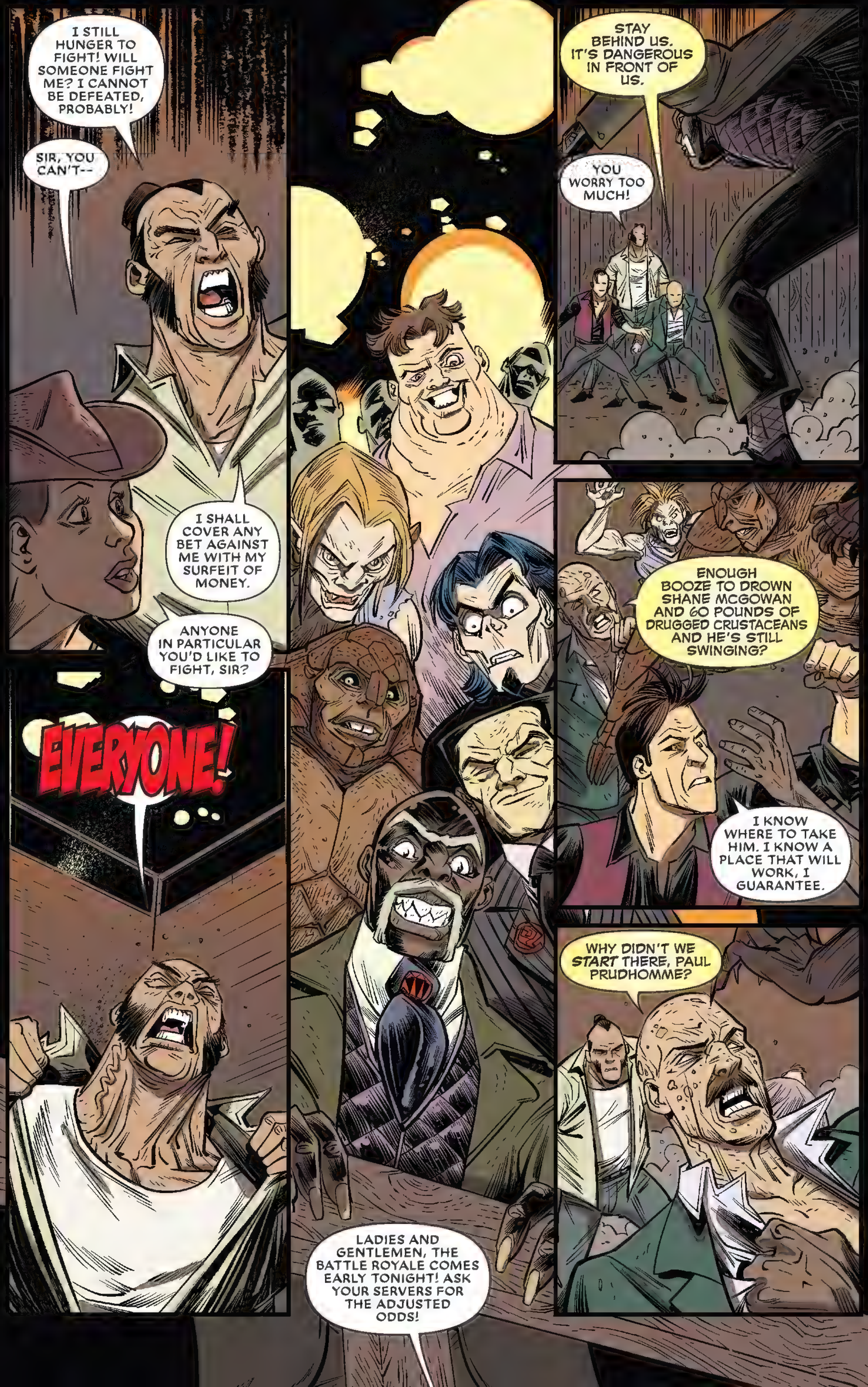
OBVIOUSLY THERE WAS MORE TO THE PLAN AND THE BULLETIN BOARD, BUT WHO CARES-SLASH-REMEMBERS?
RELEVANT INFORMATION: GAMBIT IS IN. I'M THE BEST. LAI FLIES BACK TO CHINA EARLY IN THE MORNING, SO THERE'S A TICKING CLOCK.
MOST IMPORTANTLY, GAMBIT AND I DECIDE TO TRUST EACH OTHER SO THAT IF-SLASH-WHEN CHALMERS BETRAYS US, WE'RE ONE STEP AHEAD AND WORKING TOGETHER.
ANOTHER ROUND FOR ME, BARKEEP! I'M SO THIRSTY I COULD DRINK A HORSE.
A MAN AFTER MY OWN APPETITES! I WAS BEGINNING TO FEAR I'D HAVE NOBODY TO DRINK WITH IN THIS TOWN KNOWN FOR OVERDOING THINGS.
I'LL JOIN YOU IF YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP UP WITH ME, BIG BOY.
YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP UP WITH ME, LITTLE BURNT MAN WITH A GLORIOUS MUSTACHE?
NAME'S STEVE ZAHN. AND I KNOW I CAN. I HAVE A HEA--A DRINKING FACTOR.
WHAT IS A-- WHO CARES? BARTENDER! GIVE US ALL YOUR DRINKS!
THIS CAPER IS GOING GREAT. I'LL JUST THROW THIS GLASS TO REMY TO FINGERPRINT...
KSSH
KSSH?
WHY DID YOU THROW THAT?
BECAUSE I...HAVE A... GLASS-THROWING FACTOR?
WHAT IS A-- WHO CARES? DRINK WITH ME, STEVE ZAHN!
20 DRINKS LATER, AND LAI IS STILL GOING.
HOW IS LAI STILL GOING?
I'M BARELY STILL GOING AND I HAVE A HEA--A DRINKING FACTOR!
COME, STEVE ZAHN, LET'S STOP FIGHTING AGAINST THE MUSIC ANY LONGER AND DANCE!
OF COURSE! LET'S DO THAT!
BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?
YOU SURE ARE DANCING. YOU MISSED THE GLASS I THREW. DO YOU HAVE MY BACK? SHOULD I BE WORRIED?
DON'T WORRY. UNRELATED--SEE THAT GIRL?
WITH THE STREAK IN HER HAIR--OHMYGOD YOU HAVE A TYPE.
I HAVE A TYPE!
BUT I SWEAR THAT WHEN IT COUNTS, I WILL HAVE YOUR BACK.
NOW LET'S SCAN A GLASS!
NO USABLE PRINTS. KEEP TRYING. HURRY UP. DO BETTER. COME ON.
GREAT.
HE'LL HAVE MY BACK WHEN IT'S TIME.
HE WILL. HE'S A SUPER HERO. HE IS A SUPER HERO, RIGHT? I'M NEVER CLEAR.
HE IS TRYING TO CON A GUY TO MAKE A QUICK COUPLE MIL.
WHICH, SO AM I. AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I'M A SUPER HERO. WOULD I TRUST ME?
I MAY BE [redacted].
GOT TWO MORE PRINTS, WILSON. TWO MORE TO GO.
COME, STEVE ZAHN!
MY OTHER NEW FRIEND, NEO, IS TAKING US TO A PLACE THAT HE KNOWS. SOMEWHERE SPECIAL!

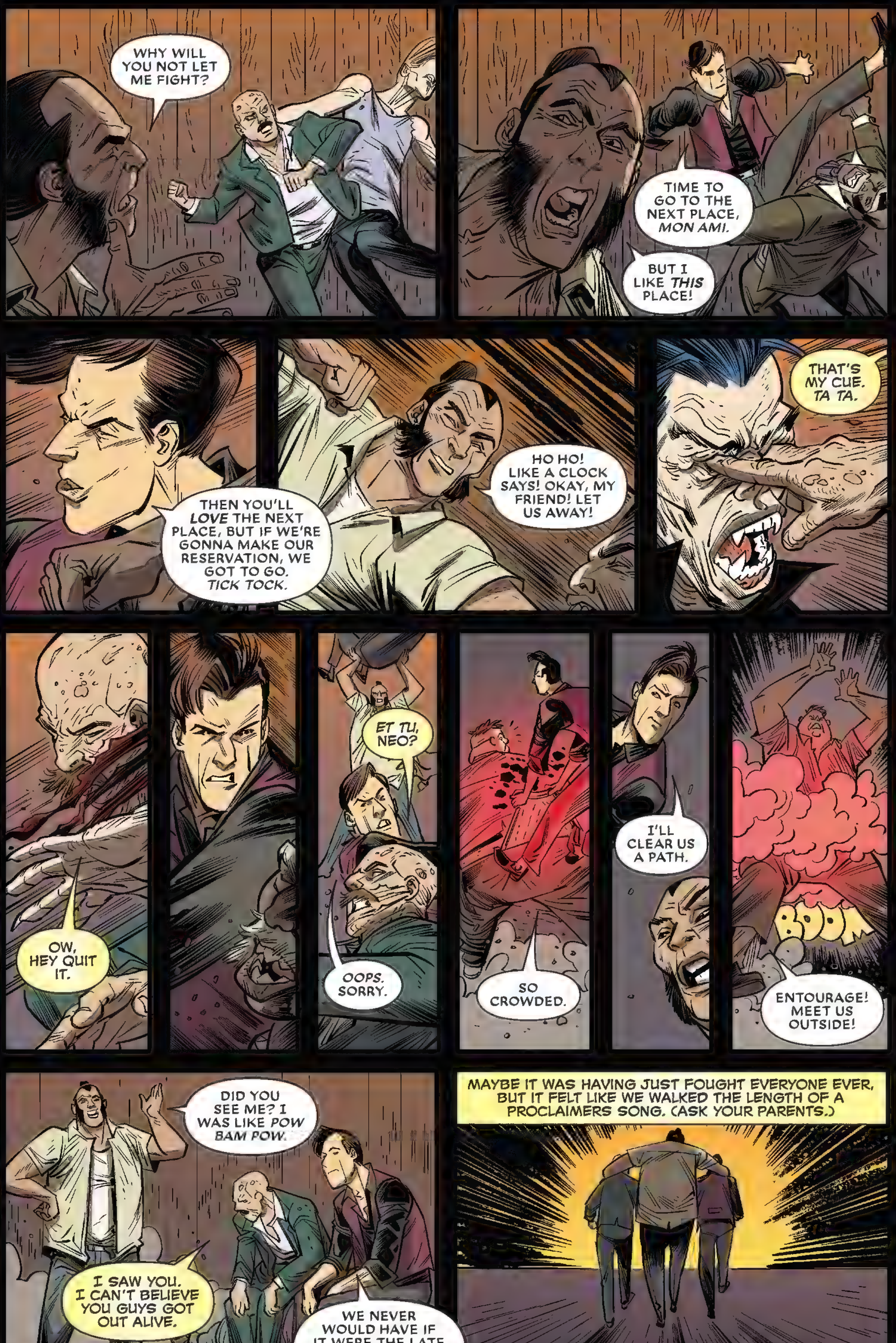
DID YOU BUY THIS COMIC EXPECTING COOL VIOLENCE?
SORRY, THERE'S NO PUNCHY-KICKY IN A CON ARTIST STORY, SO MUCH AS SCENES WHERE WE GO TO DINNER SO THAT GAMBIT'S CHEF FRIEND CAN DOSE A BUSINESSMAN. TROPE OF THE GENRE, PAL!
IN A CON STORY, THERE'S ONLY A FIGHT IF SOMETHING'S GONE REALLY WRONG. IF YOU PREFER FIGHTS AND TIGHTS, I HOPE YOU KEPT YOUR RECEIPT.
AND THAT YOUR L.C.S. LOVES RECEIPTS MORE THAN KEEPING YOUR MONEY AND SAYING STUFF LIKE *"YOU CAN'T RETURN A COMIC BOOK, DUMBY."*
ANYWAY, GET READY TO ADD TO YOUR SWEET RECEIPT COLLECTION AND READ ABOUT A CRAWFISH BROIL!
THIS SMELLS DELICIOUS! HOW MUCH WOULD YOU SAY MY ARM WEIGHS FROM ELBOW TO FINGERTIP? FOR THAT IS HOW MUCH OF THESE DELICIOUS BUTTERED BUGFISH I DEMAND!
STEVE ZAHN? NEO? EITHER OF YOU WANT THE LAST ONE?
I'M GOOD.
KEEP EATING.
?
¯_(ツ)_/¯
HEY! DO I KNOW YOU?
I DON'T BELIEVE SO.
I'M... NEO.
LIKE IN *THE MATRIX?*
I...NEVER HEARD OF IT.
YOU NEVER HEARD OF *THE MATRIX?* OKAY, *"NEO."* SEEK IT OUT. BULLET TIME IS GONNA WRECK YOUR BRAIN.
SKIP THE SEQUELS!

WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?
THIS IS THE REASON WE'RE HERE, STEVE ZAHN. DINNER. *AND A SHOW!*
YEAH. THE SHOW. WE'RE WATCHING THE SHOW, IT TURNS OUT.
IS THIS ONE OF THOSE PLACES WITH SUPER-POWERED BRAWLS? I LOVE THESE!
UCH. THEY STILL DO THIS? *FIGHT CLUB* WAS 100 YEARS AGO, YOU GRAMPAS!
ALL RIGHT FOLKS, IT'S TIME! HERE TO HELP YOU DIGESTIFICATE IS THE MOST VIOLENTEST VIOLENCE AIN'T ALLOWED BY LAW!
BETTIN'-- ALSO PROHIBITED-- STARTS SOON AS BLOOD IS SPILT-- SEE YOUR SERVER.
OKAY, HERE'S A BIG DUMB FIGHT. BET YOU'RE SORRY YOU RETURNED THIS COMIC NOW, *HUH?*
YOUR FIRST BLOODLETTIN' IS COURTESY OF BUCK "*BULLET*" CASHMAN AND DIRK "*WRECKER*" GARTHWAITE!
I'M JUST GLAD NOTHING'S GONE REALLY WRONG.
CHK
ANH!
HRN!
YET.
HT!
FA!
NAH, COME ON! IT'LL BE GREAT.
THIS LOOKS FUN! CAN I PLAY, TOUGH GUYS?
SIR, YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO YOUR SEAT OR YOU COULD GET HURT.

THEY'RE GONNA KILL HIM. HE'S A DEAD MAN.
SHOULD WE GO AFTER HIM?
THEY'D *KILL* US!
THEY'D KILL *YOU*. PROBABLY.
I'M GONNA *WRECKER* THIS GUY.
OOF!
THAT'S *NEVER* GONNA CATCH ON, WRECKER.
WHACK
LOOK AT ME! I AM A TOUGH GUY, TOO! RIGHT, TOUGH GUYS?
NOT FOR LONG. C'MERE.
COME *ON!* WHAT'S *THIS* NOW?
NOW WE'RE IN THIS FIGHT, TOO. [redacted] HAS OFFICIALLY GONE [redacted].
COME ON, LAU. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
YEAH, TIME OUT YOU GUYS.
DO YOU GUYS DO TIME OUT?
THE GUARDRAILS ARE THERE FOR A REASON, PEOPLE!

PLEASE DO NOT JUST JUMP DOWN AND JOIN THESE FIGHTS, Y'ALL! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING, LET YOUR SERVER KNOW!
I'LL KNOCK THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE AND THEN I'LL KNOCK THAT FACE OFF YOUR HEAD.
I AM EXCITED FOR YOU TO TRY!
FINE. NO TIME-OUTS.
COME ON ALREADY, GET BEAT UP BY ME, WOULD YOU?
I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW FROM HOW YOU LANDED! YOU'RE--
HAVE A HUSH PUPPY!
WHOOPS!
I SHOULD HAVE JUST SAID "HUSH, PUPPY." AH WELL. NEXT TIME.
I CAN'T TELL WHO'S ON ME, BUT THERE'S SOMEBODY ON ME.


I STILL HUNGER TO FIGHT! WILL SOMEONE FIGHT ME? I CANNOT BE DEFEATED, PROBABLY!
SIR, YOU CAN'T--
I SHALL COVER ANY BET AGAINST ME WITH MY SURFEIT OF MONEY.
ANYONE IN PARTICULAR YOU'D LIKE TO FIGHT, SIR?
EVERYONE!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE BATTLE ROYALE COMES EARLY TONIGHT! ASK YOUR SERVERS FOR THE ADJUSTED ODDS!
STAY BEHIND US. IT'S DANGEROUS IN FRONT OF US.
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!
ENOUGH BOOZE TO DROWN SHANE MCGOWAN AND 60 POUNDS OF DRUGGED CRUSTACEANS AND HE'S STILL SWINGING?
I KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM. I KNOW A PLACE THAT WILL WORK, I GUARANTEE.
WHY DIDN'T WE START THERE, PAUL PRUDHOMME?


WHY WILL YOU NOT LET ME FIGHT?
TIME TO GO TO THE NEXT PLACE, MON AMI.
BUT I LIKE THIS PLACE!
THEN YOU'LL LOVE THE NEXT PLACE, BUT IF WE'RE GONNA MAKE OUR RESERVATION, WE GOT TO GO. TICK TOCK.
HO HO! LIKE A CLOCK SAYS! OKAY, MY FRIEND! LET US AWAY!
THAT'S MY CUE. TA TA.
OW, HEY QUIT IT.
ET TU, NEO?
OOPS. SORRY.
SO CROWDED.
I'LL CLEAR US A PATH.
BOOM
ENTOURAGE! MEET US OUTSIDE!
DID YOU SEE ME? I WAS LIKE POW BAM POW.
I SAW YOU. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GUYS GOT OUT ALIVE.
WE NEVER WOULD HAVE IF IT WERE THE LATE SHOW. THAT'S WHEN THE TOUGH GUYS SHOW UP. IT'S BRUTAL.
MAYBE IT WAS HAVING JUST FOUGHT EVERYONE EVER, BUT IT FELT LIKE WE WALKED THE LENGTH OF A PROCLAIMERS SONG. (ASK YOUR PARENTS.)

BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. OUR NEXT STOP WAS DOCTOR VOODOO, WHO HOSTED US FOR A DEAD MAN'S AFTERPARTY.
A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE CITY'S BEST MUSICIANS PLAYING A *SECOND* SECOND LINE. FOR THEMSELVES.
AND LAI'S DRINK IS MAGICALLY DELICIOUS. IT'S ENSORCELLED SO THERE'S NO WAY IT DOESN'T LAY HIM OUT. GAMBIT REALLY DELIVERED. I THINK I CAN FINALLY TRUST HIM.
XXX
THIS MUSIC'S SO GOOD!
I WONDER IF LAI'S-- DAMMIT!
LAI'S GONE! HE AND HIS ENTOURAGE SLIPPED AWAY!
SURPRISING STEALTH FOR--
DON'T BODY SHAME.
"FOR SIX PEOPLE," I WAS GOING TO SAY.

YOUR BOOZE WAS SUPPOSED TO MAGIC HIM OFF TO DREAMLAND!
I DON'T KNOW WHY THE GRIS-GRIS DIDN'T WORK. MAYBE--
MAYBE *ANYTHING!* YOU HARRY POTTER TYPES PUT ON A GOOD SHOW, BUT YOU'RE NO GOOD IN A PINCH!
AND YOU! YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING RIGHT THIS WHOLE TIME!
I'VE DONE *EVERYTHING* RIGHT. IT JUST HASN'T WORKED. BUT THAT ENDS NOW.
WE KNOW WHERE HE'S GONE. YOU GO FIND CHALMERS. I'LL GO GET LAI AND SEND THE LAST FINGERPRINT IF IT KILLS ME.
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE SAFE HOUSE TO EITHER SPLIT UP THE MONEY OR CHALMERS.
BROTHER VOODOO, WOULD YOU PLEASE SEND ME BACK TO THE BROIL 'N BRAWL.
SURE THING, PAL!
POOF
...WOW. CAN YOU SEND ME TO--
NOPE.
CALL ME A HARRY POTTER THEN ASK ME FOR A FAVOR? NO WAY.
WHAT DOES AN APOLOGY AND THREE HUNDRED BUCKS BUY ME?

IT'S NOT EVEN A MAGIC BIKE.
ALL RIGHT, THE TRACER IS WORKING.
I GOT YOU NOW, CHALMERS...
ANY HOTEL ROOM IS
YOUR HOTEL ROOM.
...I HOPE GAMBIT IS DOING HALF AS WELL.
BACK AGAIN, CREOLE? WHERE Y'AT?
PUF
AWRITE, AXEL. HOW'S YA MAMA'N'EM?
AWRITE.
HE CHALLENGED ALL OF THEM AGAIN! THE WORSE GUYS!
I CAN STILL FEEL HIS HAND ON MY ASS.
I HAVE TO GO IN THERE.
...I MAY NOT HAVE TO GO IN THERE.
HERE YOU GO, CHALMERS. SENDING YOU THE LAST PRINT. LET ME KNOW IF IT'S GOOD.

WE'RE GOOD. THAT'S FIVE FINGERPRINTS WITH TIME TO SPARE. GREAT JOB, GUYS.
LET ME KNOW IF LAI IS HEADING BACK, OTHERWISE, SEE YOU AT THE SAFE HOUSE.
I GOT YOU NOW.
I GOT YOU NOW.
KSSH
CHALMERS. HI.
<RETURN THE TONGUE AND THEN DIE.>*
*TRANSLATED FROM A DIALECT KNOWN TO FEW.
OH, LOOK. A FAMILY.

CHALMERS, ARE YOU MAGIC?
HOW'D YOU KNOW I'D FIND YOU AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE NINJA DEFENSE SYSTEM?
THUNK
I DIDN'T! MY PLAN WAS YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE AND THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE. I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE. OR I'D BE DEAD.
THUNK
YOU MIGHT STILL BE! TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME.
FINE! FINE! THE DRAGON'S TONGUE IS AN ANCIENT, PRICELESS, *FUNCTIONAL* VITALITY TALISMAN THAT LAI IS USING TO LIVE A LIFE I'D RATHER THAT *I* HAVE.
THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO HARD TO DRINK HIM, DRUG HIM, PUT HIM TO SLEEP AND ALL!
GIMME THAT!
SORRY, NINJAS.
BACK IT GOES.
YOUR HONOR'S RESTORED.
BOW BOW BOW.
POIP
‹THAT'S MINE, I THINK.›
AND ALL IS RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. TAKE YOUR BOX AND GOOD BYE.
DUMB NINJAS DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT A HOLOGRAM DISGUISE THINGY IS.
WHAT'S AN IMAGE INDUCER GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
IT CONVINCED A BUNCH OF NINJAS A SNICKERS BAR WAS THIS DRAGON TONGUE I STILL HAVE.
YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US HOW HARD THE CON WOULD BE AND THAT YOU WERE JUST AFTER A MAGICAL MEANS TO DRINK AND PARTY. WE, OF ANYONE, WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.
WILSON, IT AIN'T LIKE THAT. I...I GOT CANCER. I BASICALLY HAVE MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE.
BUT WITH THIS TALISMAN, I CAN LAST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT WITH MY WIFE BEFORE I GO.
I'M GLAD TO GIVE YOU A COUPLE MILLION BUCKS FOR THAT. IT'S AT THE SAFE HOUSE.
BUT MORE THAN THE MONEY, I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS.

I'M NOT SURE IF I BELIEVE HIM. I'M JUST SURE THAT IF I LET HIM WALK AWAY, I'D NEVER SEE THE MONEY. IF I'M WRONG, I'LL APOLOGIZE.
CHALMERS, YOU MOVE FROM THAT CHAIR, THAT'LL BE YOUR LAST MOVE FROM YOUR LAST CHAIR.
I WAS WRONG. I'M SORRY.
APOLOGY ACCEPTED. I WOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED ME EITHER. I MAY AS WELL STICK AROUND AND THANK REMY ONCE HE GETS HERE.
REMY. GOOD NEWS.
I'M AFRAID NOT.
LAI?
CHALMERS?
CHALMERS, WHERE'D YOU GO?
WHERE'D THE MONEY GO?

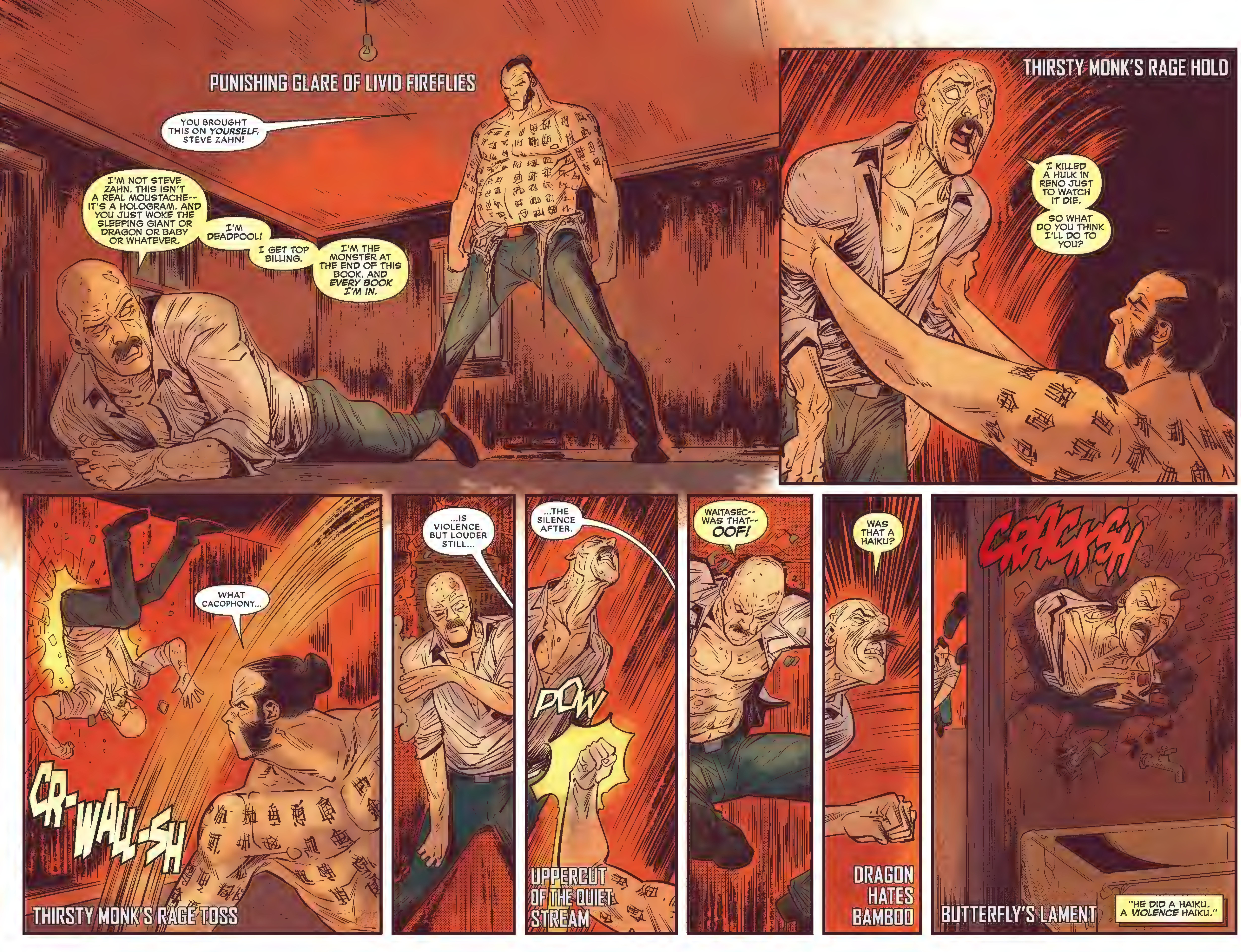
WELL, LOOK. I'D SAY WE BOTH HAD A BAD DAY. I BET YOU'RE MAD WE STOLE YOUR TONGUE.
BUT WE DID. SO ALL YOUR MAGIC STRENGTH AND, I DON'T KNOW, *VITALITY* ARE GONE. POOF.
YOU CAN'T FIGHT ME, LAI. I'LL BEAT YOUR BUTT IN. SO LET'S JUST BOTH WALK AWAY ANGRY, OKAY--
I AM NOT PANG LAI. I AM THE IMMORTAL WEAPON KNOWN AS ***FAT COBRA.***
I AM FROM ***THE ISLAND*** OF PANG LAI.
THROUGH ENORMOUS SKILL AND BLINDING SPEED, I UNMANNED 100 SHAOLIN TERROR PRIESTS FOR SPECTACLE.
I HAVE DEFEATED IN BATTLE AN ARMY OF WEREWOLVES. I HAVE BESTED THE CHAMPION OF K'UN-LUN, THE IRON FIST, *IN* K'UN-LUN.
MY ONLY DEFEAT WAS AT THE MAW OF THE GIANT SNAKE DRAGON XIANG YAO, BUT EVENTUALLY I OVERCAME IT AND XIANG YAO'S ONLY DEFEAT WAS AT MY HANDS.
ITS JADE TONGUE IS MY LIFE'S ONLY PRIZE.
YOU WERE FOOLISH TO STEAL IT. YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR FATE. SAY HELLO TO HELL FROM ME WHEN YOU SEE IT, STEVE ZAHN.
GAMBIT? A LITTLE HELP? WHERE ARE YA, BUDDY? COULD USE A HAND.

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #3
KW 16

THERE'S ONLY A FEW WAYS A CON CAN GO PERFECTLY.
YOU STICK TO THE PLAN, NO ONE GETS HURT, YOU GET THE MONEY.
PLEASE...
OR.
YOU IMPROVISE A LITTLE, NO ONE GETS HURT, YOU GET THE MONEY.
PLEASE STILL BE THERE!
ME AND GAMBIT ARE SUPER HEROES FIRST AND CON ARTISTS SECOND.
...PLEASE.
AND WE'RE NOT GREAT AT BEING SUPER HEROES. THIS CON DID NOT GO ANYWHERE CLOSE TO PERFECTLY.

UNLESS WE'RE NOT THE ONES DOING THE CONNING.
YOU'RE STILL HERE. GOOD.
IF WE'RE THE ONES *BEING* CONNED...THIS CON PROBABLY WENT THE BEST IT COULD GO.
WE REALLY [redacted] THE POOCH THIS TIME.
REALLY? I CAN'T SAY [redacted]?
CAN I SAY "*SCREWDRIVER*"? I CAN? EVEN THOUGH THE *PURPOSE* OF A SCREWDRIVER IS TO [redacted]?
YOU'RE LATE.
WE REALLY *USED A SCREWDRIVER* ON THE POOCH THIS TIME.
YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, WADE.
YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO *ME*, MAN!

THE MARK? PENG LAI? HE WASN'T REALLY SOME PLUS-SIZE CHINESE BUSINESSMAN!
I'M NOT PENG LAI!
"SEE?
"HE CALLED HIMSELF FAT COBRA."
I AM FAT COBRA!
"SEE?"
HRK!
YOU STOLE FROM ME! NOW YOU WILL DIE FROM ME.
KNIFE HANDLE HAND STRIKE
MY FRICKIN' ULNAE!
MY FRICKIN' MAXILLA AND VOMER!
ANGRY BUDDHA'S PALM
THAT'S TERRIBLE. I'M SORRY THAT HAPPENED TO YOU. BUT I--
I'M NOT DONE, JOHNNY BEIGNET!
I'M THE PO' BOY NOW!


PUNISHING GLARE OF LIVID FIREFLIES
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON *YOURSELF*, STEVE ZAHN!
I'M NOT STEVE ZAHN. THIS ISN'T A REAL MOUSTACHE-- IT'S A HOLOGRAM. AND YOU JUST WOKE THE SLEEPING GIANT OR DRAGON OR BABY OR WHATEVER.
I'M DEADPOOL!
I GET TOP BILLING.
I'M THE MONSTER AT THE END OF THIS BOOK, AND *EVERY BOOK I'M IN.*
THIRSTY MONK'S RAGE HOLD
I KILLED A HULK IN RENO JUST TO WATCH IT DIE.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK I'LL DO TO YOU?
WHAT CACOPHONY...
CR-WALL-SH
THIRSTY MONK'S RAGE TOSS
...IS VIOLENCE. BUT LOUDER STILL...
...THE SILENCE AFTER.
POW
UPPERCUT OF THE QUIET STREAM
WAITASEC-- WAS THAT-- *OOF!*
WAS THAT A HAIKU?
DRAGON HATES BAMBOO
CRACKSH
BUTTERFLY'S LAMENT
"HE DID A HAIKU. A *VIOLENCE* HAIKU."

I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE OKAY.
YOU DON'T LOOK OKAY.
I *WISH* THAT WERE THE END OF THE STORY.
"HE WAS SUPER STRONG, BUT GRACEFUL FOR HIS SIZE. FOR ANY SIZE.
YOINK
"HANDS DOWN, THE FANCIEST BEATING I EVER TOOK.
"IT WAS LIKE GETTING MY ASS KICKED BY ONE OF THE HIPPOS IN *FANTASIA*."
BURNING WOK STRIKE
GOLDEN FACE BALLET
THE GLORIOUS ELBOW OF REVOLUTION
HUMMINGBIRD'S LAST BREATH
1000 YEAR ELEPHANT PALM
BAMBOO'S FATE IS YOUR FATE
TANTRIC NOSTRIL DESTRUCTION
LOW-FLYING GUILLOTINE STRIKE

WAS *THAT* THE END?
YES.
GOOD.
"I MEAN *NO*. SORRY. MY BRAIN IS SCRAMBLED.
APPROACH OF THE FIVE WISDOMS
"THE WORST WAS YET TO COME."
KICK OF THE ARC OF THE SIDEWAYS CRESCENT MOON
MY FISTS HAVE GROWN WEARY OF STRIKING YOU. REMEMBER THEIR KISSES AS YOU DIE.
VENGEANCE OF FAT COBRA
I'M NOT HEALING LIKE I SHOULD BE, PER MY POWERS AS OUTLINED IN THE MARVEL WIKI. IT REALLY HURTS.
TSK. YOU'RE JUMBLED LIKE AN ABANDONED MARIONETTE.
YOU SHOULD WRITE A BOOK OF POETRY.
AND THEN SHOVE THAT BOOK UP YOUR BUTT.
THAT MIGHT BE THE PAIN TALKING. BUT STILL DO IT.]

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME TONIGHT IS FAR WORSE.
I CAN TASTE SOME OF MY LUNG. HOW COULD IT POSSIBLY BE WORSE?
IT HAPPENED TO *ME*.
"I RESCUED LAI'S ENTOURAGE. SOME OF THEM TWICE.
"AND UPON SAYING GOODBYE...
"...DISASTER!"
QUOI?

"TO CHARGE UP AN OBJECT, LIKE ANYTHING ELSE, IS AN ACT OF WILL. BUT I HAD NOT WILLED THIS!"
NON NON NON, STOP STOP STOP. DON'T DO THAT!
"THIS HAS ONLY EVER HAPPENED IN MY DARKEST NIGHTMARES."
MAKE IT STOP. FOCUS. MAKE IT STOP, TURN IT OFF, SHUT IT DOWN.
WHA--? NEO, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
NOTHING IS HAPPENING, *CHERE,* IF I CAN JUST--
POP POP POP
AIEEEEEEEE!
NON NON NON NON N--
"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE SOUND FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE."

THAT'S IT, LOVELY. STAY PASSED OUT. IF YOU'LL JUST STOP BLEEDING, IT WILL ALL BE OKAY.
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! I AM BORROWING THIS CAR!
KSSH
UNH. PLEASE...
DON'T WORRY; I KNOW JUST WHERE TO GO IN THE EVENT OF SUCH AN EMERGENCY.
YOU'RE DOING GREAT. PLEASE STOP BLEEDING.
+ EMERGENCY
SKREEEEET
HELP! SOMEONE HELP! RIGHT NOW!
EMERG

"SHE WAS BEING SEEN TO. TAKEN CARE OF. ALL THAT WAS LEFT TO DO WAS WAIT, IN A ROOM DESIGNED FOR JUST SUCH A PURPOSE, AND CONSIDER WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY POWERS.
"FIRST, CHARGING *AGAINST* MY WILL.
"NOW, NOT CHARGING, *DESPITE* MY WILL."
SLAM
WHERE IS SHE? IS SHE ALL RIGHT? DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CALM ME, NOBLE WARRIORS. I WILL NOT BE CALMED!
"THIS WASN'T THE TIME FOR A CONFRONTATION."

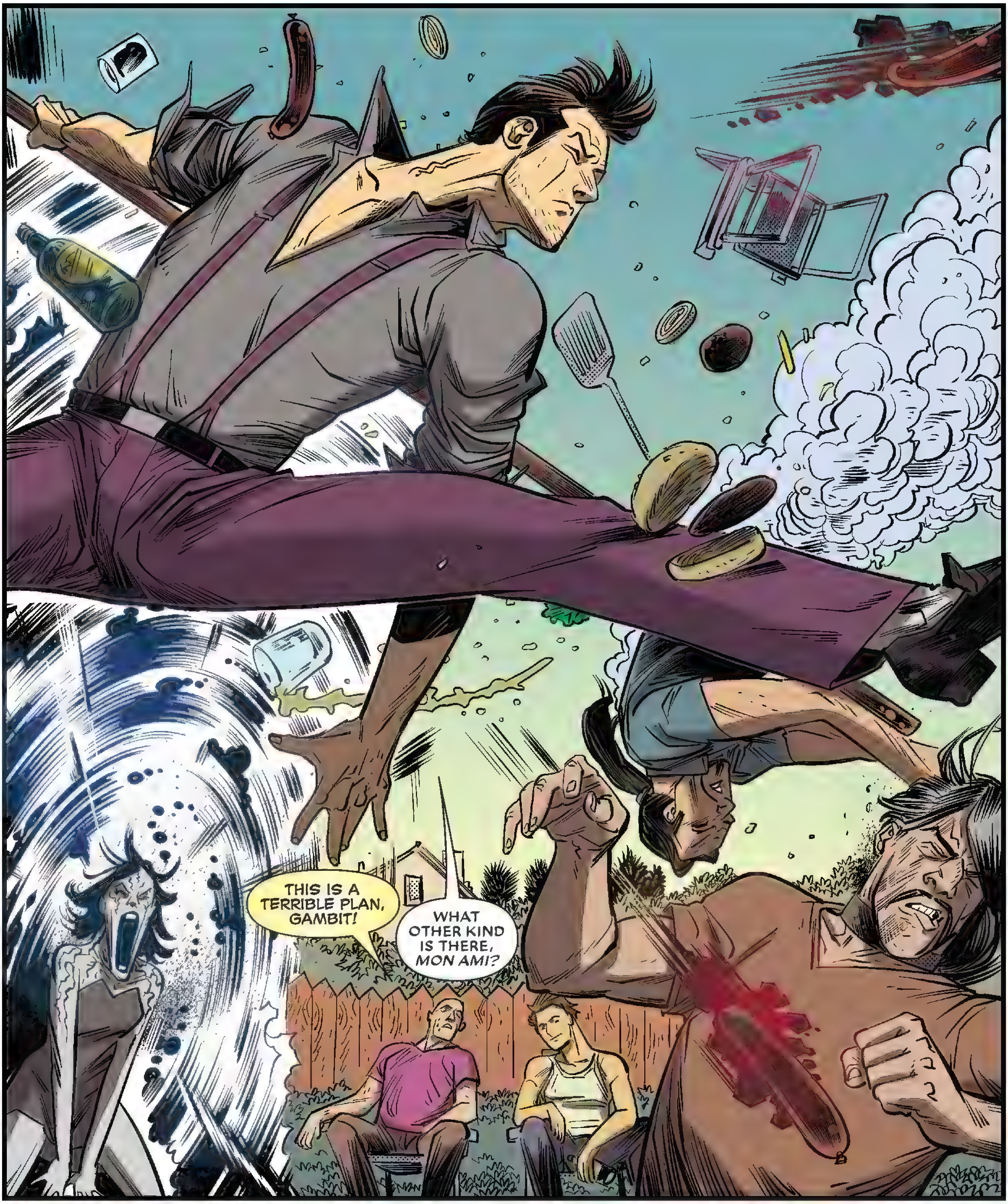
I'LL JUST CALL FROM THE RENDEZVOUS AND MAKE SURE SHE'S OKAY.
QUOI?
YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE MY CAR I TOOK?
WHA--?
EMERGENCY
VROOOOM
WELL, I'LL TAKE *YOUR TRUCK!*
Joe TOW
I MEAN, IT'S AN EMERGENCY. I'M BORROWING THIS.
QUELLE THE HELL?
SHHHHUNKKSCRRRRRRREEEEEENNNNCH

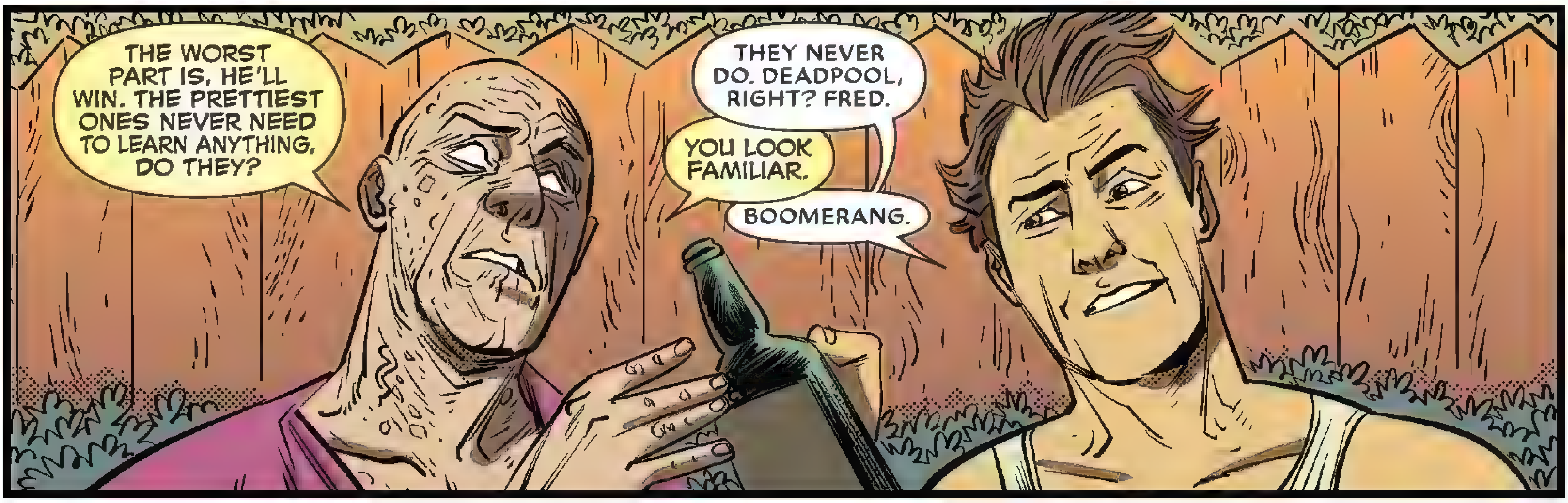
I WAS BORROWING THOSE, YOU DISCOURTEOUS NINJA!
MM?
PSSHHK
BKOW
ALLEZ-OOP!
CRSSH
I CAN TAKE ANYTHING YOU CAN THROW AT ME. NOW LET'S...
EH?
"THE NINJA WAS GONE. THE BISECTION OF THE TOW TRUCK WAS A MESSAGE SENT.
"NO MATTER HOW I RUN, I CANNOT ESCAPE."
"YEAH, THAT'S GREAT. AND SEE HOW I DIDN'T INTERRUPT YOUR STORY? NOW LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF NEW ORLEANS."

HOW ARE YOU FEELING? STILL MAD AT ME?
I FEEL GREAT-- I HAVEN'T PASSED OUT FROM THE PAIN IN HOURS. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M MAD AT YOU?
YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC DISGUISE.
META
WHAT DO MEAN DISGUISE? A *DURR DURR DURR.* I'M THE RAGING CAJUNG.
YOU DON'T-- YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO PRONOUNCE THE G'S AT THE END.
AND WHY SHOULDN'T I BE MAD AT YOU?
I CARRIED YOU OUT OF NEW ORLEANS, PUT YOU ON A PLANE AND BROUGHT YOU HERE, TO NIGHT NURSE'S NIGHT HOSPITAL TO RECOVER.
AND I BROUGHT YOU THIS COLORING BOOK AND ICE CREAM.
COLORING
I DIDN'T GET MY TONSILS OUT! YOU DON'T GET CREDIT FOR BRINGING ME TO THE HOSPITAL WHEN IT'S *YOUR FAULT* I'M IN HERE!
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE EACH OTHER'S BACKS, AND YOU *DIDN'T* HAVE MINE. AND YOU FORGOT A SPOON.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT! I DID HAVE YOUR BACK.
YOU WERE DOINKING A BUNCH OF PEOPLE!
WADE. YES. OBVIOUSLY. OF COURSE I WAS. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET! I LEFT MYSELF PLENTY OF TIME!
I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT WHOSE FAULT IT ACTUALLY WAS. DO YOU REMEMBER THE SCRAMBLER?
"IS HE SOME GUY WITH EGG POWERS?"
"THE MUTANT CRIMINAL WITH THE POWER TO... WELL...SCRAMBLE POWERS.
"WE AND CHALMERS SOLD HIM SWAMPLAND IN FLORIDA, REMEMBER?
"HE THOUGHT HE WAS BUYING A VINEYARD."
"THE SCRAMBLER! OF COURSE IT WAS HIM! WE'VE GOTTA FIND HIM!"
I FOUND HIM. AND NEXT, I WILL FORCE HIM TO UNSCRAMBLE OUR POWERS.
I'M COMING WITH YOU. IF I CAN STAND.
COMING TO WATCH MY BACK OR BECAUSE YOU DON'T TRUST ME?
REMY, COME ON. I'M IN NO SHAPE TO WATCH YOUR BACK.

I SHOULD MENTION, DO NOT TOUCH ME. I CANNOT STOP MYSELF FROM CHARGING ORGANIC MATERIAL.
I DON'T EVEN *WANT* TO TOUCH YOU RIGHT NOW.
GOOD.
FINE.
GREAT.
KIM SUNG ALIAS THE SCRAMBLER! KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM AND STEP AWAY FROM THE GRILL!
HE'S NOT DOING IT.
YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE. YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE. WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY OR THE--
THIS IS YOUR PLAN?
SHUT UP.
...OR THE HARD WAY.
ARE THOSE ALL BAD GUYS? THERE'S A LOT OF THEM. THEY ARE NOT COWERING IN FEAR. THEY ARE DOING THE OPPOSITE. COMING TOWARDS US WITH CONFIDENCE.
I'VE GOT THIS. STAND BACK.
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MY FRAGILE ASS IS GONNA DO, DON'T WORRY.


THIS IS A TERRIBLE PLAN, GAMBIT!
WHAT OTHER KIND IS THERE, *MON AMI?*


THE WORST PART IS, HE'LL WIN. THE PRETTIEST ONES NEVER NEED TO LEARN ANYTHING, DO THEY?
THEY NEVER DO. DEADPOOL, RIGHT? FRED.
YOU LOOK FAMILIAR.
BOOMERANG.

HEY, YOU'RE ABSORBING MAN!
YEAH, AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY THIS!
IT'S WIENERIN' TIME!
AND *I'VE* ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY *THIS!*
GAMBIT! SCRAMBLER'S...
SCRAMBLING?
YEAH, I'M TRYING TO THINK OF ANOTHER WORD, BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF IS *"SCRAMBLING."*
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
"GETTING AWAY"!
NOT ON MY WATCH.
BOOM
FAT COBRA?!
HA HA! A HOT DOG? YOU CANNOT KILL ME WITH HOT DOGS, BUT I WELCOME YOU TO TRY!

I HAVE FOUND YOU. YOU RAN AWAY AND CAME HERE, BUT YOU KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU.
SCRAMBLER GOT AWAY. AND I DIDN'T. DAMN.
THIS IS HOW WE DIE. I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY.
MY FRIENDS! NEO, YOU SAVED MY ONE PRECIOUS PUPIL.
URK.
REALLY OW.
YOU DEFIED MY BRUTALITY, DEADPOOL. LIKE A CHAMPION! YOU LIVE, DESPITE DEATH AT MY HANDS. YOU SMILE AT DEATH AND ELBOW IT IN THE RIBS, YELLING AT IT TO LIGHTEN UP. YOU ARE TO BE REWARDED!
WHATEVER DOESN'T KILL YOU, NOT FOR LACK OF TRYING, COMES BACK TO, WHAT...MAKE ME STRONGER?
HA! YES, FRIEND, YES! THE REMAINING HULKS WILL QUIVER AT YOUR MIGHT EVEN MORE THAN THEY MUST ALREADY!
I DIDN'T ACTUALLY KILL THAT ONE HULK. IT WAS THE DIANE KEATON HULK AND BELIEVE ME, SHE'S FINE. I WAS JUST TALKING TOUGH. YOU KNOW WHAT, NEVER MIND.
REMY...I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN TORTURING YOURSELF ABOUT IT. ABOUT HURTING ME. ABOUT LEAVING ME.
OUI! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?
I'M IN THE CHI-FIELD. IT'S A THING. YOU WON'T FORGIVE YOURSELF UNTIL YOU PROVE YOURSELF, BUT YOU WILL PROVE YOURSELF. THAT'S ME SAYING IT. NOT THE CHI.
WELL THAT'S NICE. I'M GLAD YOU'RE OKAY. YOU BECAME A NINJA, HUH? LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.
IT WAS MY PATH. FAT COBRA CHOOSES CHAMPIONS LIKE HE CHOSE YOUR FRIEND.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? SOMETHING, RIGHT? YOU CAN ALL SEE IT? IT'S GLOWY AND WEIRD BUT COOL AND I RECOMMEND IT.
I GRANT YOU, DEADPOOL, THE GRACE OF K'UN LUN SO THAT YOU MAY RETRIEVE THE DRAGON'S TONGUE. FAIL AND I WILL KILL YOU. SUCCEED...
AND YOU'LL...?
THAT WAS THE END OF MY THOUGHT. SUCCEED.
HEY, I FEEL BETTER. I FEEL GREAT!
STILL MAD AT ME?
WHAT? YES. OF COURSE, YOU FRICKIN'. DING-DONG.

#4
THIS ISSUE FEATURES VIRTUALLY NO...
DEADPOOL V GAMBIT
AND EVEN LESS...
THE "V" IS FOR "VS."

YEARS AGO...
I NEVER KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING OR WHY.
POW
WHY THE HELL AM I IN WHEREVER THE HELL I AM, HELPING SOME MUTANTS KILL SOME OTHER MUTANTS? HELL, *I'M* A MUTANT.
YOU'RE UP, ***SCRAMBLER.*** GET SCRAMBLING.
MAYBE IT'S PEER PRESSURE.
SABRETOOTH'LL BE SO MAD HE MISSED TH--
Y'GONNA DIE TODAY, RUNT!
YOU'RE THE MAN, KIM IL SUNG. JACK HIS HEALING FACTOR!
SPOW
MORE X-MEN! C'MON, MARAUDERS! THESE MUTANTS AIN'T GONNA MASSACRE THEMSELVES!
WAIT UP, YOU GUYS--I'M ALMOST DONE HERE.
GUYS?
I HAVE [redacted] PEERS.

WELL THAT WAS A [redacted] LIFE.
AT LEAST I FINALLY HAVE CLARITY IN THESE, MY LAST FEW SECONDS.
I SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE ANGRY, LASHING OUT AT EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING.
IT WASN'T MY FAULT. I LEARNED IT FROM MY DAD. BLAME *HIM*.
BLAME MY NEIGHBORHOOD, BLAME POVERTY.
BLAME MY MUTATION, BLAME MY POWERS.
BLAME THE COPS, THE SYSTEM.
BLAME ANYONE ELSE. THAT'S WHAT I DID. BUT NOW I SEE.
I'M TO BLAME.
I CHOSE A [redacted] PATH AND CHARGED DOWN IT ALL THE WAY TO THE END.
NOW I SEE ALL THE OTHER PATHS I COULD HAVE CHOSEN.
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL.

STOP TICKLING ME, POP POP. I'M TRYING TO DRAW!
(I WANT YOU TO *KEEP* TICKLING ME.)
NOT DEAD! I'M NOT DEAD!
EEE HEE HEE!
WAIT. AM I?
OW. OH, OW. I'M--OW. I'M DEFINITELY ALIVE.
OKAY. COULD BE BETTER.
COULD BE A LOT BETTER. BUT IT COULD BE SO MUCH WORSE.
HI!
MY MOM AND MY POP POP HAVE TO TALK ABOUT GROWN-UP STUFF.
I'M ESME. I'M FIVE. DO YOU WANT ME TO DRAW YOU A PICTURE?
SURE. MY NAME'S KIM IL SUNG. I'M 27.
Y'GOT HANDCUFFS ON YOUR FEET, KIM IL SUNG.
MY POP POP'S GOT *HANDCUFFS*, TOO. ON HIS *HANDS*, THOUGH. BUT YOU DON'T GOT HANDS.
MY GRANDPA'S NICE BUT SOMETIMES HE DOES STUFF YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO.
SOMETIMES PEOPLE DO BAD STUFF, ESME.
DO YOU KNOW ANY LITTLE KIDS?
JUST YOU.

WHAT IS THAT-- A FUZZY ELEPHANT?
IT'S A DOG!
ARE YOU SURE? WHERE'D YOU GO TO ART SCHOOL?
IT'S! A! DOG!
MR. KIM? I'M JENNIFER WALTERS. I'M AN ATTORNEY.
I THINK I NEED TO TALK TO THIS LADY NOW, ESME. THANKS FOR KEEPING ME COMPANY.
YOU'RE NICE, KIM IL SUNG. DON'T DO ANY MORE BAD STUFF.
MS. WALTERS, I'LL TELL YOU THIS: I'M GUILTY. I DESERVE WHAT I GOT AND WHATEVER ELSE I HAVE COMING. I'LL DO MY TIME.
I CAN GET YOU PROBATION IF YOU'D BE WILLING TO TESTIFY AGAINST SCALPHUNTER. NOW, I KNOW THAT THAT'S FROWNED UPON IN YOUR PEER GR--
LET'S DO THAT. DEFINITELY. I'M IN.
I SURE DIDN'T *WANT* TO GO TO JAIL IF THEY DIDN'T WANT TO SEND ME.
I DIDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT MY LAWYER. OR MY NEW FRIEND.

OR HER MOM.
Looking
GARAGE
OR MY STEADY EMPLOYER, MY SUPPORT GROUP, OR, FOR THAT MATTER, MY PROBATION OFFICER.
THIS WAS MY NEW PATH, AND IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.
YOU'D THINK IT'D ALL TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO.
"NEW HANDS." "NEW LIFE."
BUT MY POWERS MAKE THESE HANDS A BREEZE.
AND YOU, JOSEPHINE, MAKE MY NEW LIFE... WONDERFUL.
AND HONESTLY...
...MY POWERS, DISRUPTING SYSTEMS...
...CAN BE USED TO *MANIPULATE* SYSTEMS AND, SAY, OPERATE OTHERWISE IMMOBILE HANDS, OR FIX THINGS REALLY WELL, SO THEY MAKE THE DAY JOB A CAKEWALK.
VRRRMMMM

SO MUCH SO THAT I CLIMBED THE CORPORATE LADDER OF THE DOG-EAT-DOG WORLD OF AUTO MECHANICS PRETTY QUICK.
WASN'T LONG BEFORE I GOT MY OWN OPERATION.
EASY COME, EASY GO, THOUGH.
CHK
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WE'RE CLOSED.
DON'T BE LIKE THAT.
YEAH, KIM...
DON'T BE LIKE THAT.
DAMN TELEPORTERS.
YOU HAVE TO GO! YOU CAN'T BE HERE!

AND YET, HERE WE ARE.
CHK
JING
RELAX. NO HARD FEELINGS. YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO. AND NOW YOU *HAVE TO* HELP US. IT'S AN EASY JOB WITH THE POWERS YOU GOT. YOU CAN STILL DO THAT STUFF, RIGHT?
I CAN AND WILL IF YOU DON'T GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, SCALPHUNTER.
"NO" ISN'T AN ANSWER WE'LL TAKE.
ME...
KCCH
...NEITHER!
LOOKS LIKE ONE OF US IS WRONG.

BET IT'S YOU.
KAK
THOK
IL SUNG. DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT NEEDS TO B--
GK!
I'LL MAKE BREATHING HARDER THAN IT NEEDS TO BE BY TURNING OFF YOUR RESPIRATORY FUNCTIONS, VANISHER.
AND GUESS WHAT OTHER FUNCTIONS I TURNED OFF.
IF YOU DON'T WANNA END UP VEGETABLES, *YOU BOTH* BETTER VANISH.
SPUURT
GASP

HERE'S A TIP: DON'T MAKE PEOPLE [redacted] THEMSELVES IN YOUR OWN SHOP.
MISS WALTERS?
BAD NEWS. SCALPHUNTER BUSTED OUT OF JAIL, BUT DON'T WORRY, THERE'S NO WAY HE FINDS YOU AND-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE?
I MADE SOMETHING UP. I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED WITH HER STUFF ANY MORE THAN I WANTED TO GET INVOLVED WITH SCALPHUNTER'S. I HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH MY LIFE.
"I'M FLYING IT!"
SEE?
GREAT JOB, ESME!
THE WIND IS DOING MOST OF THE WORK.
BEHAVE.
OW! I'M TELLING! ESME, YOUR MOM JUST ELBOWED ME!
GOOD! AND YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL ON HER TO ME. I'M THE KID!
YOU'RE EVERYTHING I WANT, YOU KNOW THAT? YOUR FRIEND IS COOL TOO. OLD WHATSHERNAME? I CAN NEVER REMEMBER. SEEMS NICE, ANYWAY.
I'M ESME!
IT'S SO CHILLY OUT. WARM ME UP, WOULD YOU?
MORE KISSING? GROSS!
I WAS FINALLY ON A BEAUTIFUL PATH-- A FEW BUMPS, BUT NOTHING I COULDN'T HANDLE. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS ABOUT TO CRUMBLE UNDER ME.

HAD A REGULAR CUSTOMER--MR. KAHN--A NICE OLD GUY. REMINDED ME OF MY NINTH GRADE MATH TEACHER--THE DAD I ALWAYS WANTED.
HEY--IT'S ME, DEADPOOL!
CHALMERS (UNDER THE NAME "KAHN," GET IT--IT'S A HOMOPHONE?) HOOKED ONE OF REMY'S OLD VILLAIN PALS WHO HAD COME INTO SOME MONEY.
IT WAS A CLASSIC CON--WE'RE SELLING SWAMPLAND IN FLORIDA.
EVEN IF IT KILLS US.
CLEVER GIRL!
I MEAN, IF IT KILLED ME. GAMBIT'S JOB IS SWEET-TALKING A MONSTER INTO MAKING A TEMPORARY VINEYARD.
I THINK MAN-THING DOESN'T LIKE ME. I THINK HE'S--IT'S CALLING THESE GATORS. DO LIZARDS HAVE PHEROMONES?
EVERYONE HURRY UP.
LOOKS LIKE I CAN FINALLY CROSS "BE FEATURED PROMINENTLY IN CROCODILE EXCREMENT" OFF MY BUCKET LIST.
SERIOUSLY? THIS IS ALL YOU GET OF ME IN THIS ISSUE? THAT'S GATOR EXCREMENT, IF YOU ASK ME.
THIS LOOKS GREAT, MR. KAHN. I'M HAPPY TO FRONT YOU THE SCRATCH, IF IT MEANS GETTING A SHARE OF THIS PROPERTY FOR MYSELF.
FOR JO, REALLY. SOMEPLACE WARM. AND FOR ESME, DOWN THE LINE.

I WAS PLANNING A FUTURE, BUT THE PRESENT WASN'T DONE WITH ME.
WELL, THAT'S WEIRD. NUMBER WAS IN SERVICE YESTERDAY.
AHEM.
BE RIGHT WITH YOU.
HI, I'M LOOKING FOR MR. KAHN. ARTHUR KAHN. WHAT? NO, CHECK AGAIN.
YOU DON'T? YOU'RE SURE?
THIS CAN'T BE HAP--
HM?
WHA--?
YAAH!
YOU KNEW I'D BE BACK.

I HONESTLY DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT STUPID.
I'M NOT. I HAD A GUY WHIP UP A THING. YOUR POWERS WON'T WORK ON US. YOU CAN'T TOUCH US. BUT WE CAN TOUCH YOU. SHOW HIM.
YOU WANT ME TO...*TOUCH* HIM?
JUST WRECK HIS STUFF!
THAT MAKES MORE *SENSE!*
HAR-POOON!
THIS COULD HAVE WAITED UNTIL I WAS OFF THE PHONE.
SK-THUNK
I COULDN'T SHUT THEM DOWN BECAUSE OF THE COLLARS PROTECTING THEM. BUT WAS SOMETHING PROTECTING THE COLLARS?
KZZZZT
NOPE.

I SHUT DOWN THEIR COLLARS. BUT I DIDN'T HURT THE GUYS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T, BUT I DIDN'T.
I JUST STOPPED THEM.
I CALLED THE COPS. *ME. I* CALLED THE COPS.
THEY TRASHED MY PLACE. I'M LIVING IN AN INSURANCE NIGHTMARE. NO, THAT'S TOO SMALL. AN INSURANCE *BLACK HOLE.* THAT'S WHAT I'M LIVING IN!
BUT I WOULDN'T LET THEM TAKE MY FREEDOM. THEY WOULDN'T COST ME JO AND ESME.
CRAYON
Dog
BUT IF I EVER SEE MR. KAHN AGAIN, I'LL KILL HIM.
19 MONTHS, 2 WEEKS, 3 DAYS LATER...
RINGTONE
RINGTONE
UNKNOWN NUMBER
HELLO?
YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?
KAHN.
YEAH.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME, BUT I'M SORRY.
I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED. I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE THAT EITHER, BUT IT'S TRUE.
I BROUGHT YOU INTO WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE AN ELABORATE CONFIDENCE SCHEME, HAVING BEEN TAKEN IN BY THE UNLIKELIEST PERPETRATORS...
...SUPER HEROES. NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT THEM!
"GAMBIT"
BUT I'VE PUT TOGETHER PROOF, AS YOU CAN SEE.
"DEADPOOL"
AS WELL AS INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR NEXT PLAN. THEIR NEXT VICTIM.
I LEAVE IT TO YOU TO CALL THE POLICE ON THEM. I OWE YOU THAT AMOUNT OF CLOSURE.
"FAT COBRA"
YOU DIDN'T DESERVE ANY OF THIS. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN ON A GOOD PATH. I HOPE YOU STAY ON IT. GOOD-BYE.

PICK UP, IL SUNG. PLEASE.
RINGTONE
RINGTONE
IL SUNG'S PHONE! LEAVE A MESSAGE IF YOU GOT ONE!
AIEEEEEEE!
IL SUNG, IT'S JO. YOU DIDN'T COME HOME.
I GOT YOU, GAMBIT, YOU KING OF THE BASTARDS. RIGHT IN THE POWERS.
I CALLED WORK. THEY SAID YOU JUST LEFT. WALKED OUT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO ANYONE.
I JUST KEEP THINKING OF MY DAD. HE DIED IN JAIL. YOU CAN'T END UP LIKE HIM. DON'T BREAK MY HEART. I...I JUST...
ESME WANTS TO SAY SOMETHING.
I LOVE YOU!
CALL ME, IL SUNG.
PLEASE.
NO MORE HEALING, DEADPOOL, YOU BAG OF CRAP.

07 NEW MESSAGES
MISSED 07 CALLS
MAYHEW CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
AFTER NEW ORLEANS, I EMBRACED WHO I AM.
A BAD GUY.
WREEE
YEEE YOOO YEEEE YOOO YEE YOOO
BUT THIS TIME, I WASN'T GONNA BE A FOLLOWER DOWN MY PATH.
YEEE YOOO YEEEE Y--
IT'S MY PATH.
CAN'T FIGHT IT.
MAY AS WELL OWN IT.
SNAP
YEEE-YOOO YEEEE-YOOO YEEEE-YOOO YEEEE--
ATTENTION IN THE FACILITY. THERE HAS BEEN A BREACH! GUARDS, MAN YOUR STATIONS! PRISONERS, REMAIN IN YOUR CELLS! THIS IS NOT A DRILL! REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!
MY ONLY QUESTION IS...

...DID IT ALWAYS FEEL SO...
WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE? I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT.
IL SUNG, ALIAS THE SCRAMBLER!
THESE IDIOTS AGAIN.
KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM AND STEP AWAY FROM THE GRILL!
I RUINED THEIR STUPID LIVES LIKE THEY RUINED MINE, BUT HERE THEY ARE, ASKING FOR WORSE.
AND I COULD DO IT. JUST KILL 'EM BOTH. I'D BE A HERO TO THE VILLAINS ALL AROUND ME.
I CAN FEEL HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO JUST SHUT THEIR LIGHTS OUT FOREVER.
÷SIGH÷
BUT MOSTLY IT FELT...

...EMPTY. I JUST MISS JO AND ESME.
OH, THAT'S AN EASY ONE. I KNOW THAT ONE. GO BACK TO THEM. APOLOGIZE.
YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO SIMPLE.
IT IS. IT ABSOLUTELY IS. IT'S EXACTLY THAT SIMPLE. DO IT.
BUT I'M BROKE AND I KNOW WHO I AM. I'M A VILLAIN.
NAH, YOUR HEART'S NOT IN IT.
AND YOU'RE NOT BROKE. NECESSARILY. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR WEEKS. CHECK YOUR MESSAGES.
A GUY NAMED CHALMERS IS TRYING TO BUY YOUR FLORIDA PROPERTY, WHICH IS WORTHLESS SWAMPLAND, BY THE WAY. I CHECKED IT OUT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT IT. YOU SHOULD ABSOLUTELY SELL IT. HE'S MAKING A BIG OFFER.
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO BUY THAT LAND?
UGH, I CANNOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME READ THIS LEGAL GOBBLEDYGOOK. I WISH THERE WAS A WAY TO JUST UNSCRAMBLE IT.
OH, HEY, *DUH!*
WORTH A SHOT, ANYWAY.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, MISS WALTERS? MISS WALTERS?
SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU, PISSPOT.

YOU "UNSCRAMBLED" AN ELDRITCH NORSE RUNEPRINT CODICIL, KIM, YOU ABSOLUTE UTTER MORTAL.
I'M LOKI, BY THE WAY, BUT I GO BY MANY NAMES: KAHN. CHALMERS. OTHERS THAT WOULDST MEAN NOTHING TO YOU.
NOW SIGN THAT PROPERTY TO ME AND I SHALL GRANT YOU YOUR HEART'S DESIRE.
"HEART'S DESIRE"?
YES, OF COURSE. THE LIFE YOU WANT IS YOURS. ALL IS FORGIVEN 'TWIXT YOU AND YOUR WENCH AND HER MOPPET, AND STORES OF WEALTH SHALL BE YOURS.
WHY DO YOU EVEN WANT THE LAND? FOR SOMETHING EVIL?
LET'S SAY MISCHIEVOUS. LOOK. WOULDST THOU BE A HERO? AN INAUGURAL EFFORT IN THAT ENDEAVOR IS NOT WHY YOU WERE BECHOSEN. LOOK WITHIN YOUR DEEPEST COCKLES AND ACT ACCORDING TO THAT WHICH THOU FINDST.
AND WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S IN MY HEART, IF YOU'VE TAKEN MY MEASURE AND CHOSEN ACCORDINGLY?
BE NEITHER HERO NOR VILLAIN TRULY. TAKE NO ACTION BUT WHAT SATISFIES YOU IMMEDIATELY. PROVIDE FOR YOURS AND LOOK NOT AROUND FOR WHAT COULDST BE DONE BUT WAS NOT.
THIS IS IMPORTANT. LOKI IS... LOKI. IF THERE WAS EVER A TIME TO STEP UP, TO BE A HERO, IT'S NOW. AND SIMPLY NOT SIGNING A PIECE OF PAPER IS AN EASY WAY TO DO IT. NOT THAT I'D PROBABLY SURVIVE.
BUT...
I'M NO HERO.

I'M A HERO.
I'M A HERO!
SEE?
THIS IS MY SIDEKICK.
DON'T DO THAT.
GRANTED THE POWERS OF K'UN-LUN AND CHARGED WITH FINDING THE DRAGON'S TONGUE, WE WON'T STOP UNTIL WE FOUND CHALMERS, WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED US AND STOLE THE RELIC, GRANTING HIM POWERS OF HIS OWN.
BUT EVEN WITH A MAGIC AMULET, HE'S JUST AN OLD MAN. AN OLD MAN WITH A MAGIC AMULET. BUT THAT'S IT. NOT LIKE HE'S A GOD OR ANYTHING. HE'S NOT. I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN BROUGHT THAT UP.
EVERYTHING ELSE ASIDE, I'M JUST GLAD TO HAVE THE LAST WORD IN A BOOK WITH MY DUMB NAME IN THE DUMB TITLE. YOU KNOW?
SO.
THE END!
ALL PERFORM THEIR PARTS TO PERFECTION AND I THE DIRECTOR, CONDUCTOR, AND MARIONETTIST, SOON TO REAP THE GREATEST REWARDS, AND THERE IS NOTHING THAT STANDS TO DEFY ME!
FORTUNATELY, AS A GOD, I AM IMMUNE TO HUBRIS.

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #5

THE TREE OF YGGDRASIL HOLDS ALL OF THE NINE REALMS TOGETHER.
WHAT NINE REALMS?
UM.
THE NINE REALMS. YOU KNOW. THE REALMS. ALL NINE OF THEM.
I AM GROOT
IT TOUCHES ALL THE HOBBITY SHIRES OF ICE AND FIRE: WITH THEIR ELVES (NON-XMAS), DWARVES, UNICORNS, AND BOWIES.
THE HOCUS-POCUS ABRACADABRA OF CLOSE-UP SORCERY COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU.
THE BORING COSMIC SKRULL CRAP NOBODY CAN RELATE TO...
HODOR
...AND THE FUN COSMIC KREE CRAP THAT EVERYONE CAN RELATE TO.
HOW MANY REALMS IS THAT? TRUST ME. THERE ARE NINE, AND THIS TREE TOUCHES THEM ALL. "YGGDRASIL" IS ANCIENT NORSE FOR "TOMMY WESTPHALL."
IT EVEN TOUCHES REALMS THAT ARE RELEVANT TO THIS STORY...
K'UN LUN, A CAPITAL CITY OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.
616
EARTH.
KUN
AND ASGARD.
THESE ARE THE REALMS AT PLAY TODAY. BUT THIS ISN'T A COMIC ABOUT A TREE. (SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, ARBORISTS!) THIS IS A COMIC ABOUT THE ONE AND ONLY...

...DEAD FIST.
CHI-FUELED KUNG FU GUY. USING ZEN AND KICKING AND VIOLENCE HAIKUS. LIKE:
Candy
FIVE, SEVEN, AND FIVE SYLLABLES? KARATE CHOPS? BOTH. A KICK-ASS POEM.
I COMMUNE WITH THE ANCIENT WAYS OF HI-YA TO SEEK THE DRAGON TONGUE.
I GO WHERE THE CHI LEADS ME. I HAD A SIDEKICK. BUT HE LEFT.
SO WHAT.
ALONE ON THE TRAIL. I *WILL* FIND THAT WHICH I SEEK. EVEN IF IT KILLS...
...CHALMERS.
THAT DIDN'T WORK.
STUPID SYLLABLES. HAIKUS ARE DUMB ANYWAY.
LET'S JUST GET TO IT.

THIS IS SO ON.
THE BOW OF KONSHU
THE BOW OF KONSHU (UNABRIDGED)
STANDING KICK OF THE GOLDEN EUNUCH
THE FOOL'S WISDOM DOUBLE-WRIST BLOCK
THE MARCH OF THE ANGRY TAILOR
CRANE AMOK
CROUCH TO HEAVEN
ESCAPE OF THE FOUR GOLDEN WALLS
DANCE OF THE BLADE OF THE ELEPHANT
WELCOME THE BLADE OF THE ELEPHANT
THE BUDDHA'S BEARINGS
96 TEARS FROM 48 EYES
PURE MARTIAL ARTS FIGHTS TAKE SO MUCH CONCENTRATION, I CAN HARDLY CAPTION!
SAMURAI SOLUTION FOR EVERYTHING
BUT CHALMERS HAS NO SUCH PROBLEM.
HE KEEPS TALKING, TELLING ME ABOUT HOW HE'S HEALTHY AND STRONG THANKS TO THE DRAGON'S TONGUE.
THAT HE SENT OUR PAST SHAKES.
CHEAT OF THE PYTHON
FROG IN STREETS
TOAD IN THE SHEETS
THAT WE CAN TRUST EACH OTHER NOW.

BUT I DON'T TRUST CHALMERS AS FAR AS I CAN THROW HIM.
FIST OF HEAVEN
THE GETTING HIT OF THE MAGI
JUST SMACKING A GUY WITH A THING
ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I CAN THROW HIM REALLY FAR.
FOOM
ENOUGH!
HEY, REMY. BEEN A MINUTE. YOU LOOK GOOD.
DID YOU THROW VEGETABLES AT ME?
SNAP PEAS AND WEE BÉBÉ CARROTS.
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE. I...I CAN'T FIND SCRAMBLER.
HE'S RIGHT. YOU DO LOOK GOOD.
YEAH, I KNOW.

IF YOU'RE SO BAD AT FINDING PEOPLE, HOW'D YOU FIND OUR NEMO?
I WAS SO ZENNED UP, I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!
ARE YOU *KIDDING?* YOU'RE ON LIVE TV. THOSE WERE PETIT VEGETABLES ARE FROM THE CRAFT SERVICES TABLE.
I WAS TAKING IN A SHOW WHEN YOU FOUND ME.
SHOULD WE KEEP FIGHTING, OR...
NO! I NEED YOUR HELP, WADE. YOU TRACKED CHALMERS WITH YOUR CHI BUSINESS.
I NEED YOU TO TRACK SCRAMBLER TO UNSCRAMBLE ME. I CAN'T TOUCH ANYONE OR I COULD BLOW 'EM UP!
I...I HAVEN'T KISSED IN WEEKS. *WEEKS!*
I FEEL LIKE ROGUE.
YOUR TIMING'S INCHES AWAY FROM PERFECT. LET ME JUST FINISH BEATING UP CHALMERS AND MAKE HIM GIVE ME THE DRAGON'S TONGUE.
NO CHANCE, SPORT. I'VE GOT IT HID WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT.
IN A TREE?

WHAT? NO. NOT IN A--NO! A TREE? *HA HA.* OF COURSE NOT. ARE YOU READING MY CHI?
I'M READING YOUR CHI.
DON'T READ MY CHI.
TOO LATE. I'M READING IT.
CUT IT OUT.
I'M IN THE CHI BUSINESS. AND BUSINESS IS GOOD.
IT'S IN A TREE. UPSTATE. YOU HID IT INSIDE A TREE. SOMEHOW.
REMY, YOU SHOULD COME, FOR TWO STREAMS ALWAYS TURN INTO ONE MIGHTY BROOK EVENTUALLY. PATHS CONVERGE, IF YOU LET THEM. THAT'S CHI 101.
YOU'RE SAYING THAT IF I COME TO THE TREE, SCRAMBLER WILL JUST SHOW UP SOMEHOW? REALLY? *THAT'S* CHI? OKAY, BUT IF HE DOESN'T, YOU'LL HELP ME FIND HIM ONCE YOU FIGHT YOUR TREE.
DEAL.

ASGARD.
WARRIORS THREE, I CHARGE YOU TO MAKE HASTE TO K'UN LUN THAT YOU MAY DISCERN WHY THEIR EMISSARY APPROACHES YGGDRASIL'S MIDGARD ASPECT WITH INTENT MOST ABOMINABLE AND VENOMOUS.
MAINTAIN CIRCUMSPECTION, WARRIORS, FOR THIS SITUATION IS SHARPER THAN THE LEAVINGS OF AUDHUMBLA WITH THE STENCH OF LOKI.
YES, LORD ODIN.
WE SHALL BUT TAKE K'UN LUN TO TASK IN THE WAY OF THE WARRIORS THREE.
AND THEN WE SHALL RETURN VICTORIOUS IN THE WAY OF THE WARRIORS THREE.
AND THE HALLS WILL ECHO WITH THE CHEERS OF THE TALES OF OUR VICTORY.
LET US NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES.
TOO LATE FOR THAT. I CANST BUT ALREADY TASTE THE FLAGONS OF MEAD WE RAISE IN A TOAST TO OUR SUCCESS THEN PAST, BUT NOW AHEAD.

‹EMISSARIES APPROACH, AND THEY ARE THEMSELVES THE MESSAGE OF ASGARD'S INTENT THIS DAY.›*
‹HOW CAN YOU KNOW THIS BEFORE THE EMISSARIES' ARRIVAL?›
‹ASGARD DID NOT SEND THE PEACE-COVETERS THREE.›
‹SHOULD WE SEE TO IT THAT THE WARRIORS DO NOT ARRIVE?›
‹EVEN WERE YOU ABLE, THAT WOULD SURELY RESULT IN A TUMULT BETWEEN OUR REALMS FOR WHICH ALL WOULD BE THE WORSE.›
*TRANSLATED FROM K'UN LUN TALK.
‹BESIDES, IT ALREADY FEELS AS IF WE ARE BUT PAWNS IN A LARGER GAME, AS IF A MISCHIEF GOD IS AT WORK. LET US BE THE WILLOW A-SWAY IN THE WIND. FOR NOW.›

I USED TO BE ALL MIXED UP.
IT WAS APPROPRIATE. I USED TO GO BY *SCRAMBLER.*
NOW I'M JUST KIM IL SUNG.
NOW I GOT MY HEAD SCREWED ON STRAIGHT.
RRMMMM
FROM: JO.
Almost there!
These are from Esme: 😜😉💗💗💗💗
AND NOTHING COULD EVER KNOCK ME OFF THE PATH I'M ON NOW.
NO, NO NO NO NO NO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING *HERE?*
IGNORE THEM. DON'T BE A HERO. DON'T BE A VILLAIN. STAY ON THE PATH.

I'M GETTING SERIOUS JUJU OFF THIS TREE. MUST BE THE ONE. WHO WANTS FRESH TOOTHPICKS?
YOUR AGENT INTENDS VIOLENCE TO AN ASPECT OF THE TREE OF YGGDRASIL.
THAT TREE IS AN EARTHLY ITERATION OF YOUR ALL-TREE? OUT IN THE OPEN WHERE ANYONE'S AGENT MAY FIND IT?
GODS WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS...BUT EVEN MORESO DO TREES. ONE NEVER KNOWS WITH TREES.
NEVER TRUST A TREE!
AN ACT OF K'UN LUN VIOLENCE AGAINST YGGDRASIL SHALL NOT STAND.
WORSE IS IN THE OFFING, FRIEND HOGUN.
WERE THE TREE THAT BINDS ALL TO COME TO HARM, DIRE WOULDST THE RESULT BE.
WERE THE MEREST BRANCH SEVERED, UNMOORED WOULDST THE WORLDS AND HEAVENS BE.
IF ALL OF THIS IS AT STAKE, THEN WHY ARE YOU *HERE?* WHY DO YOU NOT STOP THEM?
WE OF ASGARD CANST NOT INTERFERE DIRECTLY WITH THE TREE, AS IT EXISTS ON OTHER PLANES DUE TO THE COVENANT WITH THE ALL-PLANTER.
I'MA CUT OFF A BRANCH, SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

"PLEASE! HALT THINE AGENT! I IMPLORE THEE."
"TRY TO BE MORE LIKE THE WILLOW IN THE WIND, AND OBSERVE WHAT TRANSPIRES."
"I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE."
"NOT MINE. THE WILLOW'S."
WADE, WAIT. I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
GOOD! I MEAN "CAW CAW." I'M A RAVEN.
THE ONLY THING WE KNOW IS WE CAN'T TRUST CHALMERS.
I DON'T TRUST YOU!
YOU JUST WANT TO FIND SCRAMBLER AND GET YOUR SMOOCH BACK ON. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYONE ELSE'S MISSION!
I'M HERE, AREN'T I? I'LL BLOW UP THIS TREE AND THEN WE'LL SEE HOW CHALMERS HAS SCREWED US THIS TIME AND THEN CAN WE JUST FIND SCRAMBLER!
MAYBE THIS IS JUST THE CHI BUSINESS TALKING, BUT DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?
AND WHATEVER'S WATCHING YOU IS BEING WATCHED?
AND DURING THOSE TIMES, DO YOU FEEL LIKE SOME GUY JUST JUMPED OUT OF NOWHERE AND IS YELLING AT YOU TO STOP?
STOP!
BECAUSE I'M STARTING TO FEEL THAT WAY RIGHT NOW.
NO WAY! IS THAT SCRAMBLER?

I THOUGHT I COULD LET IT GO, BUT I CAN'T. I JUST CAN'T. I WANT TO MORE THAN ANYTHING. BUT I CAN'T.
EVEN NOW, I REGRET THIS, THE THING THAT I'M DOING. I'M NOT THIS GUY. BUT HERE I AM. STANDING IN YOUR WAY. DOING WHAT I DO. TO YOU.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. YOU WERE RIGHT. TWO STREAMS CONVERGE.
I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE.
I KNEW IT! I *KNEW* YOU WERE LYING.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW, REMY? I FEEL CHARGED-UPPY.
GAMBIT, **NO!**
WHA--?
POOM

I FEEL SOMETHING.
I FEEL *DIFFERENT.*
COME ON, YOU OLD TWO OF CLUBS...
YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M BETTER! IT WORKED!
LOOK AT ME! I'M HEALING! BLOWING UP SCRAMBLER GOT US OUR POWERS BACK! YOU KNEW THAT WOULD HAPPEN, RIGHT?
...SURE.

NOW THAT YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, ARE YOU STILL GOING TO BLOW UP THAT TREE?
ARE *YOU?*
LOOK AT THIS! I'M HUGGING YOU AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA EXPLODE! LOOK AT ME! I'M ME AGAIN!
MY OLD SELF!
SEE? THIS WAS IN YOUR POCKET AND NOW IT'S NOT. IS THAT SO ME OR WHAT?
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE DRAGON'S TONGUE. HE HAD IT *ON* HIM! SO NO, I'M NOT GOING TO BLOW UP A TREE.
WITH THE THREAT NO LONGER A-LOOMING, NOW K'UN LUN'S PUNISHMENT CANST BEGIN.
IF YOU CARE TO SEE THE WILLOW'S TEMPER, CONTINUE!
‹WHAT IS IT WITH FAT COBRA AND WILLOWS?›
‹HE LOVES WILLOWS.›
SPEAK NORSE!
OUCHST!
THOU ART NIMBLE FOR ONE OF SUCH GIRTH.
THE OLD PEKING DUCK

THE ONE-HANDED STALLION KICK
BE TOLD IT BY THE HAND
I SAY THEE NAY. AND THEE. AND THEE. I SAY TO ALL OF THEE NAY! NAY NAY NAY!
DEADLY DANCE OF THE SEVERAL DEADLY DANGERS
HOW COME YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS IN A TREE AT ALL?
DUNNO HOW, BUT CHALMERS' CHI MADE ME THINK WHAT HE WANTED ME TO. WHY DID YOU WANT US TO MESS UP THAT TREE, CHALMERS?
OH, NO. SCRAMBLER'S COMING FOR US AGAIN! HIDE YOUR POWERS!
≠KOFF≠... HE'S... NOT...
NOT...≠KOFF≠... WASN'T COMING FOR YOU.
WAS...STANDING UP TO EVIL. TRYING TO DO GOOD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. COMING FOR...HIM!
CHALMERS?
HE'S NOT... CHALMERS. HE'S...
LOKI.
"LOKI"?
"LOKI"?
LOKI!
I DIDST BUT KNOW IT.

YES.
THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M LOKI!
I'M LOKI!
I'M LOKI!
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LOKI.
THIS WHOLE TIME!
MAN, YOU GOT ME. GOOD ONE. BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BLOW UP THAT TREE NOW, YOU'RE WRONG. I'M NOT. NO WAY. *LOKI.*
HEY. YOU'RE LOOKING MUCH BETTER.
I'M *FEELING* MUCH BETTER.
BUT HEY. DEFINITELY DON'T BLOW UP THE TREE!
YEAH, I WON'T. BECAUSE *LOKI.* I WONDER WHY HE EVEN WANTED US TO.
LOKI CANST NOT TAKE ACTION AGAINST THIS TREE BY THE CODICIL OF MMRGHATA, THE ALL-PLANTER, FOR IF HE DIDST, IN SO MUCH TROUBLE WOULDST HE BE, BUT FOR HUMAN AGENTS COERCED, LOKI COULDST UNTETHER THE HEAVENS. FOR WHATEVER REASONS HE'D WANTST TO DO THAT.
HEY, TALKING BIRD.
I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A TALKING BIRD.
I HAVE. WAIT, HAVE I? I MUST HAVE. MAYBE JUST IN A MOVIE.
I CANST SCARCELY CONCEIVE OF MY PLANS, CRAFTED AS IF BY EITRI TO INTRICATE PERFECTION, UNDONE BY SUCH DOLTS AS THESE!

BUT WHY WOULDST THOU HAVE THE REALMS UNDONE, LOKI LAUFEYSON? SURELY THOU ART NOT MAD?
DEAR HUGIN, I WOULDST NOT DEIGN TO EXPLAIN MY MACHINATIONS TO ANY BUT YOU, FOR YOUR ACUITY HAS EARNED MY RESPECT COUNTLESS TIMES.
I HADST CONVERTED A MORSEL OF FLORIDA INTO AN ACREAGE SUITABLE FOR THE GODS.
UPON MANIPULATED CONFLAGRATION 'TWIXT K'UN LUN AND ASGARD, A GODLAND WOULD SURELY FALL. AND I WOULDST THEN OFFER MY SUITABLE REPLACEMENT.
NO WAY. REALLY? ALL THIS WAS EVER ABOUT WAS A LAND DEAL IN FLORIDA?
ISN'T THAT A LITTLE CLICHÉD?
NO WAY! IT'S *CLASSIC*.
TOMATO TOMAHTO.
NOBODY PRONOUNCES TOMATO *"TOMAHTO."*
DOLTS! DOLTS! DOLTS HATH RUINED IT ALL!
AND THEE! SCRAMBLER--A COWARD AND A VILLAIN--HADST THE BRAVERY AND DECENCY TO DO WHAT WAS RIGHT! THAT WAS MY TRUE UNDOING! SUCH INTRICATE PLANS, YEARS OF BIDING TIME AND MANIPULATING CRETINOUS DOLTS TO DO WHAT I CANNOT. UNDONE!
ONE CANST NEVER TRULY ACCOUNT FOR THE MERCURIAL NATURE OF THE SMALLEST HUMAN!
FOR HUMANS ART TRULY...
...MADDENING!
POK
FORSOOTH.
DIDST HE JUST--?
HE DIDST NOT EVEN.
VERILY HE EVEN DIDST! NOBLES OF K'UN LUN, WE APOLOGIZE TO YOU WITH THE MIGHT OF A FROST GIANT. AND NOW LET US TAKE OUR MIGHT TO MIDGARD!

MAYHAP NONE OBSERVED MY ILL-CONCEIVED DIRECT ACTION AGAINST THE TREE FORBIDDEN.
SOME DIDST.
COME, PURVEYOR OF LIES AND MISCHIEF.
YOU HAVE MUCH FOR WHICH TO ANSWER AND THOU SHALT DO IT UNDER THE WEIGHT OF MY BOTTOM. I WILL BE SITTING UPON YOU FOR A FORTNIGHT. THOU SHALT NOT LIKE IT.
AND NOW I GUESS WE SHOULD FIND FAT COBRA AND GIVE HIM BACK HIS TONGUE.
I'LL TRACK HIS CHI! LET'S HAVE WHAT'S SURE TO BE A SUPER VIOLENT REALLY FUN SEQUEL!
YOUR JOURNEY REQUIRES NOT A SINGLE STEP.
WHAT? WHY NOT?
HE IS BUT HERE.
BY HEAVEN'S GOLDEN LIGHT! A TALKING BIRD! A TALKING BIRD!
SO CRAZY, RIGHT? I'M LIKE "WHAAAT?"
WADE WILSON OF CANADA OF EARTH. I THOUGHT UPON OUR BATTLE THAT YOU WERE NOBLE. A TRUE WARRIOR. BUT YOU'RE EXTREMELY DUMB AND CRAZY, WHICH PRESENTS AS EXACTLY THE SAME.
YOU SHALL NOT REPRESENT K'UN LUN ANY LONGER.
FAIR ENOUGH. EASY COME, EASY GO.
YOU, SIR, RESISTED HONORABLY... EVENTUALLY. WOULD YOU CARE TO BE A REPRESENTATIVE OF K'UN LUN?
PASS.
BUT HERE YOU GO. THIS IS YOURS. SORRY WE STOLE IT. WE WERE DUPED.
I BID YOU BOTH FAREWELL, BUT I BELIEVE WE WILL ENCOUNTER ONE ANOTHER AGAIN, AND THEN WE SHALL DRINK ONCE MORE AS TRUE FRIENDS. PREPARE YOUR LIVERS FOR THEIR GREATEST CHALLENGE OF ALL!

COME ON. LET'S GRAB A BEER AND DRINK ONCE MORE AS TRUE FRIENDS.
YOU TURNED OUT TO BE RIGHT. WE TRUST EACH OTHER ENOUGH, I THINK.
ARE WE, THOUGH? TRUE FRIENDS? I GUESS I TRUST YOU A LITTLE. THANKS FOR COMING WITH ME UP HERE EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME.
YEAH.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE WERE LOKI'S PAWNS. FOR YEARS!
IT'S KIND OF COOL. WE RAN SCHEMES WITH THE GOD OF SCHEMES.
AS HIS PAWNS.
BUT LOKI! NEATO! THAT EXPLAINS ANY PLOT HOLES THAT HAVEN'T BEEN EXPLAINED. LIKE WHY WE WERE EVEN DOING CONS IN THE FIRST PLACE. LOKI MAGIC.
"PLOT HOLES"?
FORGET IT, JAKE. IT'S CHINATOWN.
WHAT?
JUST A JOKE.
REFERENCES AREN'T JOKES.
IF THERE'S ONE THING TO TAKE AWAY FROM THIS, IT'S THAT REFERENCES AREN'T JOKES.
BUT IF THERE'S TWO THINGS, ONE OF THEM IS THAT MAYBE I'M A HERO, AFTER ALL.
AND WHAT DOES THAT GET ME? DYING IS WHAT. I'M DYING. AND I'LL NEVER GET TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO--
MMRRRRR
JO. Where are you?

HEY, I DIDN'T DIE! AGAIN!
SO, ACCORDING TO THE DOCUMENTS WE HAVE, THIS LAND BELONGS TO YOU, KIM. FREE AND CLEAR. IT SEEMS AS IF SOMEONE'S BEEN WORKING HARD ON THE LAND. IT'S IN GREAT SHAPE.
IT'S PERFECT. AND MY DOCTOR THINKS SPENDING TIME RECUPERATING HERE WILL HAVE RESTORATIVE EFFECTS.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DOCTOR?
YEA, VERILY. I MEAN, "CAW CAW" I'M A BIRD, NOT A DOCTOR!
THE END!

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #1

CARROZ
2016!

SQUIRREL GIRL!
SQUIRREL GIRL, SQUIRREL GIRL! SHE'S A HUMAN AND ALSO SQUIRREL!
CAN SHE CLIMB UP A TREE? YES SHE CAN, EASILY.
FUN FACT #1: UNBEATABLE GIRL WITH THE POWERS OF A SQUIRREL.
FUN FACT #2: JANUARY 21ST IS NATIONAL SQUIRREL APPRECIATION DAY.
♪
SPIDER-HAM!
FUN FACT #1: SOMETHING GREATER THAN EITHER A SPIDER OR PIG.
FUN FACT #2: 86.7% OF AMERICANS PUT MUSTARD ON THEIR HOT DOGS.
--IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, WHERE SHARES IN ROXXON ARE DOWN AFTER--
THE PUNISHER!
FUN FACT #1: SHOOTS BULLETS AT CRIMINALS.
FUN FACT #2: BECAUSE THE SPEED OF SOUND IS SLOWER THAN THE SPEED OF A CHAMBERED PROJECTILE, YOU LITERALLY WILL NEVER HEAR THE BULLET THAT KILLS YOU.
VRRRROOOOOOOM
ANT-MAN!
FUN FACT #1: ANT-MAN'S REAL NAME IS SCOTT LANG.
FUN FACT #2: ADAM ANT'S REAL NAME IS STUART LESLIE GODDARD.
ALMOST THERE...
HOWARD THE DUCK!
FUN FACT #1: HOWARD WAS KIDNAPPED FROM HIS HOME PLANET BY A DEMON CALLED THOG.
FUN FACT #2: IT IS A MYTH THAT A DUCK'S QUACK WON'T ECHO.
JUST KEEP THE ENGINE RUNNIN', OKAY?
WASTE OF TIME...
DING-DONG

HEY, HOWARD.
WAAAAAUGH!
MAN-THING SAYS HI.
FORBUSH MAN!
FUN FACT #1: FORBUSH MAN FIRST APPEARED IN 1955.
FUN FACT #2: IN THE PHILIPPINES, THE GIFT OF A CHAMBER POT IS SUPPOSED TO ENCOURAGE PROSPERITY.
YAY! MORE GUESTS!
I'M MISSING MY DAUGHTER'S BASKETBALL GAME. YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?
DO I LOOK LIKE I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?

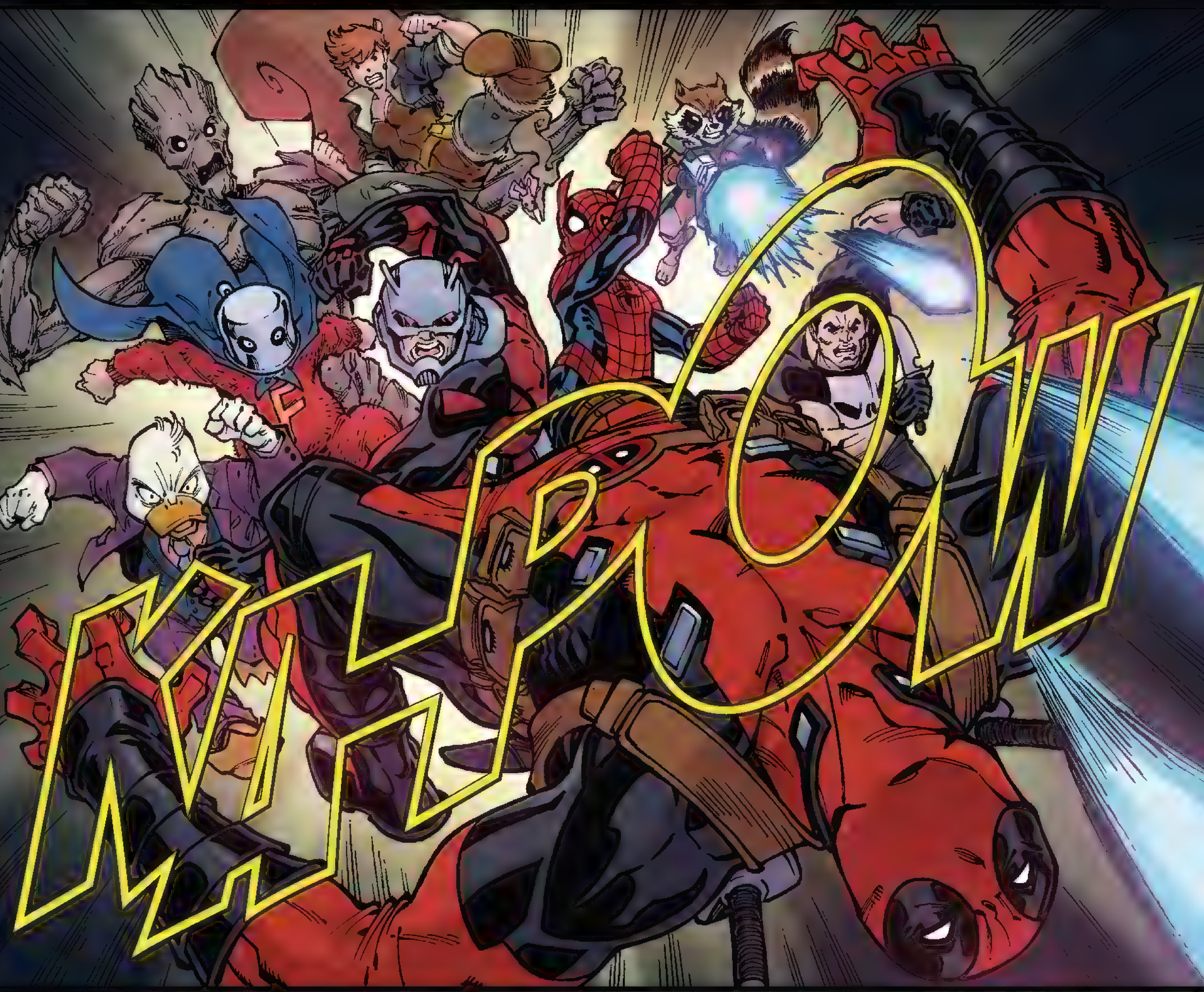
HI, THERE! I'M SQUIRREL GIRL! I EAT *NUTS* AND KICK *BUTTS!*
☠☠☠☠
DO EITHER OF YOU KNOW WHAT THE WORD *"DEFENESTRATE"* MEANS?
FINGER SANDWICH?
IT'S ONLY *TUNA*. YOU CAN *RELAX*.
THAT *BETTER* NOT BE *FOIE GRAS.*
WATCH OUT, *FEATHERHEAD!* REAL LIVE *SPACE HEROES* COMIN' THROUGH!
I AM GROOT!
WAAAAAUGH!!!
ROCKET & GROOT!
FUN FACT #1: ROCKET USED TO WEAR AN AWESOME PAIR OF ROCKET SKATES.
FUN FACT #2: TREES LIVE LONGER THAN ALL OTHER ORGANISMS.

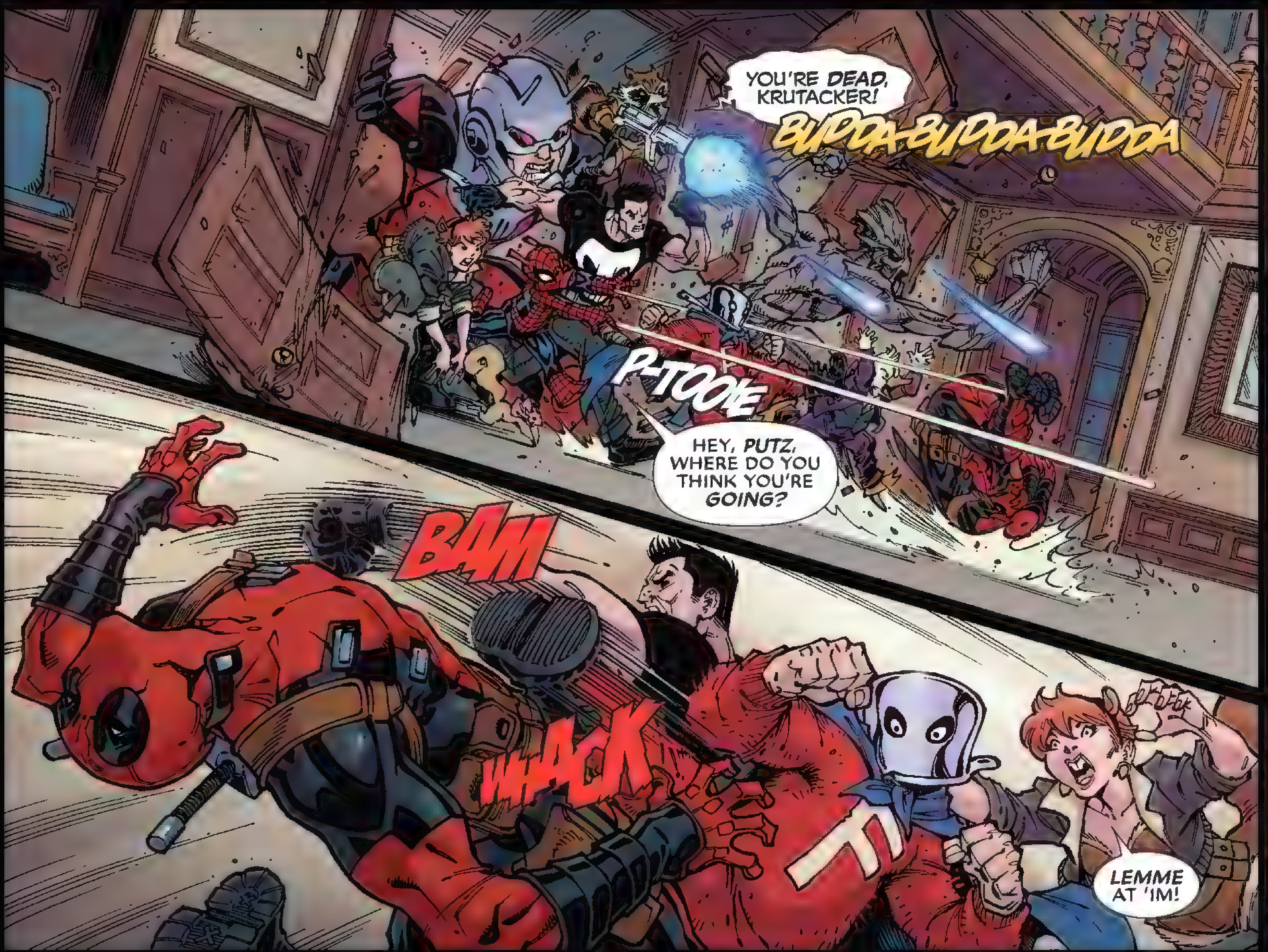
OKAY, ONE OF YOU IDIOTS BETTER START TALKIN' BEFORE ME AND GROOT START TAKING SCALPS!
ALL I KNOW IS IT'S BEEN 24 HOURS SINCE I SHOT SOMEONE AND I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE SHAKES.
HE WAS HERE FIRST. HE'S GOT TO KNOW SOMETHING.
I'M ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW ANYTHING.
YEAH... THAT'S A GREAT SUPER-POWER YOU GOT THERE.
I'M JUST HAPPY TO BE HERE AND HANG OUT WITH YOU AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU!
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? EACH OF US RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO COME HERE BECAUSE SOME LOWLIFE IS BLACKMAILING US...
DEADPOOL!
FUN FACT #1: THE MERC WITH A MOUTH.
FUN FACT #2: THE REASON YOU BOUGHT THIS COMIC.
FUN FACT #3: DEADPOOL ATE CHUCK NORRIS FOR BREAKFAST!
SHIKLAH!
FUN FACT #1: MRS. DEADPOOL.
FUN FACT #2: DEMON-QUEEN OF THE UNDEAD. BWA-HA-HA!
...AND I KNOW FOR A FACT THE BLACKMAILER IS HERE IN THIS ROOM!
WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THE DIRT THIS SCUMBAG HAS GOT ON US ALL...

"THAT FORBUSH MAN SHOPLIFTS HIS COSTUME FROM THE LOCAL APPLIANCE STORE..."
BED BATH & BEYONDER
STAINLESS STEEL IS EXPENSIVE!
PLEASE DON'T TELL MY MANAGER!
"AND HOWARD THE DUCK KEEPS LEAVING FLAMING PILES OF DOG POOP AT SHE-HULK'S FRONT DOOR..."
EH, SHE DESERVES IT.
SHE JUST, YOU KNOW, DOESN'T NEED TO FIND OUT IT'S ME...
iss Piggy
"AND SPIDER-HAM IS CYBERSTALKING A CERTAIN BELOVED PORCINE ACTRESS..."
NO COMMENT.
"AND SQUIRREL GIRL IS TERRIFIED THAT EVERYONE WILL LEARN SHE'S SECRETLY A COLLEGE STUDENT NAMED--"
OH, NO! DON'T SAY IT!

WHAT? DOREEN GREEN?
YOUR NAME'S DOREEN GREEN.
I AM GROOT!
WHAT?!
!
YOUR REAL NAME IS DOREEN GREEN.
YOUR PARENTS ARE NAMED DOR AND MAUREEN GREEN.
"AND ROCKET AND GROOT PROGRAMMED THE SHI'AR FLAGSHIP'S COMPUTER TO USE PROFANITY..."
TARGET ESTABLISHED. $%&#HEAD.
HEH, YEAH, I REMEMBER THAT.
WAIT--WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS?
"AND ANT-MAN INSERTED THE GIF OF A TOY RUBBER ANT INTO A PRESENTATION HANK PYM GAVE TO THE U.N. ON COMBATING MALARIA."
IT WAS A PRANK. A PRANK! IF HANK FINDS OUT, HE'LL SEND ME ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO THE MICROVERSE!
"AND THE PUNISHER CRIED DURING THE NEW STAR WARS MOVIE..."
IS BEING HUMAN SUDDENLY A CRIME?
I THOUGHT I ALREADY TOOK CARE OF EVERYONE IN THE THEATER...

WAITAMINIT! HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS CRAP?
TIME TO SPILL THE BEANS, FELLA.
YEAH!
WHAT D'YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
WELL?
I AM GROOT!
ANSWER THE QUESTION!
MY ANGER-SENSE IS TINGLIN'.
THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD.
WELL...UM... I SAID THE BLACKMAILER IS HERE IN THIS ROOM...
HEH-HEH?


KHPOW!!


YOU'RE DEAD, KRUTACKER!
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
P-TOOIE
HEY, PUTZ, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
BAM
WHACK
LEMME AT 'IM!

CHOMP
CHOMP
BLAM!
BLAM
BLAM
THOMP
SLAM
RRRRRAHHHHHRRRRR!
DON'T YOU DARE LAY A HAND ON MY CONSORT!!!
I THINK I'VE MADE MY POINT.
LET'S SEE...THE HEAD BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE NECK BONE...
POP
DO-IT-YOURSELF CHIROPRACTICS, BOYS AND GIRLS!

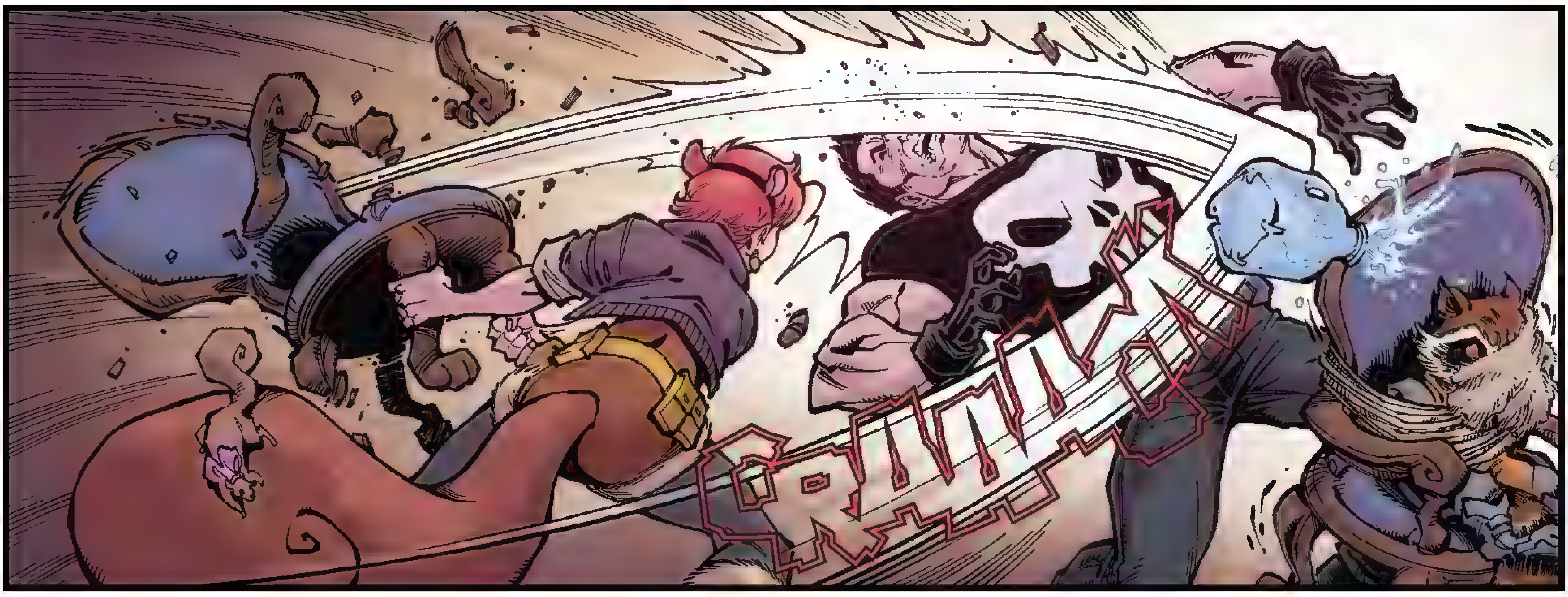
SO... WHERE *WERE* WE...?
YOU *WANTED* US ALL HERE. WE'RE *HERE*. WHY? WHO NEEDS *KILLING?*
OOOH! ADORABLE *WOODLAND CREATURE* TEAM-UP *ADVENTURE!!!*
OY, THE *INDIGNITY*...
WHAT'S A *WOODLAND CREATURE?*
NO, NO, IT'S *NOTHING* LIKE THAT.
I WANT *YOU ALL* ON MY *CHRISTMAS* CARD!
KILL ME. PLEASE.
WHAT'S A CHRISTMAS CARD?
I AM GROOT.
ARE YOU *KIDDING* ME?!
IT'S *JULY*.
AWWWW!
ME?
WHY US?
ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS?* YOU'RE THE *FUNNIEST* CHARACTERS IN TODAY'S *COMIC BOOKS!*
THIS CHRISTMAS CARD COULD GO VIRAL! THINK OF THE *MEMES!* THINK OF THE *ROYALTIES!*
WHADDYA SAY?
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU HAVE A *CHOICE*...
OH YEAH?

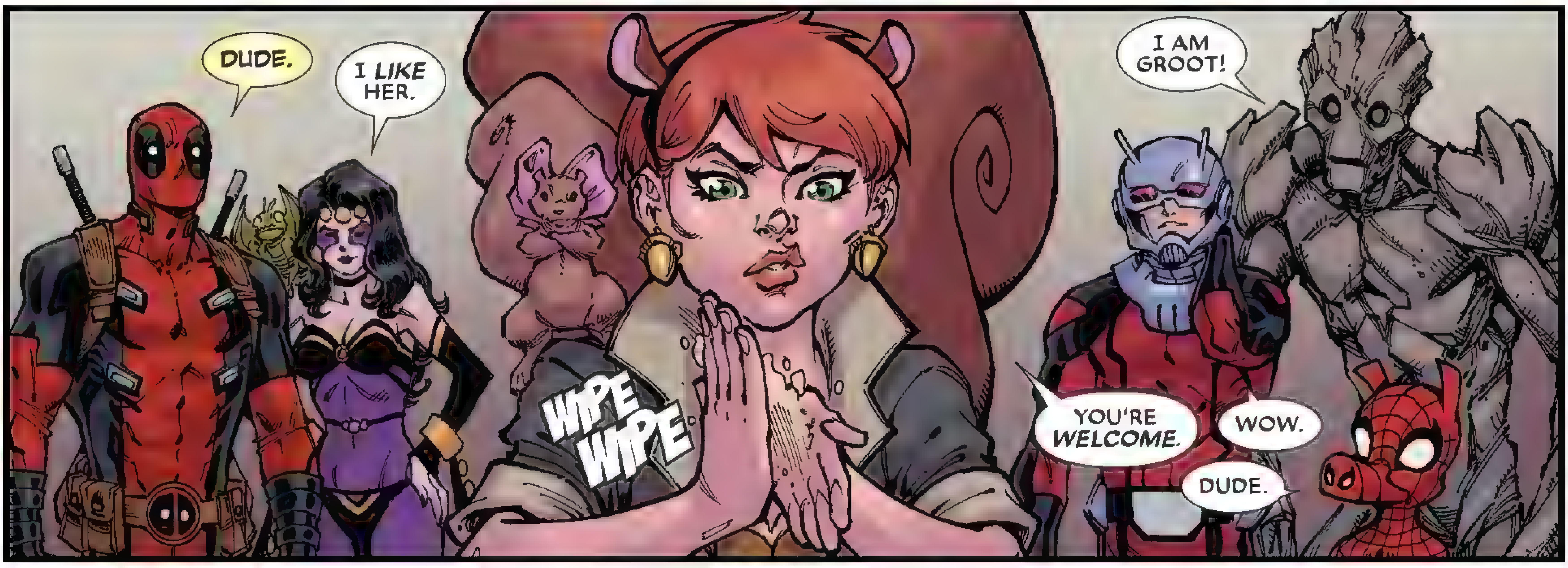
I ALWAYS GOT A CHOICE! I'M OUTTA HERE!
SLAM
"DEAR SHULKIE, CHECK OUT THESE PICS I'M UPLOADING TO YOUR INBOX. I HEAR DUCK PATÉ IS IN. LOVE, DEADPOOL."
ANYONE ELSE WANT TO WALK OUT ON THE WILSON FAMILY CHRISTMAS? NO? DIDN'T THINK SO.
"SO NOW WE JUST NEED TO FIND A ROOM IN HERE THAT YOU DIDN'T TRASH...
"WE COULD TRY THE BILLIARDS ROOM, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE GETTING COMPLAINTS THAT MY CHRISTMAS CARD'S GOT TOO MANY BALLS IN IT... AGAIN...
"THERE'S THE CONSERVATORY... BUT WE MIGHT LOSE GROOT IN ALL THE FOLIAGE..."
"I AM GROOT!"
"REALLY? I HAD NO IDEA.
"WAIT! I GOT IT!"
WALK THIS WAY.

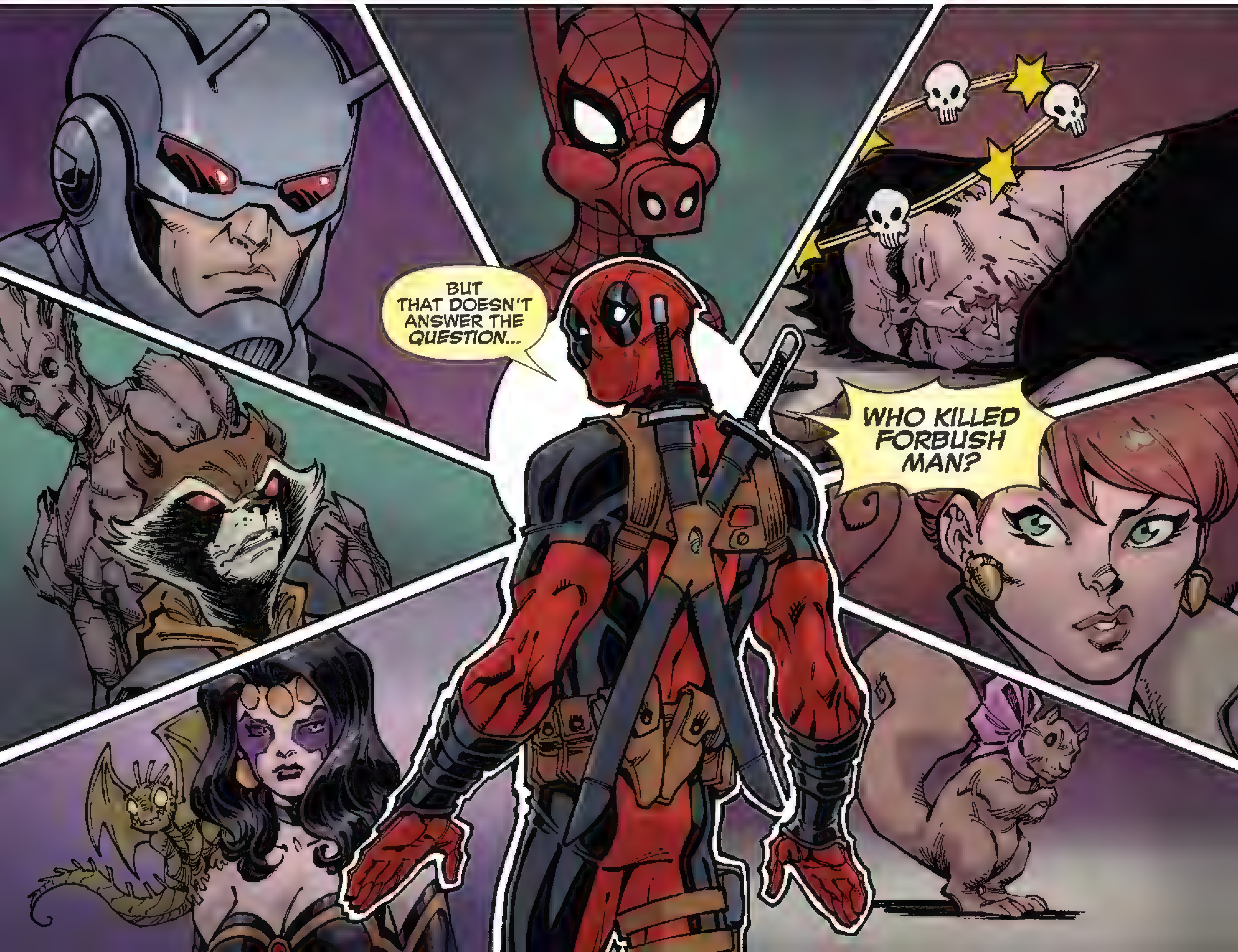
OKAY! HOW SHOULD WE DO THIS? BOY-GIRL-BOY-GIRL? BOY-BOY-GIRL-GIRL? BOY-GIRL-GROOT?
UGH, I CAN'T WORK IN THESE CONDITIONS!
SHIKLAH, DARLING, COULD YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIGHTING IN HERE?
EASILY.
ZAP
MIND IF I BORROW YOUR NIGHT VISION SCOPE?
YES, I MIND.
YOU'RE A PAL.
NOW LEMME JUST SET THE TIMER ON THE BOMB...ERR, I MEAN CAMERA...
...AND ON THE COUNT OF THREE, EVERYBODY SAY "CHIMICHANGA!"...

I AM GROOT!
CHIMICHANGA!
WHAT'S A CHIMICHANGA?
CHIMICHANGA!
CHEESE.
AND NOW... LIGHTS!
FZZZZZZZZ
AHHHHHH!!!
O-M-G!!!

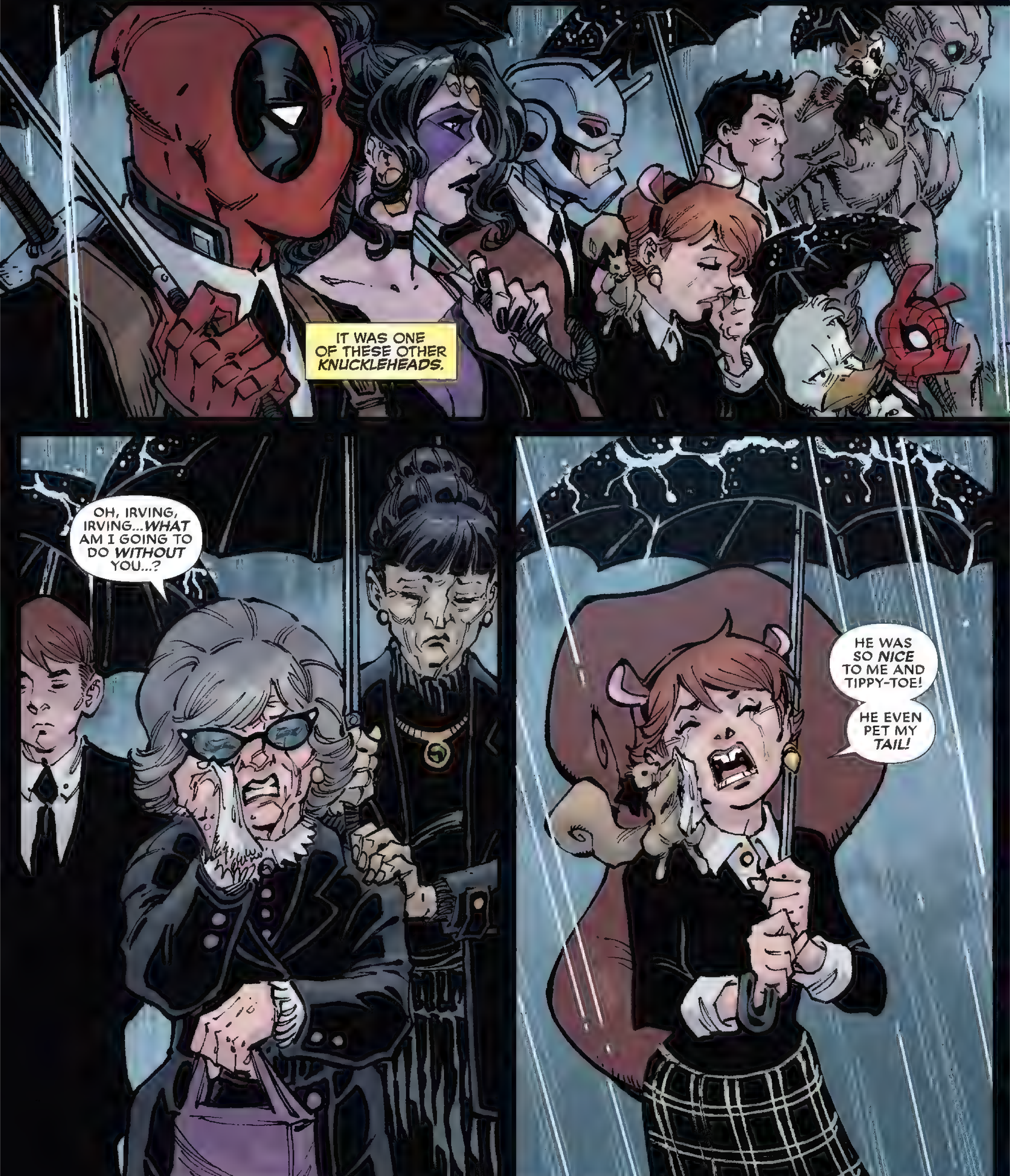
OKAY, WHAT *GIVES*, FRANK?
I DIDN'T WHACK HIM!
I *SAW* YOU EYEBALLING HIM.
I'D JUST NEVER SEEN A *HUMAN* WITH ENOUGH SENSE TO *HIDE* HIS UGLY FACE IN A *POT!*
I'M NOT THE ONE WHO ARRANGED ALL OF US TO *BE HERE!*
FRANK'S *RIGHT!*
(GOD HELP ME, I'M *AGREEING* WITH THE PUNISHER.)
DEADPOOL *IS* THE ONE WITH THE SWORDS.
OH, DANG. I *AM* THE ONE WITH THE SWORDS.
OLD FRIENDS, DID YOU CHOP OFF FORBUSH MAN'S HEAD?
NOT *TALKIN'*, EH? VERY *SUSPICIOUS.*
THEN AGAIN, THERE'S NO *BLOOD* ON THEM.
HONEY, DID YOU *DRINK* THE *BLOOD* FROM MY *SWORDS* AGAIN?
NOT ME.
I SAY WE *WATERBOARD* EACH OF YOU TILL ONE OF YOU *TALKS.*
GOOD IDEA!
WAIT, WHAT'S A *WATERBOARD?*
DON'T YOU *DARE!* TORTURE IS *MEAN* AND *BAD* AND *WRONG!*
I'M NOT REALLY *THIRSTY...*
TRY TO *STOP* ME, *RODENT CHICK.*


CRUNCH


DUDE.
I LIKE HER.
WIPE WIPE
I AM GROOT!
YOU'RE WELCOME.
WOW.
DUDE.


BUT THAT DOESN'T ANSWER THE QUESTION...
WHO KILLED FORBUSH MAN?

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN...
LOT OF GREAT PEOPLE BURIED HERE...
THE GUY FROM THAT FUN R.E.M. SONG ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE, THE GUY WHO PLAYED THE WIZARD IN THE MOVIE VERSION OF WICKED...
AND THEN THERE'S THIS GUY...
Irving Forbush RIP
HARMLESS.
GOOFY.
DEAD.
AND NO, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO PUT HIM DOWN.


IT WAS ONE OF THESE OTHER *KNUCKLEHEADS.*
OH, IRVING, IRVING... *WHAT* AM I GOING TO DO *WITHOUT* YOU...?
HE WAS SO *NICE* TO ME AND TIPPY-TOE!
HE EVEN PET MY *TAIL!*

FORBUSH MAN...FORBUSH MAN...WHAT A WASTE...
...OF A *PERFECTLY* GREAT NICKNAME! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED *POT HEAD!*
DUDE ACTUALLY WORE A *POT* ON HIS *HEAD!*
"HEY, HERE COMES POT HEAD! LOOKIN' SPLIFFY!"
F

WHAT? TOO SOON?
TOUGH *AUDIENCE.*
WELL, CHILLAX. I'M GONNA *FIND* WHOEVER DID THIS AND THEN *THEY'LL* BE THE ONES GETTIN' *BURIED.*
'CAUSE I'M GONNA KILL THEM.
YOU KNOW, WITH BULLETS.
OR MAYBE KNIVES.
HMM. BEEN A WHILE SINCE I PUSHED ANYONE OFF A BUILDING...
ONE OF *THEM* DID IT, YOU KNOW. ONE OF THEM CUT OFF POT HEAD'S *HEAD.*
I HAD A *FRIEND* ONCE WHO USED TO CUT OFF HEADS. HE'D HAND THEM OUT AS GIFTS DURING THE *HOLIDAYS.*
BUT I GUESS YOUR *CHRISTMAS CARD* IDEA IS NICE, TOO.
THANK YOU?
HAPPY HUNTING!
LOVE YOU TOO, BABE.
ALL RIGHT! READY TO FIND THE *CULPRIT* AND DELIVER A FISTFUL OF *JUSTICE?*
A FISTFUL OF WHAT NOW?

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY *MITTS* ON HIM! I'M GONNA MAKE HIM SEE *STARS!*
AWW, *WHO'S* A GOOD GIRL? *WHO'S* A GOOD GIRL?
PAT-PAT-PAT
LOOK! SQUIRREL!
SQUIRREL!
SQUIRREL?
NO WAY I'M GONNA LET *CHIPPER CHIPMUNK* SLOW DOWN THIS INVESTIGATION!
RUN, FORREST, RUN!
IT'S NOT *PERSONAL...*
...BUT WADE WILSON HAS CERTAIN *REQUIREMENTS* WHEN IT COMES TO *PARTNERING...*
...AND LAST I *CHECKED,* BABY-GOT-BACK BACK THERE DOESN'T HAVE A *GLOWING EYE* OR *SEVENTEEN POUCHES* ON HER BELT...

...OR LUG AROUND A *GUN* SO *HUGE* HE'S OBVIOUSLY *COMPENSATING* FOR SOMETHING...
OH, CABLE, I MISS YOU.
I WONDER IF--
GAHHH!
ARE WE RACING? I LOVE RACES!
HELP! *ANIMAL* CONTROL!
OH, YOU *KIDDER!*
SCHLEMIEL!
SCHLEMAZEL!
HASENPFEFFER INCORPORATED!
BY THE POWER OF *LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY,* HELP ME LOSE THIS *SQUIRREL GIRL!*
I DID IT?
I *DID* IT!
GAHHH!
WHERE ARE WE *GOING,* ANYWAY? COULDJA GIVE ME A *HINT?*

RUN, RABBIT, RUN!
PARKOUR!
DID I *LOSE* HER? IS SHE *LOST?*
AM *I* LOST? WHOSE *ROOF* IS THIS AGAIN?
GAHHHHH!
HELLO!
RUN, BARRY, RUN!

DESTINATION AHOY!
CRAP. I MUST HAVE LEFT MY *METROCARD* IN MY *THONG*.
I'VE GOT A SWIPE FOR YOU.
4
5
YOU'D DO THE *SAME* FOR ME.
MM-HM. YEP. YOU BETCHA.

SO, DEADPOOL, WHERE ARE WE HEADED ANYWAY?
YOU SEE THIS?
I SEE IT!
IT'S A TRACKER.
OOH, SO AM I!
AT THE FUNERAL, I PUT A TRACER ON EACH OF OUR SUSPECTS.
WHO ARE THOSE TWO?
ARE WE SUSPECTS?
THAT'S US.
THE WHOLE WORLD IS SUSPECT, SQUIRREL GIRL.
BUT I FIGURED WE'D START WITH ROCKET AND GROOT BEFORE THEY ZIP ON BACK TO OUTER SPACE.
COOL! WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
JUST OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO.
COOL! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THERE?
FOLLOW ME.
I ALREADY AM!
WELL, ME AND TIPPY-TOE.
OH, GOOD.
THERE'S A SECRET AVENGERS HIDEOUT FROM THE '80S AROUND HERE...SOMEWHERE...
CAREFUL. THERE ARE CROCODILES DOWN HERE, TOO.
THAT'S JUST AN URBAN LEGEND.
UNFORTUNATELY.

UM, IS THE SECRET AVENGERS HIDEOUT *INSIDE THE TRAIN* THAT'S COMING TOWARD US?
I DON'T... THINK SO...
WAIT! HERE IT IS!
SWEET!
'CAUSE I *HATE* GETTING RUN OVER BY TRAINS.
ESPECIALLY SINCE THIS SUIT'S A RENTAL!
WOW... EVERYTHING IS SO *RETRO!*
I THINK THIS WAS MOSTLY USED BY THE *WEST COAST AVENGERS.*
I USED TO BE IN THE *GREAT LAKES AVENGERS!*
YEAH, ME TOO! UNTIL I WAS *KICKED OUT. THANKS* FOR THAT, BY THE WAY.
DANGER
OPERATION GALACTIC STORM

TIME TO GET OUR *GAME FACES* ON.
THESE ARE MY *HIKING BOOTS.*
WHERE WERE YOU *STORING* THEM?
IN MY *NUTSACK.*
OKAY...LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO PROGRAM THIS TELEPORTER...
OH, HEY, WHO ARE THESE CUTE LITTLE BABIES WITH THE SCARLET WITCH AND VISION?
HERE WE GO...I THINK...
SO THIS IS GOING TO, LIKE, SEND US TO ANOTHER TELEPORTER IN SAN FRANCISCO?
MAYBE?
DANGER!!! DO NOT
IT TICKLES!
?
SSSZZZZZZZZ
DANGER!!! DO NOT USE!!!
DANGER!!! DO NOT USE!!!
!

SSSSSZZZZZT
LAZER BLAST LASER TAG
I'D LIKE TO RENT A...
WHAAAA--?!
LAZER BLAST LASER TAG
HERE WE ARE! *SAN FRANCISCO!*
(I THINK I ONCE LEFT A GUY'S *HEART* HERE.)
OH, NO! WE LEFT *TIPPY-TOE* BACK IN *NEW YORK!*
LET'S GO! WE HAVE NO TIME TO SPARE!
TIPPY-TOE! BE SAFE!
SSSSSZZZZZZZTT
THERE'S *MORE* COMING?
OH MY *GOD!* WHAT IS *THAT?!*

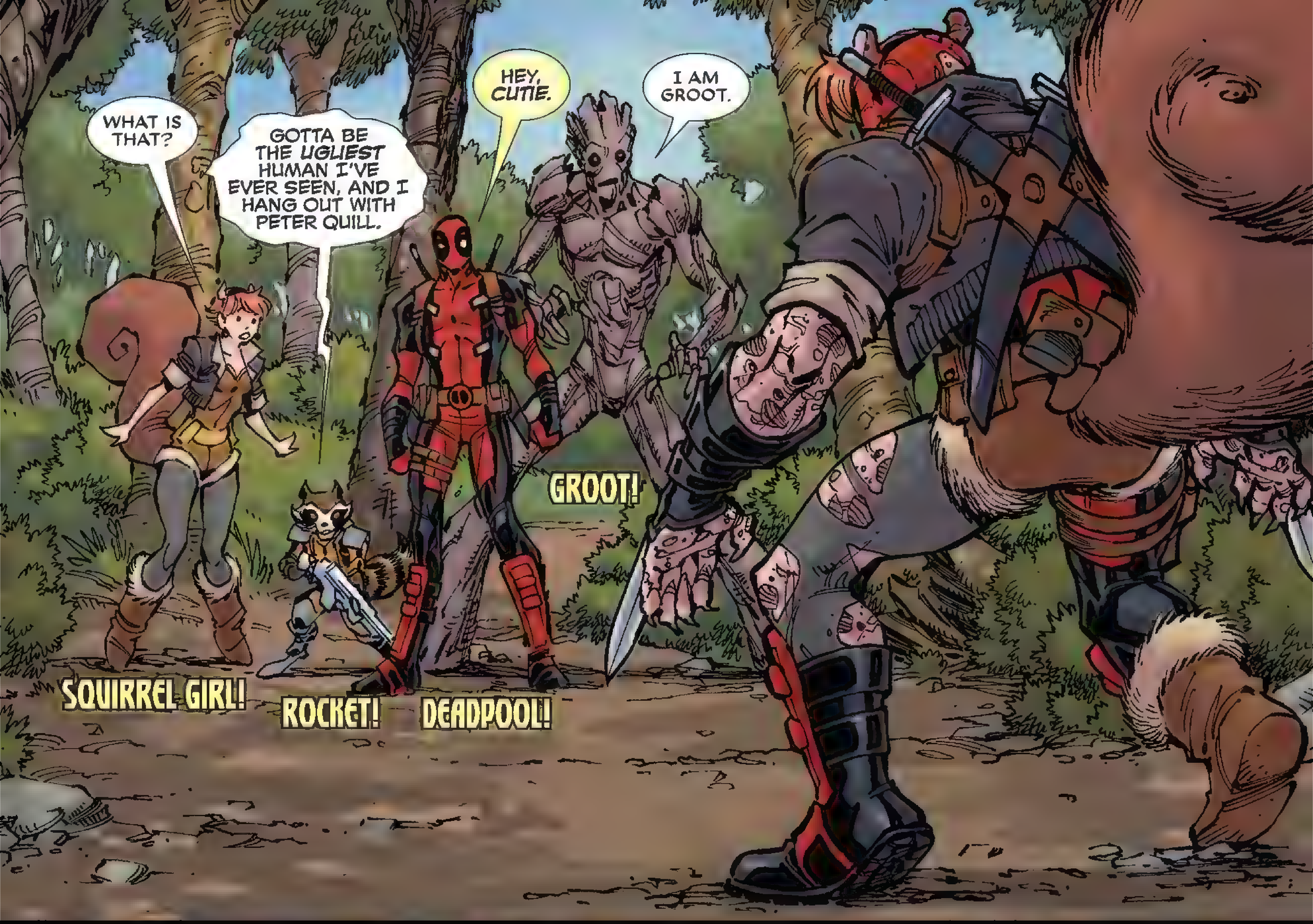
LA, LA, LA... WALKING THROUGH NATURE...
I HAD NO IDEA SAN FRANCISCO WAS SO PRETTY!
THIS IS *MUIR WOODS.* I WONDER WHY ROCKET AND GROOT ARE HERE.
BECAUSE IT'S SO *PRETTY!*
UH, YEAH. I'M *SURE* THAT'S IT.
KABOOM
UH-OH. MY *KABOOM*-SENSE IS TINGLING.
CHIRP-SPLAT
WHAT ARE YOU *KRUTACKERS* DOIN' HERE?
HIYA, CUTIE!
GRRRRRR
WHERE'S GROOT?
MAKIN' TIME WITH THE *LOCALS.*
OMG, THAT'S THE MOST *ADORABLE* SIGHT I'VE EVER *SEEN!*

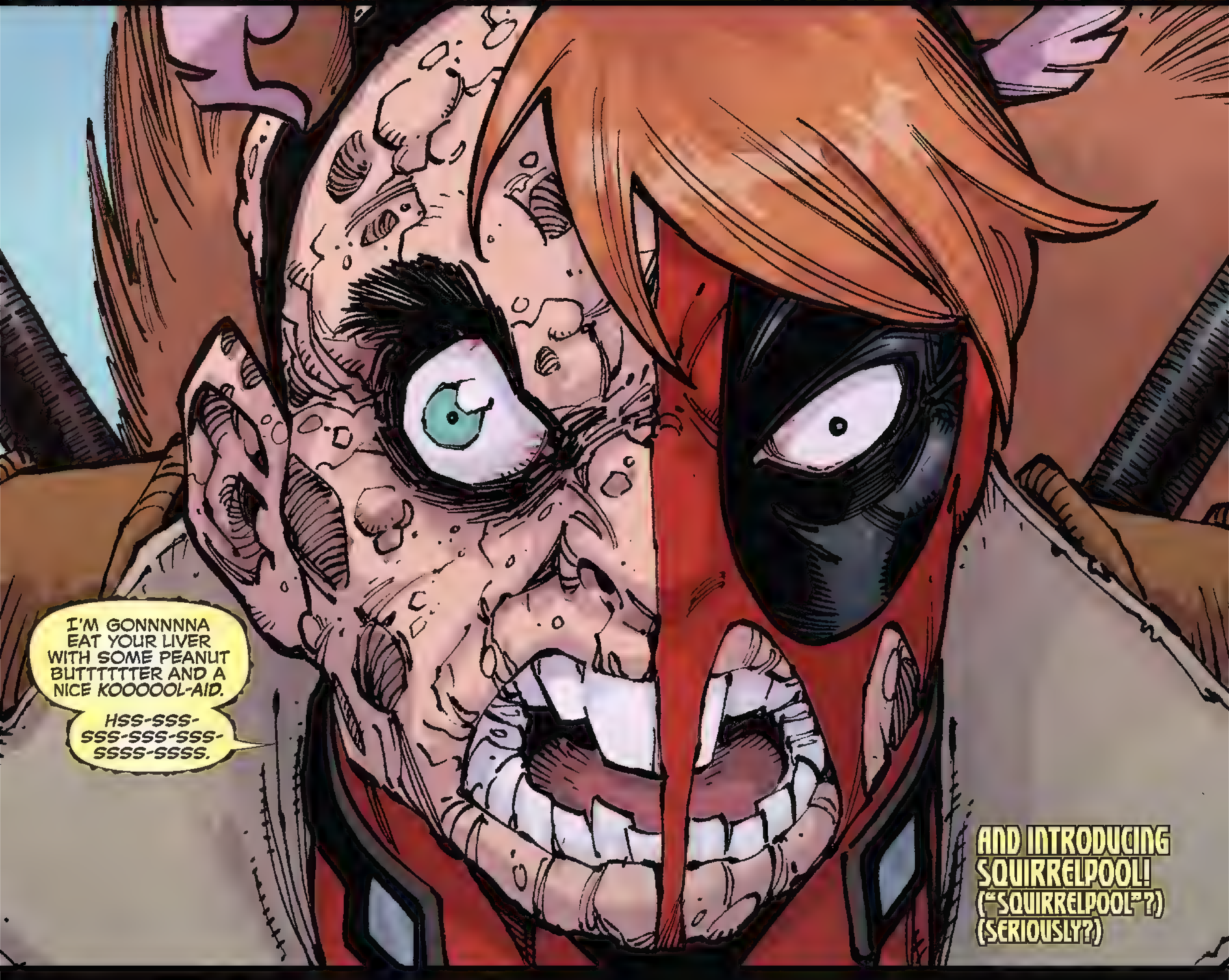
ENOUGH *STALLING*, RUNT! WHERE WERE YOU WHEN *FORBUSH MAN* WAS KILLED?
I WAS WITH *YOU*, YOU *IDIOT!*
SO YOU *WERE* AT THE CRIME SCENE! YOU *ADMIT* IT!
I ADMIT *NOTHIN'*--EXCEPT THAT I WAS ONE OF THE TWELVE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM.
I AM GROOT!
THIRTEEN? WHAT ARE YOU *TALKIN'* ABOUT?
I AM GROOT!
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO *COUNT?*
WHAT ARE THEY ARGUING ABOUT?
GROOT INSISTS THERE WERE THIRTEEN PEOPLE IN THE ROOM.
LET'S SEE... THERE'S THE FOUR OF US... AND *TIPPY-TOE* MAKES FIVE...
AND YOUR *BABE* AND HER *BIRD...*
THEIR NAMES ARE *SHIKLAH* AND *BUG.*
THAT MAKES SEVEN.
PLUS *SPIDER-HAM* AND *ANT-MAN* AND *HOWARD THE DUCK...*
AND PUNISHER. AND FORBUSH MAN MAKES TWELVE.
UH, I DON'T *THINK* HE KILLED HIMSELF. PROBABLY.
SO WHO'S NUMBER THIRTEEN?
DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?
WHAT *WAS* THAT?
THUMP
THUMP

GOOOOOOD AFTERNOOOOOOON...
MY NAME IS SQUIRRRRRRRELPOOOOOL...
...AND I'VE COME TO KICK NUTS AND EAT--
WAIT A SEC.
NEVER MIND, I'M JUST GOING TO EAT ALLLLLLL OF YOU!

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #2

BORN TO BE
GROOT
LARROCA 2016
CURIEL


WHAT IS THAT?
GOTTA BE THE *UGLIEST* HUMAN I'VE EVER SEEN, AND I HANG OUT WITH PETER QUILL.
HEY, *CUTIE*.
I AM GROOT.
SQUIRREL GIRL!
ROCKET!
DEADPOOL!
GROOT!


I'M GONNNNNA EAT YOUR LIVER WITH SOME PEANUT BUTTTTTTER AND A NICE *KOOOOOL-AID*.
HSS-SSS-SSS-SSS-SSS-SSSS-SSSS.
AND INTRODUCING SQUIRRELPOOL!
("SQUIRRELPOOL"?)
(SERIOUSLY?)

BRING IT ON, VILLAIN!
AND I'M GONNA PRETTY YOU UP WITH SOME WELL-AIMED *LASER SURGERY!*
IT'S LIKE I'M LOOKING IN A *FUN HOUSE MIRROR*--AND I LIKE WHAT I SEE!
WHY DON'T YOU ALL *CHILLAX* FOR A MINUTE...
...'CAUSE I *GOT* THIS.
HEY, SEXY LADY.
OPPA GANGNAM STYLE?
SORRY, LADY! I DON'T *GIVE IT UP* ON THE FIRST DATE!
SWIPE
I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!
BONK

ALL RIGHT, NATURE BUDDIES, WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT SPECIES THAT IS?
IS IT A RACCOON OR A SQUIRREL?
MAYBE IT'S A RACCOON/ SQUIRREL HYBRID!
AREN'T RACCOONS AND SQUIRRELS COUSINS?
YOUR MOM AND DAD ARE COUSINS!
CRACK
IT'S A... HOLY COW!
IS THAT DEADPOOL OR SPIDER-MAN?
KA-THUNK
MAYBE IT'S A SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL HYBRID!
THAT SEEMS DESPERATE...
YOUR MOM AND DAD SEEM DESPERATE!
EEEP!
HI, KIDS.
DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME.
EAT BLASTER!
BLAM
I AM CREAM-FILLLED WITH RAGE AND CONFUSION!
I AM GROOT!
BOP
DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN! SQUIRREL GIRL IS ON THE SCENE!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
SMISH
WHAT DO NATURE BUDDIES DO WHEN WE SPOT A FIGHT?
WE RECORD IT FOR SOCIAL MEDIA!
THAT'S MY BOYS!

I AM GROOT!
I AM SQUIRRRRRELPOOL!
STOP HEALING!
THUD
OOOF!
STOP DODGING!
SQUIRRRRRELPOOL SUPER-SMASH!
BLAM
PLEASE DON'T SUPER-SMASH...
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
CHOKE ON MY ACORNS OF DEATH!
OH, GREAT, NOW SHE'S SHOOTING US WITH BABY TREES!
I AM GROOT!
#ACORNASSAULT.
POP-POP-POP-POP-POP
I--AM--GROOT!
STRETCH
GET YOUR HAND OFF MY NUTS!
TAKE HER DOWN, GROOT!
POP-POP-POP-POP-POP

TIME TO *DISARM* YOU, SPACE ENT!
CHOMP
I AM GROOT!
CHOMP-CHOMP-CHOMP
AND GROOT TASTES *DELICIOUS!*
STOP *CHEWING* ON MY *FRIEND!*
POW
THAT'S ENOUGH *SHENANIGANS* FOR YOU, MISSY!
WHACK
HEY...SQUIRREL GIRL...SHARE THE LOVE...SEND HER DOWN HERE...
I CAN *TAKE CARE* OF HER *MYSELF!*
THUMP

I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU, TOOOOOOOOO!
SMACK
THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, MEANIE!
HII-YAH!
YOU WANT HER, DEADPOOL? YOU CAN HAVE HER!
POW
I...HATE... GRAVITY!
POKE
OH, COME ON, SANDRA BULLOCK WAS AWESOME IN THAT MOVIE!

BUT WHAT IS SHE? IS SHE *SICK?* CAN... CAN WE *CURE* HER?
I'LL *CAN-CAN* ON YOUR *GRAVES!*
I'M *TOTALLY* SELLING THIS TO *TMZ.*
THE MACHINE THAT SENT US HERE MUST HAVE *SCRAMBLED* OUR DNA.
AT LEAST THERE WASN'T A *FLY* IN THE OINTMENT.
(BY THE WAY, ANYONE HAVE SOME *OINTMENT?* MY *SPINE* FEELS LIKE *LEGOS.*)
WANT ME TO FRY HER?
LET ME *GO!* LET ME *GO!* DON'T HOLD ME BACK ANYMORE!
OH, *SHADDUP,* YOU SOULLESS *KRUTACKER.*
A *SOUL* NEVER BOTHERED ME ANYWAY.
SHE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF CRAZY *ELEKTRA COMPLEX* WHERE SHE WANTS TO KILL HER FATHER.
(I GOT A *DIFFERENT* KIND OF ELEKTRA COMPLEX. *MEOW.*)
(*DON'T* TELL DAREDEVIL.)
WE CAN'T JUST *LEAVE* HER HERE.
WHY *NOT?* SHE LOOKS *COMFY.* SHE'S NOT EVEN *SLURRRRRRING* HER WORDS ANYMORE.
I AM GROOT.
OH, NOT *THAT* AGAIN...
I'M TELLIN' YOU--THERE WERE ONLY TWELVE PEOPLE AT THE MANSION LAST NIGHT!
I AM *GROOT!*
NOT *THIRTEEN!* TWELVE!
?..
I AM *GROOT!*
DO YOU *NOT* KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN *TWELVE* AND *THIRTEEN?*

I AM GROOT...
AGREE TO DISAGREE.
GRRR...
ARE YOU READY TO TRACK DOWN MORE SUSPECTS, DEADPOOL?
IN A SEC...
LEMME JUST MAKE SURE MY *BUTT BONE* IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS...
POP
AHHHHH. NOTHING LIKE A *WELL-FITTING BUTT BONE.*
OKAY, RAMBLERS. LET'S GET RAMBLIN'.
I'M GONNA FEAST ON YOUR SPLEEN.
GOODBYE, *TREE!* GOODBYE, *RACCOON!*
YOU'RE SUCH A *FLIRT.*
I AM GROOT!
AND *I'M* NOT A #$%&$ *RACCOON!*
READY TO SKEDADDLE? THIS BACKWATER PLANET MAKES ME ITCHY.
WHAT'S WRONG?
WHOA!!! WHAT THE--?!
LOOK OUT, BUDDY!
I AM...
...GROOT!
DECAPI-SPLAT

I AM *GROOT!* I AM *GROOT!* I AM--
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
NO WAY!
THAT DUDE TOTALLY TOSSED GROOT INTO A *WOOD CHIPPER!*
MEANWHILE...
GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT.
I WILL USE YOUR SPINAL FLUID AS SALAD DRESSING.
SALAD? *EW.* THAT'S *TOTALLY* YOUR SQUIRREL GIRL GENES TALKING.
SHUT UP, *FART NUGGET.*
AW. NOW THAT'S *MY* GENES TALKING.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO *DESTROY* HER, ARE YOU?
YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. SHE'S SORTA OUR DAUGHTER.
IT'S NOT HER FAULT SHE'S LIKE THIS.
NOOO... OF COURSE NOT...

MOMMY? DADDY?
HMM...I WONDER WHERE THESE COORDINATES SENT HER...
YOU DON'T KNOW?!
BUT SHE CALLED ME *MOMMY!*
TAP-TAP-TAP
COME BACK, SQUIRRELPOOL! COME BACK!
SO, OUR NEXT STOP IS *MIAMI...*

...WANT TO *TELEPORT* THERE?
UHHH...
NOW *THIS* IS THE LIFE...
...ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT AIRPLANE PEANUTS? YES, PLEASE!
!
AND TO THINK... ALL I HAD TO DO TO GET THESE WAS *THREATEN* A FEW FLIGHT ATTENDANTS WITH *DISMEMBERMENT*...
(I PROBABLY SHOULD BE ON A WATCH LIST.)
"OH, MIAMI...
"...GENITAL WART OF FLORIDA...
"...HOW I'VE MISSED THEE."

HOW *YOU* DOIN'?
WANT TO SHOW ME YOUR *SWORDS*, PAPI?
SHOULDN'T YOU CALL YOUR *WIFE* AND LET HER KNOW WE ARRIVED?
WIFE?! ¡ADIOS!
WAIT...
UGH, SQUIRREL GIRL IS TOTALLY KILLING MY GAME. ONLY I GET TO KILL MY GAME!
OOOH, NOW THIS MIGHT HELP ME LOSE HER...
HEY, BRO, YOU KNOW WHAT MY FAVORITE EURYTHMICS SONG IS?
HMM?
AIR
SWEET DREAMS!
(ARE MADE OF *THIS*.)
(THIS BEING MY *FIST*.)

DEADPOOL, IF YOU DON'T COME OUT IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, I'M COMING IN THERE.
I MEAN IT!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T *WARN* YOU...!
OMG!!! DEADPOOL!!!
ARE YOU *OKAY?* WHO *MUGGED* YOU?!
UH...
WHO ARE YOU?!

WHISTLES
I'M TOO SEXY FOR MY SUIT...
TOO SEXY FOR MY SUIT...
SO SEXY YOU'LL PUKE...
WELL, HELLO, LADIES!
YOU KNOW, YOU JUST GOT ME THINKING...
LET'S HAVE A FOURSOME AND PLAY BRIDGE!
NO, THANKS, MR. SKIN CANCER!
YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE USED SOME LOTION!
BYE-EE!
"NOW, ACCORDING TO MY TRACKER, HE HAS TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

"THERE HE IS...
"ANT-MAN!
"WORKING SECURITY FOR ALL THESE *MUCKETY-MUCKS* AND THEIR OSTENTATIOUS YACHT.
"NOTE TO SELF: BUY AN OSTENTATIOUS YACHT."
HEY, MAN! MISS ME?
-SIGH-
IT'S WADE!
WADE WILSON!
YOU'RE *NOT* ON THE LIST.
CHECK UNDER "*RYAN REYNOLDS.*" IF HE CAN PRETEND TO BE ME, I CAN PRETEND TO BE HIM.
WHY ARE YOU *HERE*, DEADPOOL?
YOU KNOW *WHY* I'M HERE. SOMEONE *BAD* IS OUT THERE. THEY KILLED FORBUSH MAN AND THEY'RE OUT THERE AND I'M GONNA CATCH THEM.
SO IS IT *YOU?* DID *YOU* DO IT?
NO.
OH. BUMMER.

I'M NOT A KILLER. HECK, THESE DAYS I'M HARDLY A SUPER HERO. LOOK AT ME! I'M REDUCED TO WORKING SECURITY AT A PARTY FOR RICH SCHMUCKS. I HATE RICH SCHMUCKS.
I'M A RICH SCHMUCK.
I STAND BY WHAT I SAID.
THEY'RE SO SELF-IMPORTANT AND PARANOID. AS IF HYDRA IS GOING TO TAKE TIME OUT OF CONQUERING THE WORLD TO ROB THEM OF THEIR PRECIOUS WEALTH.
BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA
WE ARE ROBBING YOU OF YOUR PRECIOUS WEALTH!
HAIL HYDRA!
OH... CRAP.
SO, DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE FREE? I COULD USE A WINGMAN WITH THE LADIES.
ANTS HAVE WINGS, RIGHT?

I HAD ONE JOB.
ONE JOB.
PROTECT THE PEOPLE ON THAT BOAT.
IF ANY OF THEM SURVIVE BEING HIJACKED BY HYDRA, THEY'RE TOTALLY GOING TO ASK YOU FOR THEIR MONEY BACK...
THIS IS YOUR FAULT, WADE!
YOU DISTRACTED ME!
IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE SO DISTRACTABLE, ANT-MAN!
IT'S SOOOOO EASY TO BLAME DEADPOOL...
EVERYBODY BLAMES DEADPOOL...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STARS? BLAME THE STARS, MAN!
HOROSCOPE
BLAME THE MAN, ANT!

JUST *DON'T* BLAME CANADA.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET YOUR *INSECT PETS* TO *FLY* YOU TO THE YACHT?
I *HATE* YOU, WADE.
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...
THE YACHT IS ACTUALLY EQUIPPED WITH *BUG ZAPPERS.*
LET ME GUESS--AT FIRST THEY HIRED YOU BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT *"ANT-MAN"* WAS AN *EXTERMINATOR.*
SHADDUP.
THAR SHE GOES...
THINK THEY'RE PLAYING *SHUFFLEBOARD?* I *LURVE* SHUFFLEBOARD.
"JUST *SIT* RIGHT BACK...
...YOU'LL *HEAR* A TALE...
...A *TALE* OF A FATEFUL *TRIP...*"
HELP!
BE *HONEST* WITH ME, SCOTT.
GINGER OR MARY ANN?

BUH-BYE.
NOOOOOOOOO!
SHOVE ME AGAIN, SHRINKY-DINK, AND I'LL SHOOT YOU!
WAIT A SEC...
THAT'S IT!
I'LL SHOOT YOU!
PLEASE DON'T.
NO-- LISTEN--I'LL SHOOT YOU... OVER TO THE YACHT!
HMM... THAT MIGHT WORK...
WHAT'S THE OPERATIONAL RANGE OF YOUR GUN?
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GUN? ALL YOU'RE WEARING IS A PAIR OF SHORTS.
NEVER MIND. DON'T TELL ME.
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME.

LET'S DO IT!
GET IN THE HOLE!
THIS'LL BE LIKE SHOOTING ANTS IN A BARREL!
I HATE YOU EVEN MORE, WADE!

PLEASE DON'T HIT THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...PLEASE DON'T HIT THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...PLEASE DON'T HIT THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...
HEY, SCOTT, YOU'RE *FIRED!*
BANG
SURPRISE, BUTTHEAD!
POW
ONE DOWN AND...
...LET'S SEE...
...*FIVE* LEFT...
DON'T WORRY, ANT-MAN! I'M ON MY WAY!

ANYBODY HAVE A CATAPULT I CAN STEAL?
SUPER HERO COMING THROUGH!
HEY!
(SORRY, KID!)
WHICH SUPER HERO IS THAT?
UGLY MAN?
KICK
YO, THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE DUDE WHO STOLE MY DUDS!
HE'S GOIN' DOWN.
WE GOT YOUR BACK, BRO.
OH, I REMEMBER YOU! WE SHARED THAT MOMENT IN THE BATHROOM!
YOU'RE SO DEAD.
ME AND MY BOYS ARE GONNA DRAG YOU BEHIND OUR SPEEDBOAT.
THAT...
...IS AN EXCELLENT IDEA!

ISN'T THIS AWESOME?!
NO.
YO, WHO *IS* THIS DOOFUS?
I THINK HE'S, LIKE, *SPIDER-MAN?*
WMMMMMMMMM
AVAST, ME MATEYS!
TALLY-HO!
ARRR, A **LANDLUBBER!**

I'VE HAD IT WITH THESE @#$%#@#$%#*$ **SNAKES** ON THIS @#$%#@#$%#*$ **PLANE!**
DEADPOOL'S COMING, BOYS AND GIRLS!
UH...
HEY, WADE.
YEEEESH!
ARE YOU **TRYING** TO GIVE ME A HEART ATTACK?!
NO COMMENT.

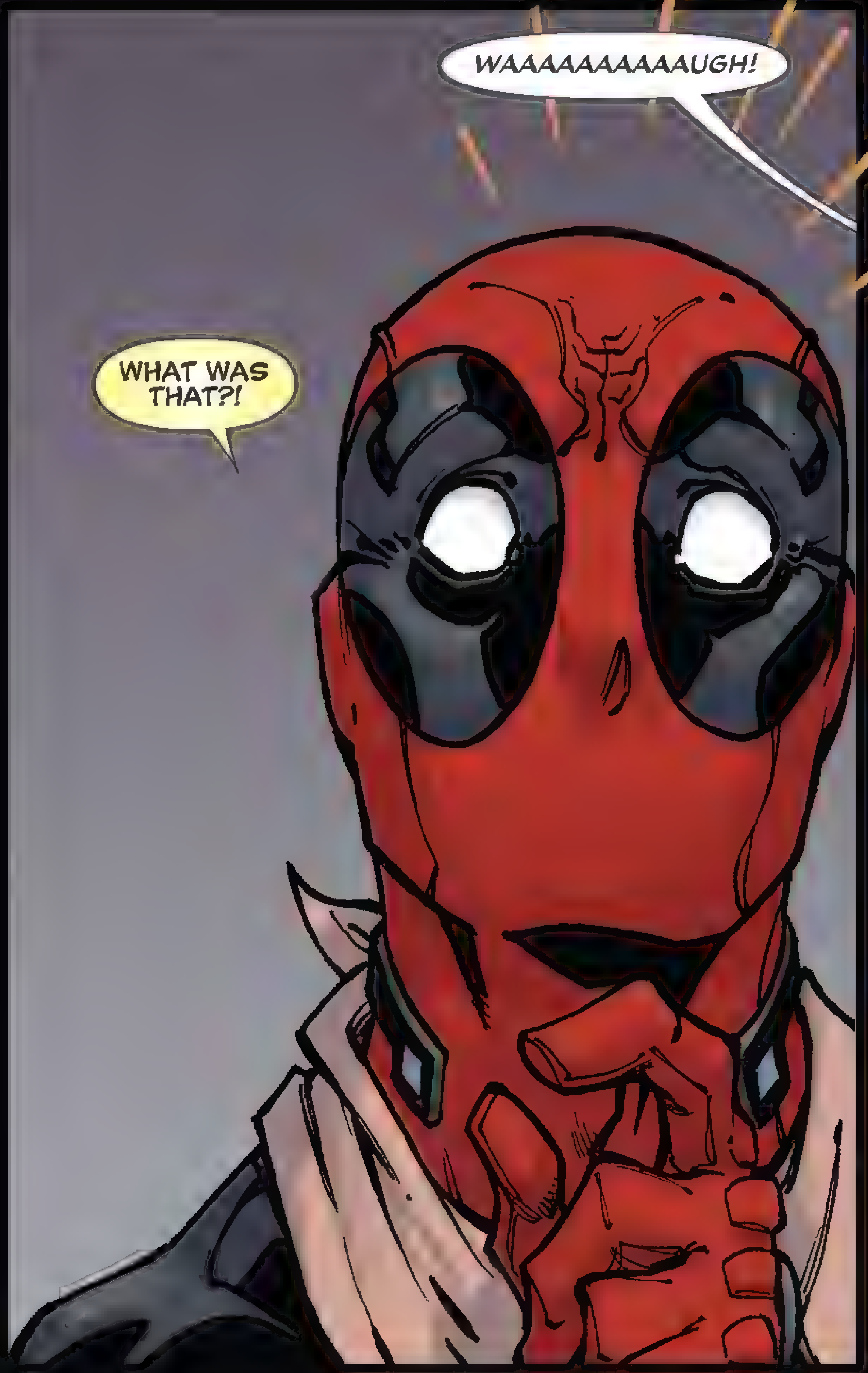
YOU'RE **WELCOME** FOR THE ASSIST.
(THE BILL'S IN THE MAIL.)
I'LL APPRECIATE THE FREE *TOILET PAPER.*
BY THE WAY, AFTER FORBUSH MAN WAS KILLED, I INVESTIGATED THE, *UM,* **WOUND.**
"THERE WAS SOME STRANGE ***BLACK RESIDUE.*** I'VE ***NEVER*** SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT."
THANKS, MAN. THAT'S A ***BIG*** HELP.
(SO TO SPEAK.)
MM-HM.
BY THE WAY...SINCE WE'RE ON THIS ***SHIP...***
NO! NO WAY!

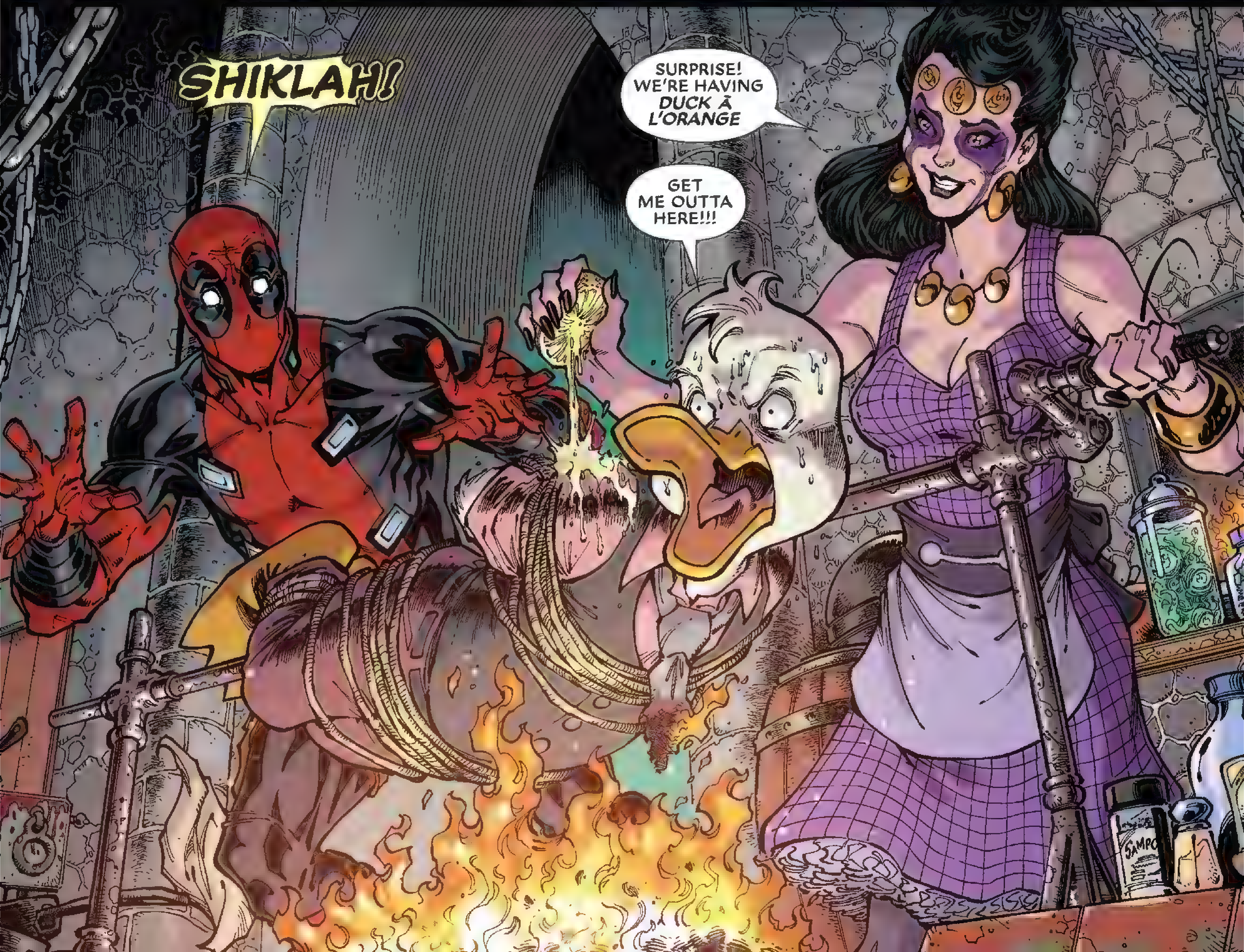
I'M THE *KING* OF THE *WORLD!!!*
I HOPE YOU *DROWN.*
CATCH YOU LATER, ANT-MAN!
IT'S A WONDER NOBODY'S EVER DECAPITATED *HIM.*
SLICE

SHIKLAH! I'M HOME!
HOW WAS YOUR HUNT, DEAR? DID YOU GET TO DISMEMBER ANYBODY?
NOT YET...
SMOOCH
MAYBE TOMORROW.
IN THE MEANTIME, LOOK AT ALL THIS FAN MAIL!
I THOUGHT JORDAN AND HEATHER DEAL WITH MY FAN MAIL.
WHY ARE YOU BURNING IT?
THIS ISN'T YOUR FAN MAIL, SILLY. THIS IS MINE!
YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY TOOK THE EFFORT IN WRITING THESE LETTERS. I SHOULD PROBABLY REPLY.
MAIL
MAIL
MAIL
HAHAHAHAHA!

OH, THAT REMINDS ME-- ARE YOU *HUNGRY?*
WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN *MIND,* HE ASKED, HIS EYEBROWS *WAGGLING...*
FOLLOW ME!
YES, DEAR!
JUST WAIT AT THE TABLE FOR YOUR *SURPRISE!*
COOKING FOR ME...
...CONCERNED IF I'VE DONE MY DAILY DISMEMBERING...
A MAN COULD GET *USED* TO THIS!
"*I GET KNOCKED DOWN... I GET UP AGAIN... YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP ME DOWN...*"

UGH!
ZIP IT, SQUIRREL GIRL.
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE VOICEMAIL.
IF ONLY THERE WAS A WAY WE COULD BLOCK PEOPLE IN REAL LIFE...
SHIKLAH, WHAT SMELLS SO YUMMY?
I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT. I FOUND THE RECIPE IN A BOOK.
IT'S DEFINITELY MEAT.
MAYBE...
IT'S MAYBE MEAT?
IT'S NOT SOME SOY VEGAN FAUX-BEEF THAT'S ACTUALLY MADE OUT OF DAFFODIL TEARS, IS IT?
YOU'LL FIND OUT VERY SOON!
WELL, I'M STUMPED.
AND I'M ALSO STUMPED ABOUT FORBUSH MAN'S MURDER. GET THIS--GROOT THINKS SOMEONE ELSE WAS AT THE MANSION WHEN WE WERE THERE--SOMEONE UNINVITED--AND THEN ANT-MAN SPOUTED THIS GIBBERISH ABOUT BLACK RESIDUE ON THE WOUND...
I NEED TO SHAKE DOWN MORE WITNESSES. SHAKE THEM, STIR THEM, MAYBE HOLD THEM UPSIDE DOWN OFF A--


WAAAAAAAAAAUGH!
WHAT WAS THAT?!

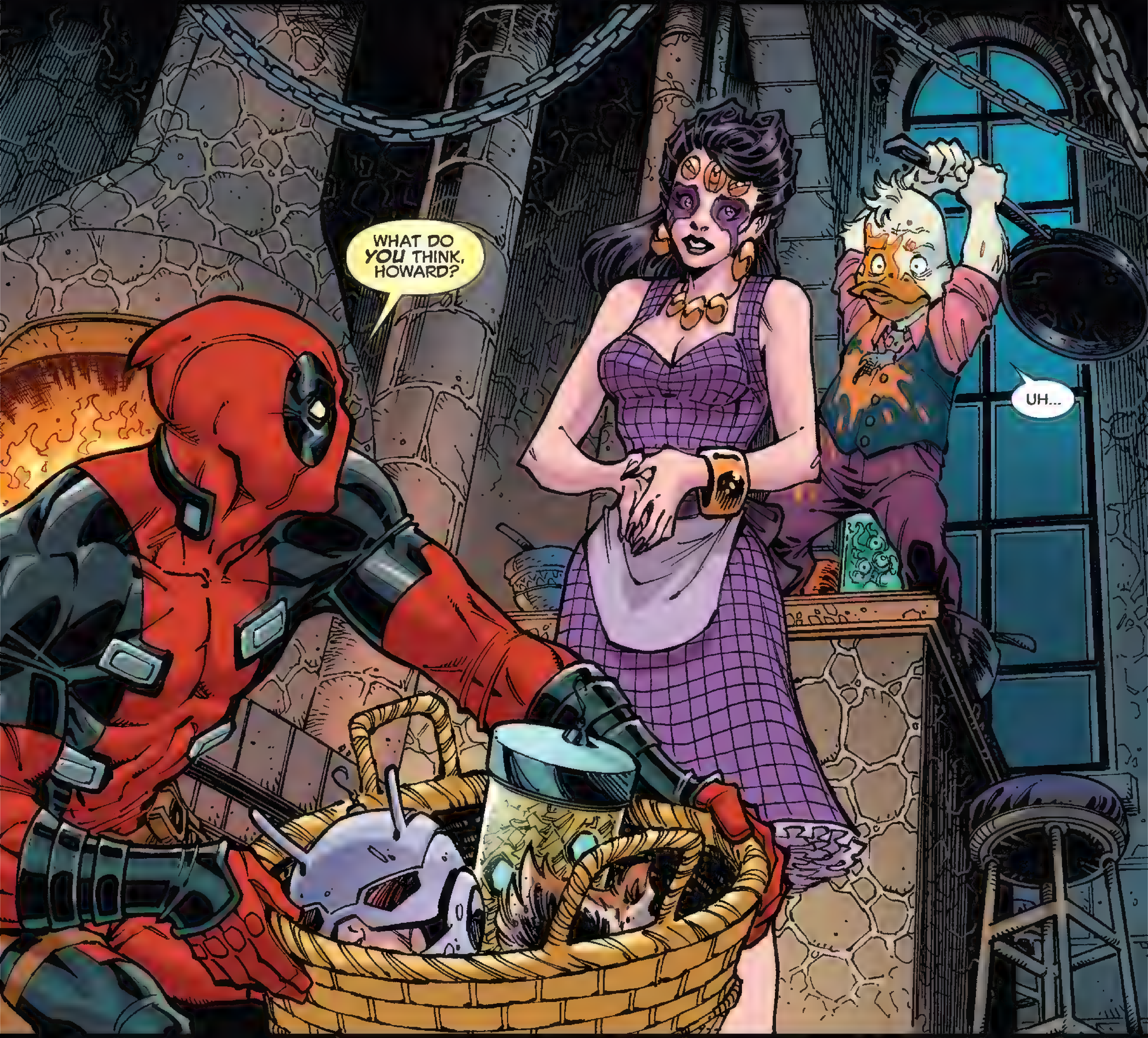

SHIKLAH!
SURPRISE! WE'RE HAVING *DUCK À L'ORANGE*
GET ME OUTTA HERE!!!

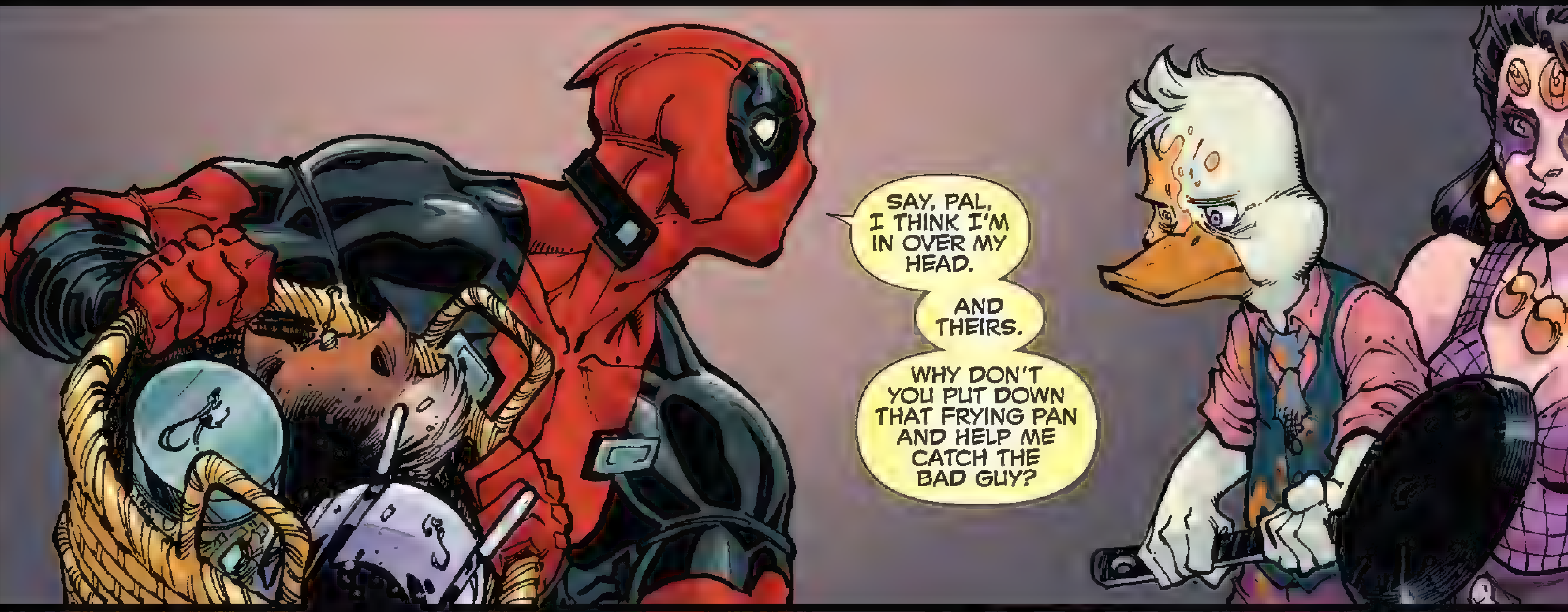
DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #3
2016

GET ME *OUTTA* HERE!!!
OKAY, OKAY, LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT...
SHIKLAH, DARLING, WHY ARE YOU *COOKING* HOWARD?
WELL, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO MAKE *DUCK À L'ORANGE* WITHOUT A *DUCK*, DO YOU, WADE?
OKAY, I DIDN'T GET THE RECIPE FROM A BOOK. I GOT THE RECIPE OFF THE INTERNET.
WAAAAAAAAAH!
WAIT A SEC... SINCE WHEN DO YOU USE THE *INTERNET?*
WAIT A SECOND SEC... SINCE WHEN DO YOU *COOK?*
OKAY, WIFE OF MINE, WHAT'S GOING ON?

WELL...I JUST WANTED TO *CHEER* YOU UP...
...WHAT WITH ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS GETTING THEIR *HEADS* CHOPPED OFF...
FRIENDS?! PLURAL?!?!
THIS ARRIVED IN THE MAIL TODAY. I THOUGHT IT WAS A FRUIT BASKET.
IT'S *NOT* A FRUIT BASKET.
OH, NO! NOT *ANT-MAN!*
OH, NO!! NOT *ROCKET RACCOON!!*
OH, NO!!! NOT A *COLLECTION OF WOOD CHIPS!!!*

WHY WOULD SOMEONE SEND YOU ONLY THE HEADS? DO YOU THINK THEY'RE *HOARDING* THE REST OF THE PIECES?
OR ARE THESE *ORNAMENTS* TO GO ALONG WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD?
DIDN'T YOU SAY THAT CHRISTMAS WAS ABOUT BRUCE WILLIS KILLING PEOPLE IN SKYSCRAPERS?
MY POOR HEADLESS COMPADRES...
NOW YOU'RE SAD. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO THAT THING WITH MY LEGS THAT MAKES YOU *GIGGLE* UNTIL YOU *LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS?*
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO DO...


WHAT DO *YOU* THINK, HOWARD?
UH...


SAY, PAL, I THINK I'M IN OVER MY HEAD.
AND THEIRS.
WHY DON'T YOU PUT DOWN THAT FRYING PAN AND HELP ME CATCH THE BAD GUY?

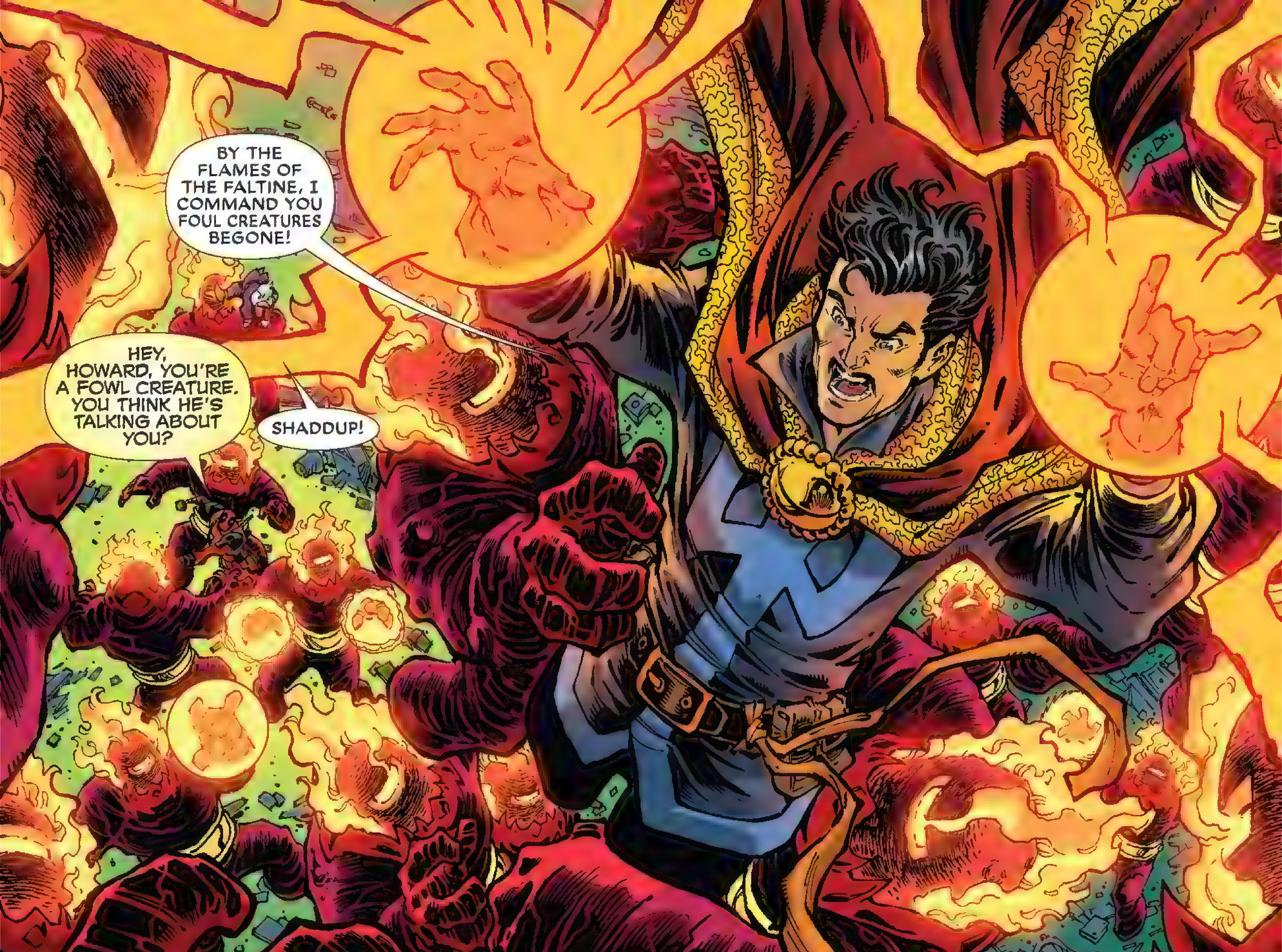
THEY WERE GOOD PEOPLE. THEY DESERVED BETTER.
YEAH, I'LL HELP YOU.
GREAT!
BUT YOU GOTTA CALL SHE-HULK AND GET HER OFF MY BACK! AFTER YOU TOLD THAT GREEN GIANTESS WHAT I DID...LET'S JUST SAY IT HASN'T BEEN SAFE FOR ME TO GO HOME...
SPILL
I REALLY APPRECIATE IT.
YEAH, YEAH. SO WHAT D'YA KNOW SO FAR?
WELL, GROOT SAID THERE WAS **ANOTHER PERSON** IN THE ROOM WITH US THE OTHER NIGHT...
LIKE, INVISIBLE?
MAYBE. AND ANT-MAN SAID THERE WAS SOME KIND OF **WEIRD DARK RESIDUE** ALONG FORBUSH MAN'S NECK WOUND...
WEIRD DARK RESIDUE, *EH?* SOUNDS SUPERNATURAL.
GREAT! SHIKLAH'S ALL ABOUT THE SUPERNATURAL! SHE CAN TOTALLY--
NO WAY, FELLA! YOU KEEP ME AWAY FROM THAT MARTHA STEWART WHACKADOODLE!

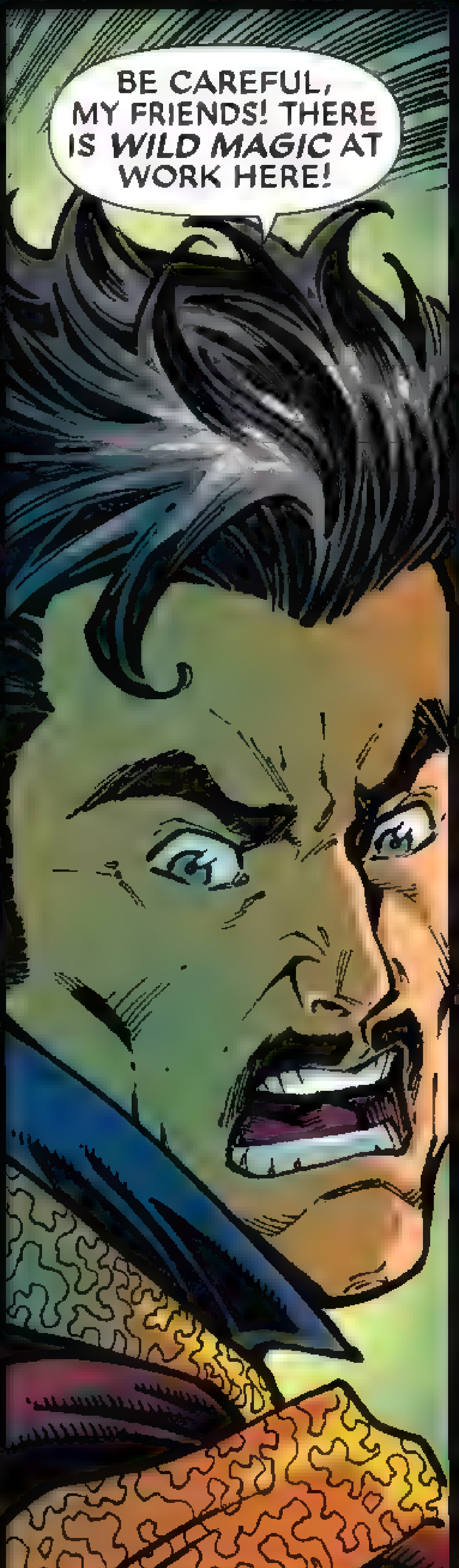
OH, PLEASE. MARTHA STEWART IS **WAY** CRAZIER THAN MY DEMON GODDESS WIFE.
I THINK I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP.
OKAY.
STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE YOU WANT TO EAT ME.
YOU SMELL LIKE PANDA EXPRESS.
HERE WE ARE...
...THE ***SANCTUM SANCTORUM.***
IF ANYONE CAN HELP US OUT WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, IT'S ***DOCTOR STRANGE.***
PLUS, I'VE GOT THIS THING ON MY FOOT MAYBE HE CAN TAKE A LOOK AT?

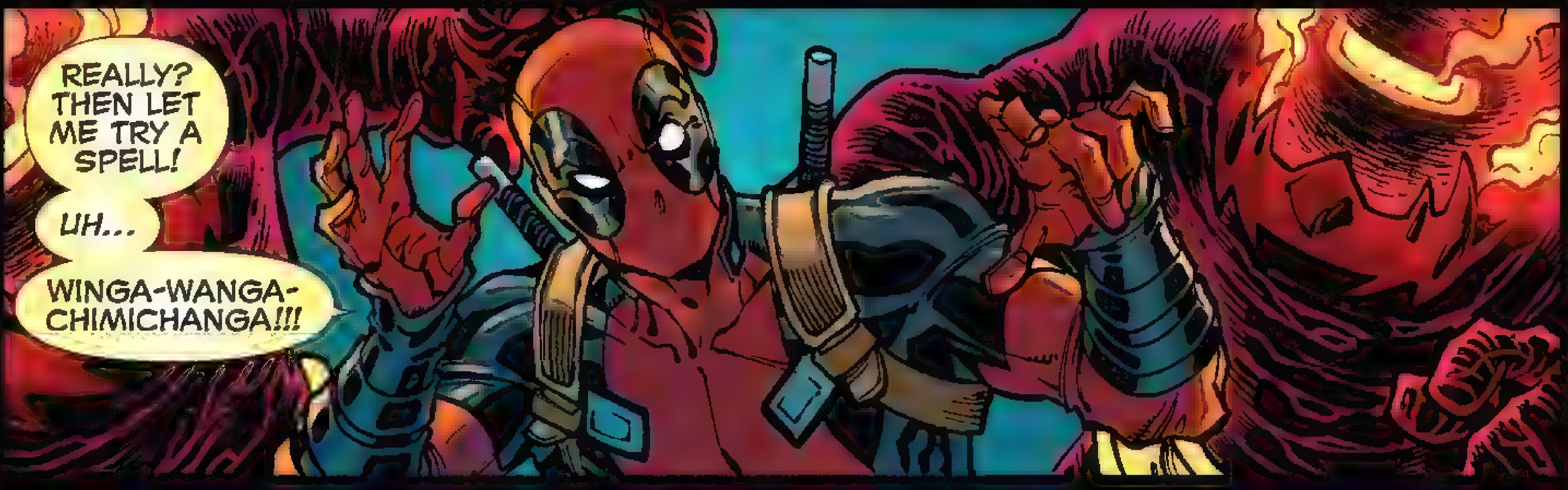
HEY, THERE, DOC...
CREAK
THAT'S WEIRD. IT'S NOT USUALLY UNLOCKED...
MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT OUT HERE...
HELLLOO! IS THE DOCTOR IN?

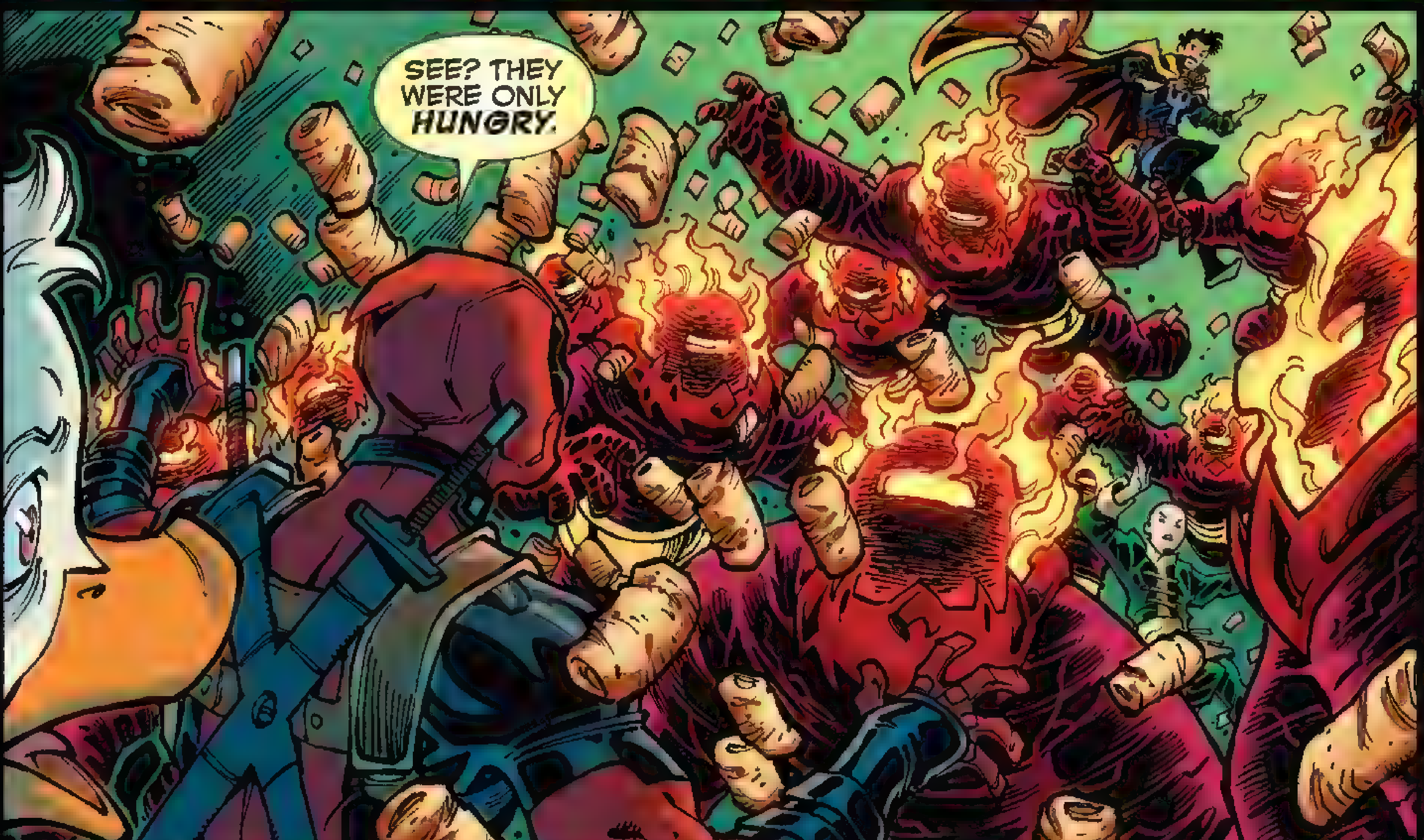
I AM...
...BUT I'M AFRAID I'M A BIT *BUSY* AT THE MOMENT!*
* THIS TAKES PLACE BEFORE *THE LAST DAYS OF MAGIC!* -JORDAN "DEMONIC" WHITE
AWWWW, YEAH! IT'S PARTY TIME!

ONE RABBIT STEW COMING RIGHT UP!
RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!
OKAY! NEW PLAN!
YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW MAGIK'S PHONE NUMBER? SHE CAN HELP US, RIGHT? OR MAYBE DAIMON HELLSTROM?
SLAM
I *TOLD* YOU NOT TO JUST WALK IN THERE! WHAT HAPPENED?
IMPLOSION
OH, NOTHING. I JUST LIKE TO KEEP MY OPTIONS OPEN.
HOUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
Y'THINK?
YANK


BY THE FLAMES OF THE FALTINE, I COMMAND YOU FOUL CREATURES BEGONE!
HEY, HOWARD, YOU'RE A FOWL CREATURE. YOU THINK HE'S TALKING ABOUT YOU?
SHADDUP!


BE CAREFUL, MY FRIENDS! THERE IS *WILD MAGIC* AT WORK HERE!


REALLY? THEN LET ME TRY A SPELL!
UH...
WINGA-WANGA-CHIMICHANGA!!!


SEE? THEY WERE ONLY *HUNGRY*.

SHOOT 'EM! SHOOT 'EM!
I *TRIED* THAT! MY WEAPONS ARE USELESS!
WAAAAUGH! WHY IS EVERYONE TRYING TO *EAT* ME TODAY?!
DOCTOR STRANGE, CATCH!
THE MYSTICAL MIRROR OF MYSANDRAGOR! *WONG*, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
OPEN WIDE, OH MYSTICAL MIRROR...
WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH
...AND *SWALLOW* THE DARKNESS YOU BEHOLD!
IT'S ALSO SUCKING UP MY MYSTICAL CHIMICHANGAS!
SHWWWWWOOOOOPPPP

NOW THAT I'VE BANISHED THOSE INTERDIMENSIONAL INTERLOPERS, PERHAPS YOU CAN INFORM ME HOW I MIGHT BE OF SERVICE.
WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS...
...SOMEONE IS **CHOPPING OFF** THE HEADS OF MY FRIENDS AND I'M FINDING THAT VERY **EMASCULATING!**
HELP ME, OBI-WAN KENOBI! YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE!
I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, BUT HOW EXACTLY DO YOU BELIEVE I CAN HELP?
THE HEAD WOUNDS MAY HAVE **MAGIC GOO** ON THEM.
AH YES. MAGIC GOO. THEN OUR FIRST STEP IS TO INVESTIGATE THE CRIME SCENE.
CRIME SCENE Do NOT CROSS
PERFECT! I ALREADY BROUGHT SOME CRIME SCENE TAPE!
THEN LET US BE OFF AND SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!

SAY, DOC, YOU KNOW, I KIND OF SAVED YOUR LIFE BACK THERE WITH THOSE DEMON DUDES.
YOU DID NOT, BUT GO ON.
SO I WAS THINKING YOU MAYBE OWED ME A **FAVOR.**
I DO NOT, BUT GO ON.
SINCE WE NEED TO TRAVEL ANYWAY...
...I WAS WONDERING IF WE COULD TRAVEL BY...
=SIGH=
A WHOLE NEW WORLD! A NEW FANTASTIC POINT OF VIEW!
NO ONE TO TELL US NO OR WHERE TO GO!
OR SAY WE'RE ONLY DREAMING!
I'LL SEND YOU TO A WHOLE NEW WORLD...
IHATEFLYIN' IHATEFLYIN' IHATEFLYIN'...

BRACE FOR LANDING.
A WHOLE NEW WORLD! A HUNDRED THOUSAND THINGS TO SEE!
YOU MAY NOW STOP SINGING.
I BEG YOU.
I AM DETECTING THE REMNANTS OF OTHERWORLDLY PHENOMENA.
THERE RECENTLY WAS IN THIS HOUSE AN UNMISTAKABLY DARK SUPERNATURAL PRESENCE.
YEAH, HER NAME'S SHIKLAH.
AND SHE'S *INNOCENT.*
(OF *THIS.*)

DO YOU DETECT ANYTHING BESIDES HER?
I WILL NEED TO PERFORM A RITUAL AT THE VERY LOCATION OF THE MURDER.
I CALL UPON THE LIGHT OF THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO TO REVEAL WHICH BANEFUL *DEVIL* COMMITTED THIS SIN.
DID HE JUST SAY THAT DAREDEVIL DID IT?
NO, HE DIDN'T!
BE ON YOUR GUARD, FRIENDS. THERE ARE *DARK FORCES* STILL AT WORK HERE.
DON'T WORRY, DOC.
I *GOT* THIS.

HOLY CRAP, IT'S THE DEMON!
BEGONE, DEVIL!
SPIDEY, IS THAT YOU?
THEY SAY ONCE YOU GO **BLACK**, YOU NEVER GO **BACK**.
THAT'S NOT ***SPIDER-MAN***, YOU DOPE! THERE AREN'T ANY ***WEBS!***
AND IT HAS ***SWORDS!***
OH, YEAH.
COOL BLADES, DUDE!
I SHALL ***BANISH*** THIS CREATURE BACK TO ITS EVIL DIMENSION!

WHRRRRRRRRRRRR
YOU SHALL HARM NO ONE TODAY, HELLSPAWN, BECAUSE TODAY, YOU ARE FACING THE *SORCERER SUPREME!*
POP
YOU WANT A SWORD FIGHT, BUCKO?
YOU GOT A SWORD FIGHT!
NOBODY DECAPITATES OUR FRIENDS AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!
LET'S GET HIM, GUYS!

POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
UH...
UH...
NEVER FEAR, COMRADES! I KNOW PRECISELY WHAT WE MUST DO!
WE MUST *FLEE!*

SERIOUSLY? WE COULD HAVE TAKEN HIM!
HOW?
OKAY, MAYBE *YOU* WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED AND HOWARD ***TOTALLY*** WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED, BUT--
HEY!
YOU'D THINK WONG WOULD'VE CLEANED UP THE PLACE WHILE WE WERE GONE. SHEESH.
HEY! LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S ONE OF MY ***MYSTICAL CHIMICHANGAS!*** IT DIDN'T GET SUCKED INTO THE VORTEX! SWEET!
AWWW, YEAH. THAT'S THE STUFF.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE QUESTION AT HAND.
ABSOLUTELY.
IS EATING THIS GOING TO TURN ME INTO A MAGIC BEANSTALK?
ONE CAN ONLY HOPE.
EITHER WAY, VISITING THE CRIME SCENE WAS BENEFICIAL. WE CAN ELIMINATE WHOLE SUBSPECIES OF DEMONS FROM SUSPICION.
NEVERTHELESS, THIS WILL REQUIRE MORE RESEARCH.
AND, *AH*, WE ARE SURE THE ***SUCCUBUS QUEEN SHIKLAH*** HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR MASSACRES?
SHE SAYS SHE DIDN'T. THAT MEANS SHE DIDN'T.

YEAH, BECAUSE DEMONS NEVER LIE...
YOU'RE JUST HOLDING A GRUDGE!
SHE TRIED TO *ROAST* ME ON A *SPIT!*
PUT YOURSELF IN MY SHOES!
OOOH, CAN I? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WEAR DUCK SHOES!
I COULD CALL YOU HUEY AND YOU COULD CALL ME DEWEY AND WE COULD GO ON ADVENTURES!
HEY, DOCTOR STRANGE, WANT TO BE OUR LOUIE?
NO.
HOW ABOUT OUR UNCLE SCROOGE?
NO.
WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT NOW?

GOOD LUCK WITH THE BOOK READING, DOCTOR STRANGE. I GOT MY OWN KIND OF RESEARCH TO DO!
HEY! WHERE DOES HE THINK HE'S GOING?
DOES IT MATTER?
SAY, UH, DOC...YA WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANY SPELLS THAT WARD OFF A CERTAIN GIANT GREEN AMAZON WHO MIGHT WANT TO KILL A CERTAIN DEBONAIR DUCK... WOULDYA?
HOWARD IS SAFER WITH DOCTOR STRANGE THAN WITH ME.
EVERYBODY WHO HANGS OUT WITH ME ENDS UP GETTING HEADLESS.
(HMM, MAYBE I SHOULD GO SEE IF TYPHOID MARY WANTS TO HANG OUT.)
UGH. I HATE HER ALMOST AS MUCH AS I HATE CONNECTICUT!
FFFFFFFF
HEY, BUDDY, IT'S WADE. I NEED SOME ADVICE.
UH, WHO ARE YOU?
MY FRIENDS KEEP DYING. IS IT MY FAULT? IS IT ME?
THWAP
FOOOM
OR IS THERE SOMETHING OBVIOUS I'M JUST NOT SEEING?
WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE ROTTEN EGGS?
YEAH, SORRY ABOUT THAT. THE MYSTICAL CHIMICHANGAS SEEM TO BE DISAGREEING WITH ME.
WHOOOSH
WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHUM? AM I MISSING SOMETHING?
IS THIS TIMES SQUARE?
SORRY, CHUM, I NEVER WAS GOOD AT MATH.

ZZZZZZZZZZZ
POW
BAM
COULD IT BE I'VE TAKEN MY EYE OFF THE BALL?
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE STUFF COULD BE HAPPENING RIGHT BEHIND ME AND I WOULDN'T NOTICE IT.
YOU BUYIN' SOMETHIN' OR NOT?
YOU GOT MY LATEST ISSUE? I WANT TO FIND OUT WHICH SIDE I'M ON IN THE LATEST CROSSOVER EVENT.
CRACK
TRUTH IS, I'VE ONLY EVER BEEN ON ONE SIDE-- MY OWN.
BUT NOW I GOT A WIFE AND I GOT FRIENDS AND SUDDENLY I CARE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.
IT KINDA SUCKS, YOU KNOW?
STORY OF MY LIFE.
I'M EVEN AN AVENGER NOW.
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE ALL UP TO.
FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED.
I'M NOT A PRIEST--I'M A RABBI!
I THINK THIS COULD BE ALL MY FAULT.
AH, THAT'S GUILT. GUILT I KNOW.
IF I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS, WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO?
APOLOGIZE?
EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THAT MEANS AGAIN?

SEEK OUT THOSE YOU'VE WRONGED AND--
--ALERT THEM NOT TO GET TOO ATTACHED TO THEIR HEADS? IF YOU SAY SO, FATHER.
OKAY, WHO'S STILL ALIVE THAT I NEED TO WARN?
THERE'S SPIDER-HAM AND THERE'S THE PUNISHER...

YEAH...I'M GONNA LET SQUIRREL GIRL DEAL WITH THE PUNISHER...
SPEAKING OF SQUIRREL GIRL, DID SHE EVER GET BACK FROM MIAMI...?
HEY THERE, SQUIRREL GIRL'S ROOMMATE...
CRUNCH CRUNCH
MY NAME IS NANCY.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, DEADPOOL?
OH, DON'T SAY THAT ABOUT YOURSELF. I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL.
HAVE YOU... OH, I DON'T KNOW...SEEN SQUIRREL GIRL LATELY?
NO. AND WE'VE BEEN WORRIED.
TIPPY-TOE AND I HAVE LOOKED EVERYWHERE.
IS SHE IN DANGER?
NO?
SIP
Diet Cola

CENTRAL PARK.
I FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT! YOU KNOW THAT THING YOU SAY ABOUT BEING THE BEST AT WHAT YOU DO AND WHAT YOU DO AIN'T PRETTY?
YOU'RE THE BEST AT *HITTING FOUL BALLS*, AND YOU'RE RIGHT--IT *AIN'T* PRETTY!
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I REALLY MEAN.
AND HOBIE BROWN GOES FOR THE WINDUP...
PSST! SPIDER-HAM!
DON'T DISTRACT ME! CAN'T YOU SEE THIS IS AN OFFICIAL LEAGUE GAME? IT'S THE *AMAZING ARACHNIDS* VS. THE *SEETHING SNIKTERS!*
AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
WHY DOES ANYONE WEAR CLOTHES AT ALL? AM I RIGHT?
CARAMEL CORN & PEANUTS
NEVER MIND. I'M NOT RIGHT. I'VE SEEN MYSELF NAKED. I LOOK LIKE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PIZZA HAS A MOUTH.

OI! POKEY! QUIT DISTRACTING THE OUTFIELD!
GRRRRR...
YOU INTERRUPTED THE WRONG GAME, BUB!
WHAT'S DEADPOOL DOING HERE?
I DON'T NEED AN EXCUSE TO VENTILATE THIS GUY.
WOLVERINES
CRAP! THEY'VE SEEN THROUGH MY BRILLIANT DISGUISE!
WOLVERINES
OKAY, I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK. A SHADOW DEMON HAS BEEN BEHEADING EVERYONE FROM MY CHRISTMAS CARD PARTY. HE GOT ROCKET AND GROOT AND ANT-MAN AND HE ALMOST GOT ME AND HOWARD AND DOCTOR STRANGE AND--
DOCTOR STRANGE WASN'T AT YOUR PARTY.
MY POINT IS-- YOU COULD BE NEXT!

LOOK WHO I'M WITH. I'M PROBABLY THE SAFEST MAN-PIG ON THE PLANET RIGHT NOW.
ARE YOU ALL CLONES? BECAUSE I GOT A TON OF CLONES OF MY OWN. WE SHOULD PLAY!
WOLVERINES
YOU SAID THE *C WORD!*
HEY! GET YOUR *OWN* POPCORN!
SPIDER-MEN
RINES
GET HIM!
PILE ON DEADPOOL!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
EXIT STAGE LEFT!

JEEZ. THAT'S NOW THE **SECOND TIME** I ALMOST DIDN'T SURVIVE AN ATTACK OF THE CLONES.
BUT AT LEAST I WARNED SPIDER-HAM.
NOW, WHY ISN'T THE PUNISHER SHOWING UP ON MY TRACKER?
OOH, AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT.
HELLLOOO, MOBSTERS!
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND FRANK CASTLE?
GOOD AFTERNOON, ETHNIC STEREOTYPES! MY NAME IS DEADPOOL! HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN YOUR ARCHENEMY THE PUNISHER LATELY?

‹WHO IS THIS MAN?›*
‹HOW DARE HE INTERRUPT OUR BUSINESS!›
‹SECURITY!›
*TRANSLATED FROM ITALIAN.
WHILE I'M HERE, I'D LIKE TO ORDER A LARGE CHEESE PIZZA TO GO. EXTRA ANCHOVIES.
THIS IS NOT *AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT,* YOU FOOL! THIS IS *THE ITALIAN EMBASSY!*
AND STAY OUT!
DOES THIS MEAN I'M NOT GETTING MY PIZZA?
BONK
RING
HELLO? WHO IS THIS?
DEADPOOL, IT'S NANCY!
NANCY REAGAN?
SQUIRREL GIRL'S ROOMMATE!
I'M CALLING TO LET YOU KNOW THAT, *UM,* SHE'S BACK.
THAT'S TERRIFIC! I'M ON MY WAY!

Empire State University
MERC WITH THE MOUTH COMING THROUGH!
DID HE JUST SAY HIS NAME WAS MERCMOUTH?
MORE LIKE JERKMOUTH, AM I RIGHT?
IT'S OKAY, MADAM. I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL AVENGERS BUSINESS.
HI, SQUIRREL GIRL, IT'S YOUR FAVORITE--
UH, YOU'RE NOT SQUIRREL GIRL...
HELLO AGAIN...
DADDY!

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #4

SQUIRRELPOOL AND DADDY... OUT ON THE TOWN! LA, LA, LA!
NOTE TO SELF: BARF
HAVING FUN YET, DADDY?
IF BY FUN YOU MEAN MOTION SICKNESS...
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO SEE MOMMY!
FOR A FAMILY REUNION!
HELP!

OH, MY! WHAT'S THAT **SMELL?** IT'S MAKING SQUIRRELPOOL SQUIRRELDROOL!
WHAT IS THIS MAGNIFICENT MEAL?
IT'S CALLED A ***CHIMICHANGA***.
THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY EAT IN HEAVEN!
I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US ARE GONNA FIND OUT.
THEN WE SHOULD ENJOY AS MUCH AS WE CAN WHILE WE'RE HERE!
THAT PRETTY MUCH SUMS UP MY MOTTO, SQUIRRELPOOL.
SLURPS
OKAY, DADDY-- ASSUME THE POSITION!
SAYWHATNOW?
SQUIRRELPOOL AND DADDY-- HAVING A PLAY-DATE! LA, LA, LA!
MAKE WAY, PEOPLE! AMALGAMATION COMING THROUGH!

MST
WAIT A SEC... I KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING...
...THIS TUNNEL LEADS TO THE SECRET AVENGERS HIDEOUT WE FOUND A FEW ISSUES AGO!
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S WHERE YOU AND MOMMY GAVE BIRTH TO ME IN AN ACT OF LOVE!
UH...
HI, MOMMY, HI, MOMMY'S ROOMMATE! HI, NANCY!
YAY...WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN...
DEADPOOL!
!
WHY ARE WE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN?
IT'S OBVIOUS, DADDY! I NEED YOU AND MOMMY TO MAKE ANOTHER PERSON LIKE ME!
BEING ALONE MAKES ME HURT INSIDE AND THAT MAKES ME WANT OTHERS TO GET HURT AND THAT'S BAD... RIGHT?
FORTUNATELY, I'VE INHERITED MOMMY'S KNOWLEDGE OF COMPUTERS AND I KNOW THIS CHIMICHANGA HAS ENOUGH CHARGES IN IT FOR ONE MORE GO!
UM, SQUIRRELPOOL, THAT'S NOT A CHIMICHANGA...

LET'S SEE...I JUST HAVE TO CALIBRATE THE CHIMICHANGA SO IT IS IN LINE WITH THE CHIMICHANGA...
YEAH... WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.
NO WAY! I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF WORSE SCRAPES THAN THIS!
I HAVEN'T!
WHILE WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU AND SQUIRRELPOOL TO SHOW UP, I WAS PLANNING OUR *DARING ESCAPE!*
GREAT! WHAT'S THE PLAN? BECAUSE THESE CABLES ARE SO TIGHT THAT I'M LOSING FEELING IN THE PARTS OF MY BODY THAT FEEL THINGS...
RELAX! I'VE BEEN FREE FOR A WHILE NOW!
AND YOU'VE LET US SIT HERE ALL THIS TIME *WHY?*
SORRY, NANCY. I NEEDED TO FIRST *PLAY POSSUM* IN ORDER TO TEAM UP WITH DEADPOOL AND STOP SQUIRRELPOOL! SQUIRRELPOOL IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY.
THIS IS ONE MEAN CABLE.
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
I CAN THINK OF A MEANER ONE.

COULD YOU FREE ME TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
I GOT THIS.
ARGH! EVERY TIME I GET CLOSE TO COMPUTING THE RIGHT SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS, MY DADDY-BRAIN KEEPS ADDING 867-5309!
DON'T FORGET-- SHE'S GOT MY SQUIRREL-LIKE STRENGTH, SPEED, AND REFLEXES!
I KNOW, I KNOW.
OH--AND SHE ALSO HAS YOUR HEALING FACTOR!
AND MY GOOD LOOKS, TOO.
SHH!
SORRY, SQUIRRELPOOL... YOU'VE BEEN BAD AND DADDY NEEDS TO SPANK YOU IN THE NECK WITH THE SHARP END OF HIS SWORD...
NO! YOU *CAN'T!* SHE'S--
SPLAT
WHAT THE...?!
ALL THOSE CALCULATIONS MUST'VE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HER BRAIN!

YOU'RE WELCOME.
THAT WAS ONE UGLY MONSTER.
THAT WAS OUR CHILD!
YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT.
YOU WENT WAY OVER THE LINE!
KID, WAY OVER THE LINE IS WHERE I START MY DAY.
THEN SOMEONE NEEDS TO TEACH YOU MANNERS, YOU BIG BULLY!

AND I'M JUST THE BULLY-BEATER TO DO IT!
KRANGG
MEANIE.
WOW. YOU ARE ONE BAD--
SHUT YOUR MOUTH.
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
NOW CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?
IN A MINUTE.
I WANT TO CHECK ON SQUIRRELPOOL.

THAT'S THE SECOND TIME SHE'S SUCKER PUNCHED ME...
WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE?
I HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME.
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?
I FOLLOWED YOU. WHY WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?
A **DEMON** IS GOING AROUND DECAPITATING PEOPLE FROM MY PARTY.
YEAH, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THAT *WIFE* OF YOURS WENT FERAL.
YOU TAKE THAT BACK!
SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN FERAL, YOU JERK!

YOU AND HER REALLY BELONG TOGETHER, YOU KNOW THAT?
I DO, ACTUALLY.
UH, GUYS?
AY IH EE OOT EE?
OH, TRY NOT TO TALK WHILE YOUR JAW IS REGENERATING.
LOOKS LIKE THIS THING NEEDS SOMETHING STRONGER TO TAKE IT DOWN.
IF YOU DON'T STOP WITH THE VIOLENCE, I WILL CLOBBER YOU!
VIOLENCE IS WHAT I DO, LITTLE GIRL!
AND BUTT-KICKING IS WHAT I DO! WANT ME TO DEMONSTRATE?
GUYS, GUYS--LET'S WAIT UNTIL WE GET OUTSIDE.
(THEN I CAN SELL TICKETS!)

WHOOSH
YOU KNOW, TIPPY-TOE, I JUST DON'T GET IT. HOW COME WHENEVER A GROUP OF HEROES GET IN A ROOM, THEY ALL START FIGHTING EACH OTHER?
NANCY, TIPPY-TOE-- YOU GOT MY BACK, RIGHT?
POP
O.M.G.! NANCY! TIPPY-TOE!
UT UH EL IZ AT?!
OH YEAH. TIME TO DANCE.
SEE? DOES THAT LOOK LIKE SHIKLAH?

FIRE IN THE HOLE!
KABOOM
WHACK
OW! AT URTZ!
SKWEE
OW! AT URTZ!
HE CAN'T TAKE ALL THREE OF US AT ONCE!
FIVE IF YOU COUNT MY TRUSTY SWORDS!
FOR WHAT HE DID TO NANCY AND TIPPY-TOE, HE'S GOING DOWN FOR THE COUNT!
WHIRL
MY TRUSTY SWORDS!
AHH!
HE'S TOO FAST!

POP
SWIPE
UH... MY HEAD IS SPINNING...
KA-POW
STAY AWAY FROM MY MOMMY!
THUD
BOOP
VZZZZZZT
SSSSSSSSSSSSS

IT'S OVER.
YOU SACRIFICED YOUR CHANCE AT COMPANIONSHIP TO SAVE US. THAT MAKES YOU A HERO LIKE MOMMY.
THAT MAKES YOU A HERO LIKE DADDY.
NOW I WANT TO USE MY WEAPONS TO PUT HOLES IN PEOPLE.
YOU REALLY HELPED US, SQUIRRELPOOL. I'M PROUD OF YOU.
I GUESS I WON'T TRY TO KILL YOU ANYMORE.
WANT TO HELP ME FIGHT CRIME IN THE MERCS FOR MONEY?
DOES IT PAY WELL?
THAT'S MY GIRL-BOY-SQUIRREL!
SO, WHAT NOW?
NOW I GOT TO SET THINGS RIGHT.
SNIFF SNIFF
IT'S OKAY, MOMMY. YOU'RE NOT ALONE. I'M HERE.
THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING ABOUT ALL OF THIS THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME, AND I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.
SO, HERE'S MY PLAN...

ALL OF YOU MEET ME AT THIS ADDRESS TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.
I GOT SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST.
CHEZ SHIKLAH.
HEY, SHIKLAH, WHATCHA DOIN'? IS IT SEXY-COSPLAY TIME?
NO, SILLY. I'M CLEANING. DID YOU KNOW THIS HOUSE HAS OVER 100,000 DUST MITES?
OKAY, THAT DOES IT.
TELL ME WHO THE *SHADOW-MAN* IS.

I'M SORRY. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DISTRACT YOU BY ACTING LIKE A DOMESTIC BIMBO. IT WORKS ON TV!
BUT IT'S TRUE. THE BEHEADINGS...
...ARE ALL MY FAULT.
THE SHADOW-DEMON'S NAME IS *PAEN-UMBRA*. HE USED TO HAVE A THING FOR ME AND...I GUESS... HE STILL DOES...
THAT'S WHY HE SENT ME ALL THOSE LETTERS AND THE BASKET OF HEADS. HE'S TRYING TO WOO ME. EVEN THOUGH I'VE TOLD HIM I DON'T LIKE HIM LIKE THAT.
SO I GUESS HE'S TAKING OUT HIS JEALOUSY OF YOU ON YOUR FRIENDS.
CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?
FORGIVE YOU?
BABE, NONE OF THIS IS YOUR FAULT.
BUT IF IT'S ALL THE SAME, WADE IS GOING TO GIVE YOUR BUDDY A BATH.
A ***BLOODBATH!***
BECAUSE IT WILL BE HIS BLOOD.
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.

A SECLUDED MANSION ON LONG ISLAND.
7:54 PM...
ALL RIGHT...LET'S RECAP...
IN THE BEGINNING, GOD CREATED DEADPOOL.
AND GOD LOOKED UPON HIS CREATION AND HE THOUGHT:
"WHAT THE @#$% DID I JUST DO?!"
LET'S FAST-FORWARD TO THE INTERESTING BITS.
IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS SERIES, OUR HERO DEADPOOL GATHERED A BUNCH OF HIS FRIENDS TOGETHER FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.
AND EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY.
EXCEPT PUNISHER, BECAUSE HE'S A MEANIE BUTT.

GROOOOOOOOT
ME
THE MRS.
MEANIE BUTT
FORBUSH MAN
SQUIRREL GUIRREL
SPIDER-PIG
SPACE RACCOON
AUNT-MAN
BUT A MYSTERIOUS SOMEONE SLICED OFF FORBUSH MAN'S HEAD...
...AND OUR HERO VOWED VENGEANCE!
RIP
RIP
HE TRAVELED TO *CALIFORNIA*, WHERE HE SINGLE-HANDEDLY SAVED HIS FRIENDS FROM HIS INSANE *HALF-CLONE*--
HEY! THAT'S NOT HOW IT HAPPENED!

HOW DO YOU KNOW? YOU WEREN'T THERE!
YES, I WAS! YOU EVEN DREW ME IN THE PICTURE!
THAT PROVES NOTHING!
I REST MY CASE!
(YOUR HONOR, DOES THIS COURTROOM HAVE A SIDEBAR?)
ANYWHO, DEADPOOL NEXT WENT TO FLORIDA WHERE HE GOT TO RIDE A JET SKI AND SHOOT A BUNCH OF BAD GUYS!
(OH, AND ANT-MAN WAS THERE, TOO.)
AFTER THAT, DEADPOOL RETURNED TO NEW YORK CITY AND RESCUED DOCTOR STRANGE AND HOWARD THE DUCK AND WONG WITH HIS MYSTICAL CHIMICHANGAS!
AND THEN HE AND HIS INSANE HALF-CLONE BONDED AND ALL WAS RIGHT IN THE WORLD.
(EXCEPT AN EVIL DEMON WAS STILL BEHEADING HIS FRIENDS.)

NECKS LOOK BETTER WITH HEADS ON TOP OF THEM.
GAH!
HOW CAN SOMEONE AS BIG AS YOU SNEAK UP ON ANYBODY?!
SQUIRRELPOOL IS THE GENETIC RECOMBINATION OF OUR DNA.
SO SHE'S GOT *MAD SKILLZ*.
I ALSO THINK I GOT FLEAS.
OH, SQUIRRELS CAN'T GET FLEAS.
SO WHY AM I SO ITCHY?
IT'S PROBABLY YOUR OPEN SORES.
I'M TRYING TO DO A RECAP HERE, PEOPLE!
SIGH
EH, FORGET IT. IT'S ALMOST TIME ANYWAY.
LET'S GO JOIN OUR GUESTS.

HOW LONG IS THAT MANIACAL MERCENARY GOING TO KEEP US WAITING?
I DO HAVE OTHER MATTERS WHICH REQUIRE MY ATTENTION.
MORTALITY MAKES YOU HUMANS SO IMPATIENT.
I'M HUNGRY.
YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I'VE GATHERED YOU HERE THIS EVENING...
(GOSH, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ENTER A MANSION AND SAY THAT!)
WE *KNOW* WHY YOU GATHERED US HERE! SOME DEMON HAS A CRUSH ON YOUR WIFE AND IS TAKING OUT HIS AGGRESSIONS BY LOPPING OFF THE HEADS OF ALL YOUR ACQUAINTANCES!
FRIENDS.
ASSOCIATES!
COMPADRES.
RANDOM UNLUCKY PEOPLE YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW!
LIKE I SAID: FRIENDS.
YOU READY, BABE? YOU'VE GOT THE HARDEST JOB HERE TONIGHT.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I'M *ECSTATIC!* I GET TO INFLICT PAIN ON A RANDOM UNLUCKY PERSON I HAPPEN TO KNOW!
THAT'S MY SUCCUBUS.
POOF

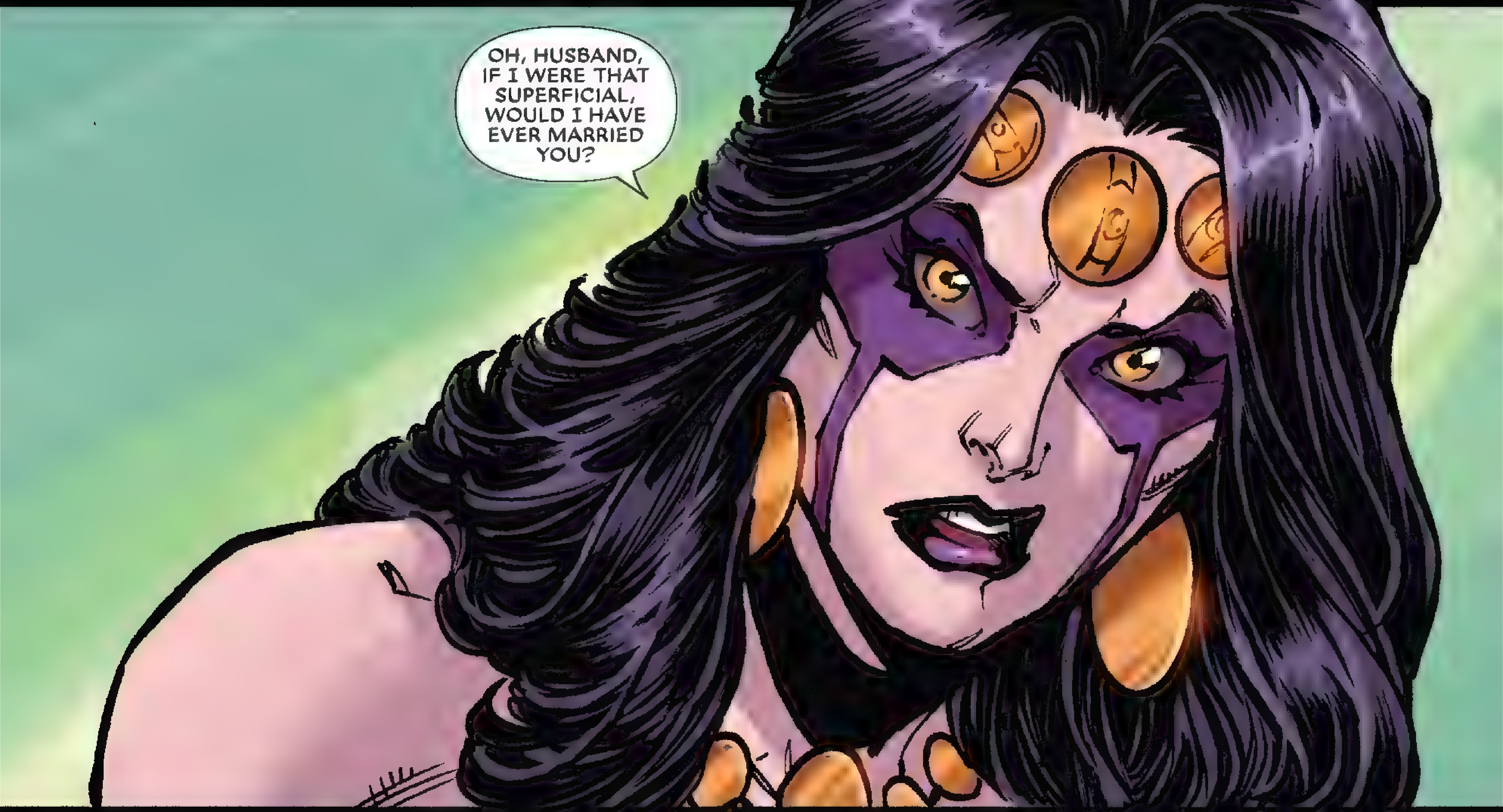
WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF US, *HUH?* WE GOT HARD JOBS, TOO! THIS DEMON'S ALREADY TAKEN OUT ANT-MAN!
AND GROOT!
AND ROCKET!
AND NANCY AND TIPPY-TOE!
AND THEM!
MY PLAN WILL WORK.
DOCTOR STRANGE, BRING IN OUR NEXT CONTESTANT!
BY THE SCINTILLATING SHORES OF SHEOL, I SUMMON THEE-- PAEN-UMBRA!
WHOOSH
WHAT...? WHERE...?
HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT MY--
OH, WAIT, ALL MY PREY IN ONE PLACE. NEVER MIND. WE'RE COOL.
I WILL START WITH YOU, HYBRID!
STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES, BUT WE'RE GONNA BREAK YOURS!
HOW ABOUT SOME NEW QUICK-DRYING CEMENT WEBBING™ FROM PARKER INDUSTRIES!
THWAP
HOW ABOUT SOME ANCIENT RAZOR-SHARP SHADOW WEBBING™ FROM THE BOWELS OF HELL!
THWONK

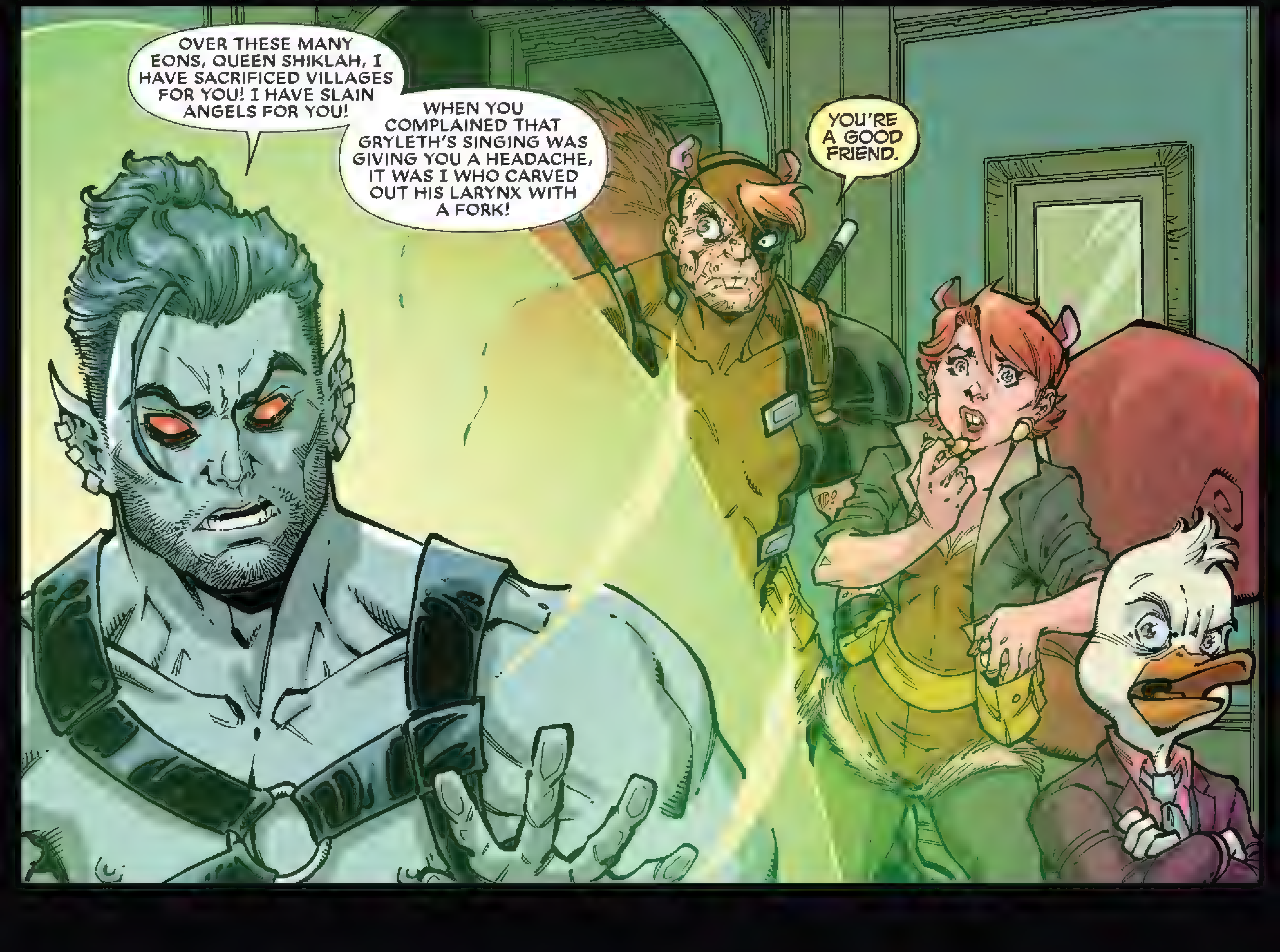
YOU BUTCHER!
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
NO!
IT IS A SPELL! I WILL ATTEMPT TO PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER!
AND MY BULLETS WILL ATTEMPT TO TAKE THIS JERK APART!
AH, GOOD! THESE PELLETS OF STEEL ARE BREAKING UP THIS ANNOYING WEBBING.
CRACKLE
NOW ALLOW ME TO RETURN YOUR GIFT!
PEW
PEW
PEW
PEW
PEW
PEW
AAAARGH!
THUD
THUD
THUD
THUD
THUD
THIS IS GETTING TOO WEIRD! EVEN FOR ME!
BONK
LET'S SEE IF YOU LIKE A TOMATO IN THE FACE!

ENOUGH THEATRICS! TIME TO END THIS, NEMESIS!
POP
JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, AM *I* YOUR NEMESIS?
BECAUSE **DOCTOR STRANGE** IS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL.
I WILL SILENCE YOUR INSOLENT MOUTH!
INCANTIO!
FWASH
WHAT? A DEMON TRAP?
YOU THINK ME THAT GULLIBLE?
YEP.
HRM?

POW
SQUIRRELPOOL!
TEAM-UP!
SQUIRREL GIRL!
NOOOOO!!!
BEWARE, DEMON. THE DOME MAY BE IMPENETRABLE TO YOU, BUT OUR WEAPONS CAN STILL PASS THROUGH ITS ELDRITCH MEMBRANE.
YOU CAN'T HARM ME, MORTAL.
SNARE
BUT *I* CAN.

QUEEN SHIKLAH! HOW LOVELY IT IS TO SEE YOU!
TAKE OFF THAT *RIDICULOUS* COSTUME.
ANYTHING FOR YOU.
ZZZZZIP
AS YOU CAN TELL, I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT.
WANT TO TOUCH MY MUSCLES?
UH, *DO* YOU WANT TO TOUCH HIS MUSCLES?


OH, HUSBAND, IF I WERE THAT SUPERFICIAL, WOULD I HAVE EVER MARRIED YOU?


OVER THESE MANY EONS, QUEEN SHIKLAH, I HAVE SACRIFICED VILLAGES FOR YOU! I HAVE SLAIN ANGELS FOR YOU!
WHEN YOU COMPLAINED THAT GRYLETH'S SINGING WAS GIVING YOU A HEADACHE, IT WAS I WHO CARVED OUT HIS LARYNX WITH A FORK!
YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND.

I WANT MORE THAN FRIENDSHIP! I DESERVE MORE!
I GET IT. YOU THINK IF YOU SCORE ENOUGH POINTS, YOU'LL WIN HER.
LITTLE PROBLEM WITH THAT--WOMEN AREN'T VIDEO GAMES.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S A LITTLE TOO OBSESSED WITH HIS JOYSTICK...
I'LL SAY.
WHY DOESN'T OL' WADE FIX THAT, HUH?
SWIPE
!
LOP
OH, MY.
HIS ACORNS!
I FORGET-- DOES THAT MAKE HIM SPAYED OR NEUTERED?
YIPES!

GOOD NEWS-- YOU CAN NOW SING ALONG TO ALL OF MARIAH CAREY'S GREATEST HITS.
NOW, BRING BACK EVERYONE YOU KILLED OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HEAD AND STICK IT WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE...
...CLEVELAND!
I AM GROOT!
WHERE WAS I?
LET'S NOT DO THAT AGAIN.
GADZOOKS!
THAT WAS *NOT* FUN.
YAY!
SO... HOW WAS THE AFTERLIFE? DID IT SMELL LIKE MAPLE SYRUP?
I'VE BEEN CURED!
CHHHTT!
LEMME AT THAT *KRUTACKER!*
THAT REMINDS ME OF A NEW RECIPE I WANT TO TRY!

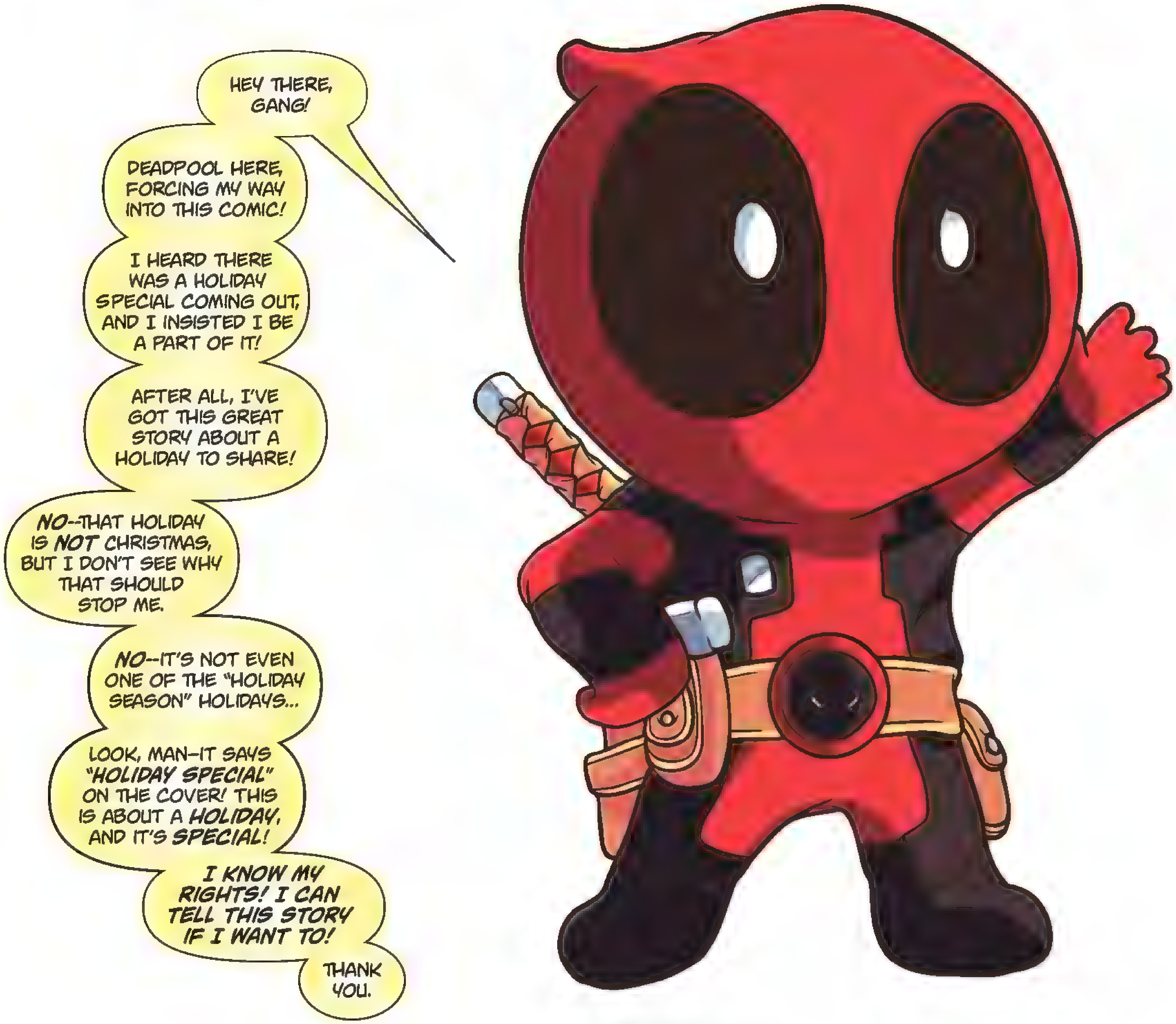
I JUST WANTED TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP. OUR VALUE IS MEASURED BY THOSE WHO LOVE US.
HOW ABOUT THOSE WHO BARELY TOLERATE YOU?
WHO WANTS *ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTERS?*
OYSTERS? YUCK. I'LL STICK WITH NUTS.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT ABOUT ***NUTS...***
NO THANKS.

TORGO'S PIZZA
ORDER CONFIRMED
Deep 13
BUT FOR THOSE WHO ARE LESS ADVENTUROUS, WE'VE ALSO GOT **PIZZA** ON THE WAY!
NOW ***THAT'S*** FAST DELIVERY!
MERIDETH, WHO ***ARE*** THESE PEOPLE?!
AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN ***OUR HOUSE***, DAVE?!
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...
END.

GWENPOOL
HOLIDAY SPECIAL: MERRY MIX-UP
TO GWEN
FEATURING:
TACOS

Avenger. Assassin. Superstar. Smelly person. Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying. Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

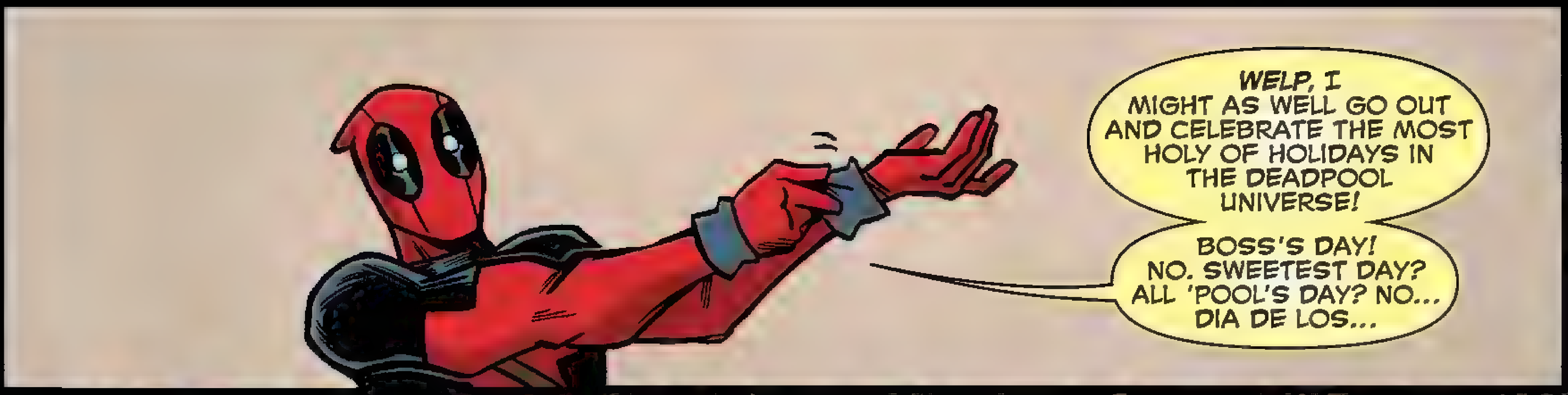

HEY THERE, GANG!
DEADPOOL HERE, FORCING MY WAY INTO THIS COMIC!
I HEARD THERE WAS A HOLIDAY SPECIAL COMING OUT, AND I INSISTED I BE A PART OF IT!
AFTER ALL, I'VE GOT THIS GREAT STORY ABOUT A HOLIDAY TO SHARE!
NO--THAT HOLIDAY IS NOT CHRISTMAS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY THAT SHOULD STOP ME.
NO--IT'S NOT EVEN ONE OF THE "HOLIDAY SEASON" HOLIDAYS...
LOOK, MAN--IT SAYS "HOLIDAY SPECIAL" ON THE COVER! THIS IS ABOUT A HOLIDAY, AND IT'S SPECIAL!
I KNOW MY RIGHTS! I CAN TELL THIS STORY IF I WANT TO!
THANK YOU.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

Heather Antos assistant editor **Jordan D. White** editor

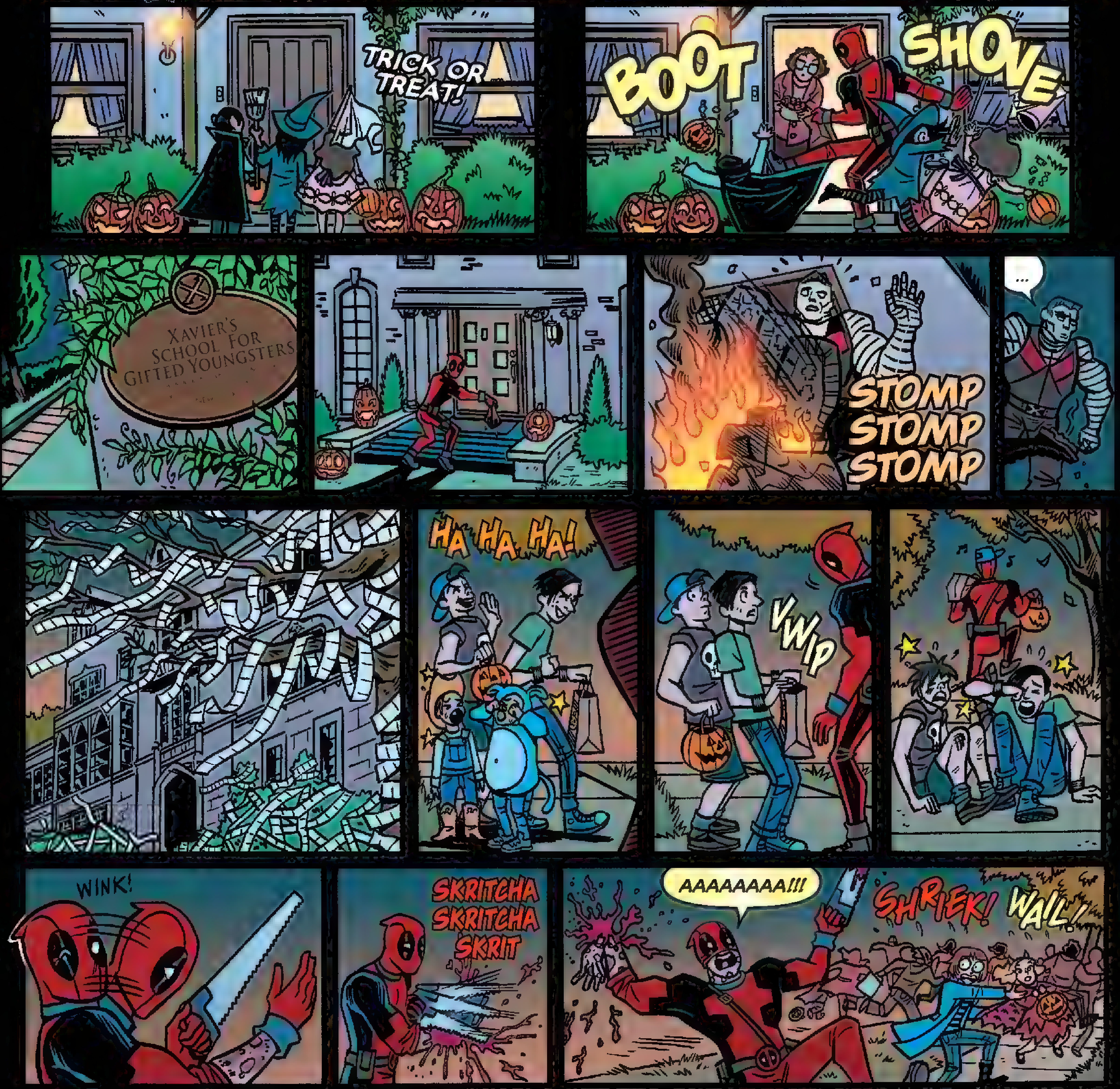
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WHO THE HELL IS AT MY DOOR? LIKE, EVER?
FORGET THE MONSTER, DIDJA SEE THE SIZE OF THAT GUY'S NOSTRILS? NOW WE KNOW THE SOURCE OF THE HURRICANE!
IT COULD BE TROUBLE...
STRIKE THAT--I *HOPE* IT'S TROUBLE!
HAH!
OH, *HI*, KIDS!
TRICK OR TREAT
SORRY, I KNOW I LOOK LIKE MOIST, MOLDED CHORIZO PART-TIMING AT XQUISITE STRIP CLUB DURING THE FALL CLASSIC, WHICH PROBABLY ISN'T SITTING TOO WELL WITH YOU.
BUT, HEY! AT LEAST NOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING SCARY TO ASPIRE TO, 'CAUSE, SERIOUSLY, YOUR COSTUMES ARE *PITIFUL*.
REALLY. A LITTLE EFFORT WOULD GO A LONG WAY, CHILDREN. I'M EMBARRASSED FOR YOU.
WHY ARE YOU DRESSED ALL GOOFY, ANYWAY? I HAVE MY OWN REASONS, BUT WHAT'S YOUR SAD EXCUSE? NEW YORK COMIC-CON?
UM...IT'S *HALLOWEEN?*

HUH. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY I'VE BEEN SEEING AN UPTICK OF ELVIRA'S CLEAVAGE ON TV. NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, UNDERSTAND. I JUST WISH IT WAS YEAR-ROUND.
YOU KNOW, BECAUSE SHE'S FUNNY.
OCTOBER
TR-TRICK-OR--OR-TREAT?
TRICK!
UM...
YOU GOT *NOTHING*. I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE *DISAPPOINTMENT* HERE, SO I'M JUST GOING TO SEE WHAT I HAVE CANDY-WISE.
DON'T MOVE!
TRICK OR TREAT
TREATS, TREATS, TREATS...
HEY! HERE'S THE CANDY BOWL FROM LAST YEAR! *SUPPOSITORIES* WILL MELT IN YOUR MOUTH, AND THAT'S KIND OF LIKE CANDY!
HERE YOU GO!
KIDS? KIDS? OH, WELL, YOUR LOSS.
MMM! CHALGKY *UND* DANGY!


WELP, I MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT AND CELEBRATE THE MOST HOLY OF HOLIDAYS IN THE DEADPOOL UNIVERSE!
BOSS'S DAY! NO. SWEETEST DAY? ALL 'POOL'S DAY? NO... DIA DE LOS...

DEADPOOLOWEEN

STORY AND ART BY CHYNNA CLUGSTON FLORES
COLORS BY GUY MAJOR
LETTERS BY VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
SPECIAL THANKS TO RICHARD NEAL AND IAN SHAUGHNESSY!


TRICK OR TREAT!
BOOT
SHOVE
XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS
STOMP STOMP STOMP
...
HA HA HA!
VWIP
WINK!
SKRITCHA SKRITCHA SKRIT
AAAAAAAA!!!
SHRIEK! WAIL!

I'M EXHAUSTED! I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A BIT OF R&R. LIVING NEAR EMPIRE STATE U, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS: TONS OF BARS TO CHOOSE FROM TO OBSERVE NUBILE BODIES IN SKIN-TIGHT, SKIMPY COSTUMES!
...AND THE LADIES MIGHT BE WEARING NEXT TO NOTHING, TOO!
UMMMMMMMMMM...
...I'M KINDA NOTICIN' A THEME HERE.
MAXIMUM EFFORT!
TIME TO MAKE THE CHIMI-$%^&%#$-CHANGAS!
CHICKA-CHICKAHHHHH!
OH, CRIPES.
CAFFE GELA
STAR IN ONE STINKIN' MOVIE, AND SUDDENLY EVERYONE ON THE PLANET IS DRESSING LIKE YOU FOR HALLOWEEN!
I BETTER BE GETTING ROYALTIES FOR THIS $#@&.

LOOK AT THESE CHEAP, CRAPPY KNOCKOFFS! DO THEY REALLY THINK *I* WOULD WEAR SUCH GARBAGY-GARBAGE? *MOI?* WITH MY IMPECCABLE TASTE?
BIG DONKEY DOOK HERE, SUPER TURD-BURGER THERE...WHY DID I *EVER* AGREE TO STOP KILLING INDISCRIMINATELY?
PARTY
DEADPOOL COSTUME CONTEST
HALLOWEEN NIG
OH, YOU HAVE TO BE $%^&ING ME.
NOW I HAVE NO CHOICE... IN I GO!
QUIET, EVERYBODY! WE'RE GOING TO START THE CONTEST IN A MINUTE! GET ON STAGE IF YOU WANT TO ENTER!
ALL PROCEEDS WILL GO TO ESU'S COMPUTER SCIENCE DEPARTMENT--
SQUIRREL GIRL?! *SHE'S* RUNNING THE SHOW?
THIS WILL BE *TOO* EASY TO WIN. REALLY, IT'S UNFAIR FOR ME TO ENTER.
...INCIDENTALLY, I'M OKAY WITH THAT.
WOO! SQUIRREL CHICK! *YO!*
SETTLE DOWN, WE'RE ABOUT TO START!
HEY, I LIKE YOUR *EAR NUTS,* CAN I *NIBBLE* ON THEM?!

YOU CAN LOOK BUT YOU CAN'T TOUCH *DEEZ!*
PAP PAP
DOO DANG
OWW! SHE REALLY HIT ME!
HA HA HA HA
HM. STARTING TO LIKE THAT KID A LITTLE MORE.
NICE LEATHER BOY COSTUME, KID. TEN POINTS FOR LOSER-VILLAIN OBSCURITY!
HEY!
PUM
"DEEZ"? THAT'S KIND OF *SALTY* FOR *YOU.*
BETWEEN COLLEGE AND THE INTERNET, WHAT DO PEOPLE EXPECT? ANYWAY, HERE'S YOUR NUMBER FOR THE CONTEST, PLEASE PIN IT ON.
2
"NUMBER"? DON'T I JUST *AUTOMATICALLY* WIN SINCE I SHOWED UP?

HA! YOU AND THE REST OF ESU. PRETTY CONFIDENT, AREN'T WE?
NOT WITHOUT REASON--I MEAN, ISN'T IT OBVIOUS I AM THE PERFECTION THAT IS THE *GENUINE ARTICLE?*
WELL, YOUR COSTUME LOOKS KINDA WORN OUT, BUT YOU'RE DOING A GREAT IMPRESSION OF DEADPOOL'S *PERSONALITY.*
YOU SAY THAT A *LITTLE* MORE DERISIVELY THAN I'D LIKE...
CHUK CHUK CHUK!
I'M SORRY I THREW YOUR SNACKS! I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY. I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING AFTER THE CONTEST, I PROMISE!
OKAY, DEADPOOLS! LET'S SEE WHO'S THE BEST!
HMPH. HERE I AM, CLEARLY THE *REALLY-FOR-REALSIES DEADPOOL™*, AND BUCKY OVER HERE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED I'M THE SUPERIOR DEAL! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
5
6
4
7
13
2
SHOOP SHOOP
BA-DOOP
UUUGGGH, KILL ME. THIS IS *SO* EMBARRASSING. IT'S *BEEN DONE!*
15
10
7
14
2
CHIK CHUK?
GRR
SHOOP SHOOP

GOTCHA!
CHURK!
!!!
SON OF A--! THAT WAS THE *REAL* LEATHER BOY!
I SHOULD HAVE PUT IT ALL TOGETHER--THAT WEINER DRESSED AS A ROMAN SANDAL IS THE ONE WHO KILLED THE KID'S FIRST SQUIRREL, MONKEY JOE. HE MUST STILL HAVE IT OUT FOR OL' OVERBITE!
I WANNA DANCE, TOO!
THE KID MAY BE CHIPPER TO THE POINT OF ANNOYING, BUT SHE DOESN'T DESERVE ANOTHER HEARTBREAK.
BOOM BOOM BOOM
SHAKA SHAKA SHAKA
HEE HEE HEE
I THINK YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING, KIDDO. ALLOW ME.
HUH?
÷GASP÷-- TIPPY-TOE!
WOULD ANY OF YOU SAD-EXCUSES-FOR-*ME* IMITATORS LIKE TO CLENCH THE WIN BY RESCUING OUR M.C.'S LITTLE RODENT FROM THE HALF-NAKED MAN RUNNING TOWARD THE EXIT?
...NO?
WELL THEN, WOULD THE *REAL* DEADPOOL PLEASE STEP FORWARD? OH! WHY YES, I WILL, THANK YOU.

FIRST I'LL DO THIS...
...JUST BECAUSE IT'S SATISFYING ON SUCH A DEEP, EMOTIONAL LEVEL.
BOOT
THUMPA THUMPA THUMPA
AND THEN I'LL DO THIS:
POP
⊰SIGH⊱ THE BIG LEAGUES SO WOULD HAVE RECRUITED ME IF I'D ONLY APPLIED MYSELF.
HEY!
EW!
⊰SHRIEK⊱
WHAT THE HECK?!
OH, THANK YOU! OMIGOSH, TIPPS! I'M SO SORRY!!!
CHITTY CHIK CHUK.
I THINK MONKEY JOE MIGHT STILL HAVE SOME FRIENDS WHO WANT TO EXPRESS HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT YOU, NOT TO MENTION TIPPY'S PALS. I THINK THEY MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN THOSE PUMPKIN SEEDS, TOO. I FELT THE ADDITION OF A JACK-'O-LANTERN WOULD BE FESTIVE.
ANYWAY! HOW'S IT GO? "CHITTY CHUK CHUK"!
WUUURF?

I PUT THE BIGGEST NUT BACK IN A TREE. WELL? WHAT DO I WIN?
UM, YOU GET A PHOTO POSTED ON OUR BLOG AND ETERNAL WARM FUZZIES FOR DOING SOMETHING REALLY, REALLY NICE?
GROSS. AND?
W-WELL, THAT'S IT. IT'S A FUNDRAISER...FIVE PERCENT OF PROFITS FROM PATRONS DRESSED LIKE DEADPOOL GOES TO--
A DRINK FOR THE WINNER, MAYBE? A STICKER BOOK? WORK WITH ME HERE, I'M THE GUY WHO SAVED YOUR FURRY SIDEKICK WITH A TERRIBLE NAME FROM BEING CARRIED OFF BY THE REAPER IN A CODPIECE FOR A SECOND TIME, YOU KNOW.
AND I DIDN'T OUT YOU IN FRONT OF YOUR COEDS FOR HAVING A REAL TAIL PARADING AS A HALLOWEEN COSTUME. I FEEL LIKE MAAAAYBE YOU OWE ME AT LEAST A FALAFEL HERE.
WADE.
OH, WOW! ROGUE IS HERE!!!
UM... THIS IS SUDDEN... W-WANT A DRINK FIRST?
COME ON, DEADPOOL. WE HAVE A MISSION, LET'S MOVE.
HEY! MY COSTUME IS WAY BETTER THAN THAT!
AND WHY ARE YOU GETTING MORE EXCITED ABOUT HER THAN THE REAL ME? WAY TO SHOW GRATITUDE! NOW GIVE ME THAT FIRST PRIZE RIBBON!
OH, THERE YOU ARE. AH COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE. ANYWAY, AH'LL VOMIT IF AH HAVE TO STAY HERE ANY LONGER. WE BETTER SEE YOU AT THE THEATRE IN TEN.
LATER, LOSERS
SO, BACK TO MY PRIZE...
BUT YOU CAN'T WIN THE CONTEST...YOU'RE THE REAL DEADPOOL! THAT'S CHEATING AND WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO THE CONTESTANTS!
WHAT?! WELL, WHAT CAN I WIN, THEN?!
MINIMUM EFFORT
MAN, $%^& HALLOWEEN.
THE END!

GWENPOOL SPECIAL #1 VARIANT BY JAMES HARREN

GWENPOOL? WHAT'S SHE STILL DOING HERE!?!?
I SWEAR, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A ONE-TIME THING!

GWENPOOL SPECIAL #1 VARIANT BY
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL & NEI RUFFINO

GWENPOOL SPECIAL #1 VARIANT BY
TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

LIEFELD
+ROMO

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #1 VARIANT BY
ROB LIEFELD & ROMULO FAJARDO

I'M WITH STUPID
TALL, DARK &
ANKA 15

DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #1 VARIANT BY KRIS ANKA

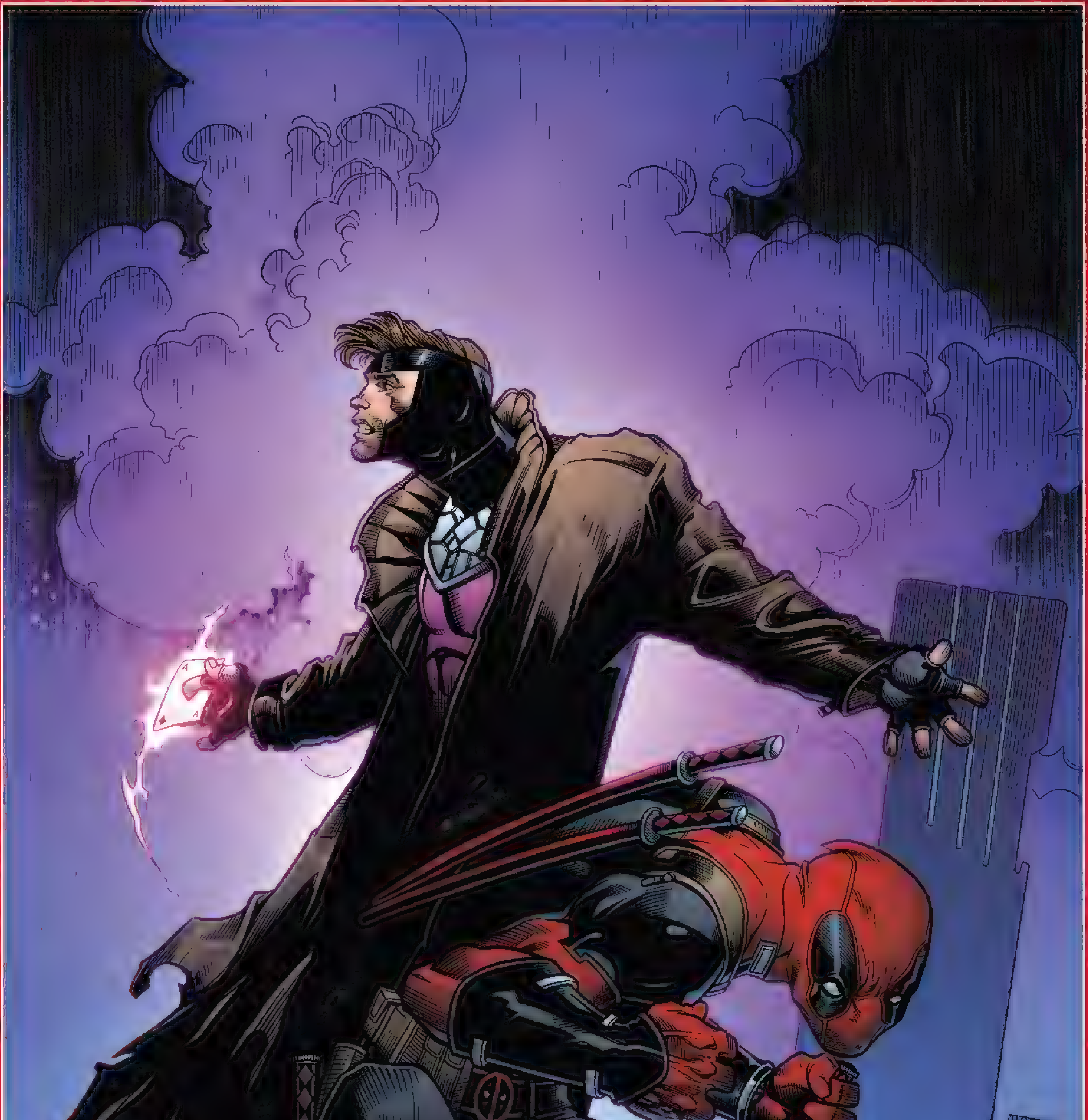
DEADPOOL & CABLE: SPLIT SECOND #1 VARIANT BY DAN PANOSIAN

Vintage!! $9.90
I ♥ 90's
Grunge Boy
Chip!

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #1 VARIANT BY CHIP ZDARSKY

KISSING BOOTH
GAMBIT
DEADPOOL
CH
CU
$25
25¢
Seeley '16

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #1 VARIANT BY
TIM SEELEY & VERONICA GANDINI


STROMAN AND MORALES fgd

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #2 VARIANT BY
LARRY STROMAN, MARK MORALES & FRANK D'ARMATA

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #3 VARIANT BY

PASQUAL FERRY & FRANK D'ARMATA

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #4 VARIANT BY
SANDY JARRELL & MATTHEW WILSON

D
KOBLISH 2016
FILARDI

DEADPOOL V GAMBIT #5 VARIANT BY
SCOTT KOBLISH & NICK FILARDI

IT WAS DEADPOOL IN THE LIBRARY WITH THE DIDGERIDOO!
BUBBLE BLASTER
OW.
JAY P. FOSGITT

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #1 VARIANT BY
JAY FOSGITT

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #2 VARIANT BY
TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #3 VARIANT BY
MICHAEL ALLRED & LAURA ALLRED

DEADPOOL: TOO SOON? #4 **VARIANT BY**
WILL ROBSON & JAVA TARTAGLIA

DEADPOOL CLASHES WITH THE X-MEN IN ADVENTURES THAT GIVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD "CLASSIC!"

First, a bromance is rekindled as Deadpool and Cable – the Merc with the Mouth and the Soldier with the Shoulders – face a fight for the future! Then, learn the secret shared history of the Regeneratin' Degenerate and the Ragin' Cajun as Wade and Gambit take on one last job together! Plus: Forbush Man's murder sparks fears that Marvel's funniest characters are being targeted for death. Deadpool must act before someone bumps off Squirrel Girl, Rocket Raccoon, Groot, Ant-Man, Howard the Duck and…the Punisher?! And Deadpool takes on Halloween and Christmas!

PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARVEL

Collecting *Deadpool & Cable: Split Second* #1-3, *Deadpool V Gambit* #1-5, *Deadpool: Too Soon?* #1-4, and material from *Gwenpool Special* #1 and *Gwenpool Holiday Special: Merry Mix-Up* #1 – written by Fabian Nicieza, Reilly Brown, Ben Acker, Ben Blacker, Joshua Corin, Gerry Duggan and Chynna Clugston Flores; and illustrated by Reilly Brown, Danilo S. Beyruth, Todd Nauck and Chynna Clugston Flores.

ZONE